THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

PROVINCIAL
LIBRARY
MANITOBA

OCTOBER, 1916 WINNIPEG, CANADA

Tea Table Talk

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The proof of good tea is in the drinking. The great and increasing army of people who regularly drink

BLUE RIBBON TEA

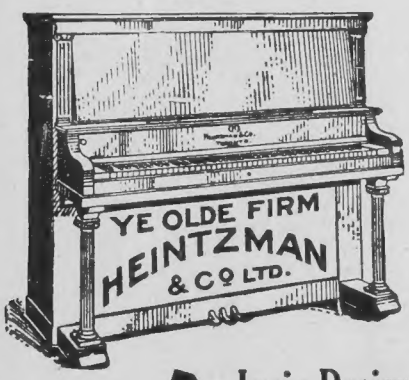
choose it with their eyes open. They know its excellence—its uniformity—its economy. And they know its purity. Common sense tells them that the new double-wrapper makes deterioration impossible. Scores of thousands have proved "BLUE RIBBON" "by the drinking." Do the same yourself. Get your money back if you don't agree with them.

When You Hear
The Wonderful Tone
of the
Heintzman & Co. Piano

—when you feel its remarkably responsive touch, when you see its beauty of design and finish when you find this tone, touch and beauty unimpaired in instruments that have given a lifetime of good service—then you begin to understand its world-famed reputation and to realize that its very moderate price does indeed make the Heintzman & Co. Piano

The Greatest Piano Value on Earth

Put a Heintzman & Co. Piano in your home. Send for handsome illustrated Catalogue and particulars of Prices and Terms.



Ionic Design
Price
$450.00

SECOND-HAND PIANO SNAPS

We are clearing from stock a number of slightly used and second-hand instruments. Prices have been made particularly low for quick clearance.

Heintzman & Co. Practice Piano..... **$100.00**
Steinway & Sons, Practice Piano..... **150.00**
Dominion, Practice Piano **165.00**
Weber Piano, slightly used..... **265.00**
Chickering Piano, slightly used..... **295.00**
Heintzman & Co. Piano practically new, regular $450.00 ..... **395.00**

These are samples of the values offered. Mail your order at once, or write for further particulars.

SPECIAL-PRICED ORGANS

From $35.00 to $85.00

Our New Fall Stock is arriving, and we find ourselves overstocked in Second-hand Organs received in exchange on new purchases. These are all in excellent condition, and offer remarkable value at the special prices quoted.

Write for any further particulars desired.

Winnipeg's Greatest Music House

329 Portage Ave.

J. J. H. McLean & Co. Limited

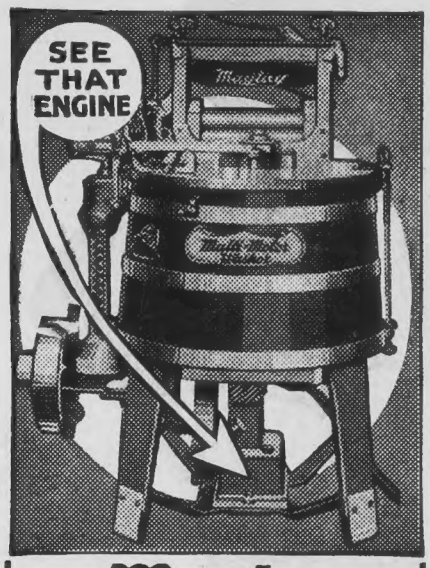
DEPT. W

The Home of the Heintzman & Co. Piano and the Victrola

Winnipeg. Man.

Here Is The Most Practical Washing Machine Made

Exactly What You Have Always Wanted



Maytag Multi-Motor Washer

Complete with Engin eand Swinging Wringer

It is equipped with a light, powerful, compact little engine that does all the hard work of washing and wringing, and does a bigger, better and cleaner washing in an hour or two than you can possibly do with a wash board and tub in a day's time.

This washer takes up no more room than an ordinary wash tub and can be used in the kitchen, laundry, dining room, on the porch or out in the yard. It requires no belts, chains or pulleys, no electricity or water power, and no waiting for the men to bring their engine from the barn.

Besides running the washer and wringer, the machine is equipped with pulleys so you can operate other small machinery such as churn, sewing machine, food chopper or anything else that does not require more than one-half horse power.

The MAYTAG MULTI-MOTOR WASHER is splendidly made of the best materials and is guaranteed against defects for a period of THREE YEARS and this warranty covers the washer, wringer and engine. This is not an ordinary washing machine, but something new, with exclusive patented features that no other washer has or can have.

WASH-DAY, and that is WORK-DAY, changed into PLAY-DAY.

Goodbye backache, headache, nerve wreck. No woman need bend over the wash tub as her grandmother did, nor turn the old-styled washer as her mother did, if she has a MAYTAG MULTI-MOTOR.

Nearly FIVE HUNDRED of the wide awake, up-to-date, progressive hardware and implement dealers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are selling this machine. If YOUR dealer is not, drop us a card and we will mail you a copy of THE MAYTAG LAUNDRY MANUEL (48 pages). Even if you do not buy a washer, it will be a great help to you as it contains many valuable formulas and receipts that can be used to advantage in any home. IT IS FREE.

ADDRESS

The Maytag Company Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 10

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

Increasing the Family Income

"I have many comforts in my home, but I believe I am not different from other wives and mothers in feeling that I should like to make some extra money to spend for what some one calls 'the essential non-essentials.' There are so many things we women would like to spend that 'little extra' on each month, if we could earn it. Can The Western Home Monthly throw any light on this subject?"—Mrs. Phillips, Saskatchewan.

Such is the form of letter which now and then comes to our editorial desk as it must to the editors of any influential magazine reaching hundreds of thousands of readers, as does The Western Home Monthly.

This desire to help increase the family income is one which is sure to seize us at one time or another. Even with things going smoothly, there is always the longing for more of the good things of life, greater advantages for the children, good books, recreation, that wished-for trip to Vancouver, or Montreal, or wherever it may be. But mother's time is decidedly limited. Her life-work is close to her home. What then can she do to help make these things possible? This is a problem which we have had occasion to solve for some of our readers.

After careful investigation we have come to the conclusion that the most readily available method whereby a woman may earn money at home is the local representation of firms manufacturing useful articles for home consumption. We find that there are several large companies in this country that have built up their different lines of business by selling methods similar to the club-raising plan of The Western Home Monthly.

It is the belief of the publishers of The Western Home Monthly that its readers are its best representatives. For many years we have depended on our readers to secure for us the great bulk of our circulation, with profit and, we hope, with pleasure to themselves.

A large number of manufacturers in this country have employed this same method of local representation; and it is safe to say that there are a great many women all over this country who are making money by representing these firms. It is not difficult to locate such companies, but, like everything else, some are much better than others, from the standpoint of the representative.

Before closing negotiations with any such company or firm, first examine its literature carefully; avoid all firms that make exaggerated statements in their advertising; also be certain to examine the article which they ask you to sell—be sure that it is something your customers will want, that it is honestly made, and that it is priced fairly. Do not be tempted into selling an inferior product by the offer of a large profit. Remember that your profits in the long run will depend on satisfied customers, who will give you re-orders from time to time.

The editors of The Western Home Monthly will be glad to continue to advise its readers on this matter of increasing the family income.

A Rare Chance for The Western Home Monthly Readers

This year we believe we have been exceptionally fortunate in our selection of premiums. Our readers will be glad to know that we are retaining the most popular of last year's premiums—the combination dinner and tea set—and we feel certain that the demand for this useful and ornamental gift will again be heavy. Remember, however, that the manufacturers have warned us that their stock is getting low and that there is not any likelihood of any more sets of this particular pattern being manufactured for some time to come, so the number of sets is strictly limited. It is a case of "first come, first served," and we advise our readers to start immediately getting the few subscriptions necessary in order to obtain this desirable dinner set. Please see full particulars and illustration on another page of this issue.

Are You Getting Up a Club for "The Western Home Monthly"?

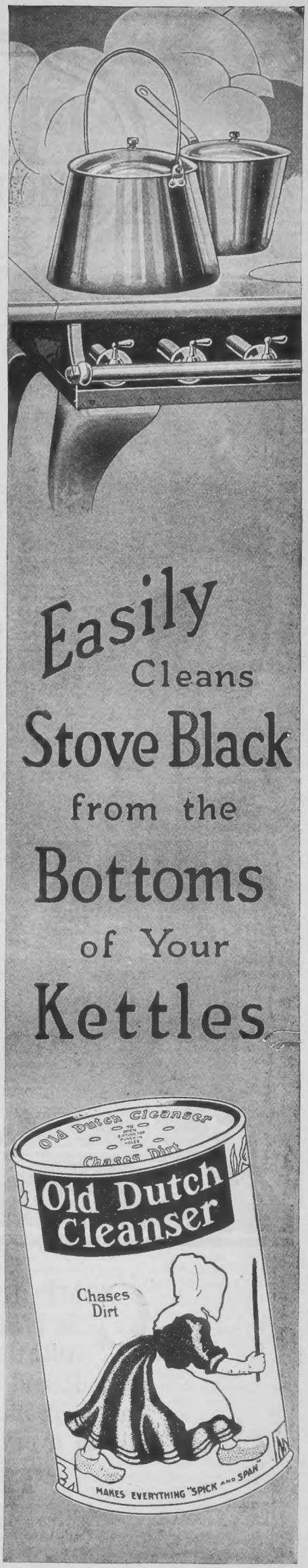
Now of all times in the year is the proper season to get up a club for The Western Home Monthly. This is the time when people are interested in subscribing for periodicals, and as The Western Home Monthly is conceded to be the best magazine published at anywhere near the price, it is a very easy matter for anyone in any neighborhood to get up a club for it. For such efforts in our behalf we give very liberal rewards in valuable and useful premiums. Some of these premiums are described in recent issues of The Western Home Monthly, but our complete premium list, which describes and illustrates different articles, and which all who contemplate getting up a club should have, is included in our complete outfit for getting up clubs for The Western Home Monthly, which will be sent free to any address on application. If you have not already sent for it, do so at once, for with this outfit to help you, you can secure a large club in your vicinity, and as a reward, one or more of our splendid premiums, with scarcely any trouble or labor.

Another Kind Letter

September 12th, 1916.

Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—I see by my Western Home Monthly that my subscription has expired. Will find $1.00 postal note enclosed for another year, as we feel that we could not do without it in our home. We are never afraid of our children taking it up and trying to read it, as it is so interesting and wholesome. Sincerely yours, Mrs. J. J. Oman, Sask.



MADE IN CANADA

Write to the Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada, for our booklet "Hints to Housewives."

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

COMFORT and happiness! With weather raw and chill outside, there is pleasant warmth within, through the Perfection Oil Heater. Not till the winds howl, and snow blows in drifts, will the furnace be needed; and even with that burning there is always need for the Perfection in rooms and corners where the furnace does not warm properly. On sale in every town.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
Limited

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

Use Royalite Oil

Editorial

The National Bond

THE ties that bind men together are many. They may be racial, religious, industrial, national, and social. In every nation are to be found some who emphasize the importance of the racial bond. In Western Canada there are evidences of this every day. In the press and out of it there are at work those who would convince us that we, in Canada, should not be a nation with British sympathies and British ideals, but rather that we should be a composite people in which all racial differences should be accentuated, and all the varying tongues equally recognized. Then there are those who think that the religious bond is all-important; that if a man is true to his church it matters comparatively little if he is luke-warm in his devotion to king and country. There are around us many who are to-day preaching and living this very view. Again, there are some who put the trade brotherhood before everything else. To such, nationalism is lost in internationalism. A strike recognizes no boundary lines. The trades union or industrial brotherhood is of more concern than church, race or nation. Taking these cases as illustrative, it is no wonder that it is difficult at times to develop a strong national sentiment in a country settled like ours. Yet when it comes to a time like this it requires no demonstration to prove that it is one of the first duties of a nation to develop a feeling of loyalty to king and country. Other forces may be at work developing loyalty to other institutions, but the nation as such should be true to itself above all things. To put it plainly: the nation, while sympathetic to all forces that make for the happiness, intelligence and morality of the people, must make its chief concern its own solidarity and perpetuation; and it must discourage all forces that make for disunion and disintegration. With this thought in mind, it is not difficult to determine the state's attitude to such problems as bilingualism and multi-lingualism in education, class legislation, protection, ecclesiastical preference at public functions, the settlement of strikes, cases of unemployment, compulsory military service, women suffrage. The first duty of the state is to be true to itself. It should not be expected to build up within itself forces that may work for its own disintegration.

The New Teacher

A CHANGING civilization demands a changing form of culture. For this reason the elementary school of the future cannot be patterned on the school of the past. Everybody sees this. Yet all are not agreed as to the exact nature of the changes that should be made. A few men on the other side of the line have worked out a scheme for training young lady teachers to be community leaders. Needles to say there are men and women on this side who are ready to echo the sentiment—indeed ready to out-Foght Mr. Foght. These men have clearly not thought the thing through. Their intention is good, but their judgment hopeless. How many young girls would be able to train as community leaders? How many so trained would be accepted as community leaders? A girl of twenty years who came into a rural school district, labelled as leader in social and agricultural effort, would in most cases be laughed out in less than a month. The public willingly accept a young lady to lead their children, and are willing indeed that the leadership should be along new lines, but in social matters they do not care for dictation and in agricultural matters they are not ready to be taught by a school girl. Mr. Foght and others of his class are good as a tonic, but they are useless in matters of practical guidance. The agricultural colleges and schools working together can do a great work that neither alone can accomplish. True reconstruction will aim at linking up all the forces in the community so that each may have its own responsibility. It will not think of placing the complete burden of education and civilization upon an overworked class of young people. Perhaps some day there will be encouragement for men to enter the teaching ranks—married men who will settle down in rural districts. Then it will be in order to talk of leadership. Just think what a capable man and his wife might do if as farmers, social leaders and teachers they were able to lead the district in which they were located. This, however, is another question.

Prohibition

IN Winnipeg the saloons have been closed for three months. The result is a diminution in drunkenness of eighty per cent, and of crime about sixty per cent. In the province the result is even more pronounced. This proves two things—first, that the saloon rather than the home is the parent of drunkenness, and that drunkenness is the parent of crime. A gentleman just returned from the coast cities was comparing life there and here. The comparison did not favor the western towns. It was the saloon and all connected with it which created the bad impression. A city cannot make a good impression on a visitor when the bloated face, the noisy brawl, the fumes of alcohol are ever in evidence. It does seem, indeed, that Canada is on the way to respectability. From all that we can learn British Columbia is likely to follow the example of the other three western provinces, and Ontario, after her own fashion, will fall into line in September. Verily "the world do move." Who would have prophesied this three years ago?

Preparedness

"IN time of war prepare for peace." This is a reversal of the old maxim which read: "In time of peace prepare for war." And it is a much sounder maxim than the old. Such evidently is the belief of many of the English journals. These are now considering seriously the problems of social and industrial reconstruction. It seems to be taken for granted that the system of land tenure and the control of railways must be completely changed, and it is just as certain that the workers in industrial concerns have to be more closely indentified than formerly with the success of the undertakings with which they are connected. In Canada the after-war problems are even now shaping themselves, and we shall do well to have solutions ready in advance. There will be the problem of the soldier incapacitated for work. Are we ready with a scheme for re-education? There will be the problem of finding places in industry and commerce for the men who are able-bodied. Shall they take the place of girls and women, and if so what provision shall be made for these? Can we trust to luck in a matter of this kind? There will be the problem of industrial readjustment. Are the forces in munition factories to be thrown out or has some provision for them been made? There will be the problem of the unemployed, a problem brought about chiefly by our wild system of land-tenure and land speculation. Is anyone seriously facing such a problem? The natural tendency of successful business men is to do nothing in advance. Present conditions suit them all right, and the threatened trouble is a long way off. Yet, the man who can render the greatest service to Canada at this time is the seer—he who is able to foretell the future and outline a programme that will prevent discord and promote peace and prosperity. Anybody can be a practical politician. The seer requires to have great mind, and a loving, unselfish heart. Unless the future of the race, not only in Canada but in all the nations of the world, is planned for now, carefully and wisely, there is a possibility that the greatest war in history will be, "the war after the Great War."

Change of Opinion

THERE is an old Japanese story of a famous shield which was silver on one side and gold on the other. When any one undertook to describe the shield his hearers could always tell from which side he had viewed it. There is living in this city a man who a few years ago owned a farm a few miles out. This man was never done complaining of the low prices received for vegetables and grain. At the same time he was continually railling at hotel-keepers and keepers of boarding houses because of the prices charged for meals. Why, to his mind they charged a dollar when they should charge only about eight or nine cents. Now this man has moved to the city, and his chief complaint is the cost of flour and vegetables. He keeps a boarding house, and is loud in his complaints that it does not pay. The farmers he describes as robbers. In all of this he is far from inconsistent. He has moved to the other side of the shield. That is all. In North Winnipeg a few years ago, an eccentric individual with anarchistic or socialistic views, was accustomed to hold forth every evening on a certain street corner. When he was through with his discourse each evening there was little place left in this world for private ownership. One day he failed to come to his accustomed stand. A week passed, then a month, and still he did not come. One day we saw him on a lawn in front of a little cottage. He was attending to some pretty flowers. On asking him why he was not speaking any more, he said with a smile which explained everything: "Oh, you know, I now own this little home." He had moved to the other side of the shield. Is it not so everwhere? The strongest union man, when he becomes employer, is often the strongest opponent of the union. The strongest party politician is often the renegade. The fanatic in religion is often the man who has come over from another camp. It is pretty hard for most people to get away from the personal viewpoint. After all, the first personal pronoun is about the biggest word in the language.

The Cost of Living

ONCE again there is complaint that food prices are unreasonable, and once again it is demonstrated that the middlemen are partly responsible for the excessive cost of common commodities. Yesterday a lady on the street car said she had gone to the city market to buy red peppers from the market gardeners. She paid forty cents a dozen. The price asked at the home store was ten cents each. To-day green corn costs thirty cents at the store and twenty cents at the city market. The price out at the farm a few miles away will be from five to ten cents and there are no buyers at that. At some times it does seem as if we had the poorest, meanest way of getting goods from producer to consumer that could be devised. It is not necessary to condemn the grocer in saying all this. Rent, taxes and the like cost a great deal. But it is still true that the spread between farm and city home is altogether too great. A little more research and wise action in a matter such as this would be more in order than some public investigations that have been made. Of course the cost of vegetables is but a small thing, but an investigation here would reveal the reason for excessive cost of many other necessaries.

If—

IF Germany had only been content to lead the world in the pursuits of peace, how happy would she have been to-day! She would indeed have found her place in the sun—the warm, friendly sun of admiration that cheers by its rays. But she wanted to get out into the glare, not to be warmed so that she might continue to grow and ripen and fulfil her mission of world service, but that she might glow with pride and self-glory. Surely she is getting enough of it just now! The iron hand that encloses her is steadily squeezing, squeezing. A little pressure on the west, a heavier pressure on the east, and a new and uncontrollable pressure to the south, with ever that great, silent, watching sea-power to the north! Yes, Germany is in a bad way, and the future does not offer her much promise. She may replace able leaders by others not so able—in order to placate the people, but she cannot alter the final issue. She is doomed. One by one her southern allies will fall away, and it does not matter what the order of severance will be. In the end she must depend upon the defence she has made within her own borders—a wonderful defence it is true, but one that cannot withstand the three great forces of steel, starvation and internal dissension. Out of the wreck a new Germany will arise, with nobler ambitions and worthier leadership. To this newer Germany we can even now hold out our hand. If the real German people only knew the truth the war would now be ended, but great care is taken that they shall be kept in ignorance. The other day a German prisoner got into conversation with one of our western Canadians, who had just arrived in France. "When did you get across?" he asked. "Yesterday," was the reply. To this the German said: "You know you didn't, for the Germans control the sea." Then again he asked: "Where are we to go as prisoners?" The answer was: "To London." To this came the reply: "Why, London has been in ruins for six months!" Now, if the truth really becomes known, what will happen? If—

The Harvest

ON the whole we have reason to be grateful. The wheat crop of the whole west will average well. The oats and barley will be good. The roots and hay will be excellent. Though much of the wheat is rusted, the straw will contain the proteins that under ordinary conditions would go into the kernels. This will give straw three times its ordinary value as food. There is something in that. Even if in Southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan the yield of grain is small, the price is good, and the provinces should not lack for money. Alberta has this year been particularly favored. The farmers there will get on their feet. This is very encouraging.

In connection with the rust plague, an idea has been advanced by students of agricultural botany that might be taken advantage of by young people of the west this year. In a field of wheat which is supposed to contain but one variety it is often, and indeed usual, to find a dozen or more varieties. Some of these have greater resisting power to disease than others. If farmers were to go through the rusted sheaves and select the heads that had survived, and plant from these, they might develop a variety of grain not so liable to be affected by rust. Comparatively few farmers have gone into the grain selection and grain-breeding business. Every farmer should do a little. It may be that there are many varieties better than even the Kitchener wheat. This thought is worth considering.

Plebian Extravagance

AFTER all there is a good deal to be said for the aristocracy; that is, for those who have inherited wealth and position. They are not so likely to make a show of themselves when placed in public office as men who are taken from obscurity and shoved into positions of great responsibility. There is no better evidence of this than the history of public expenditure in Canada during the last twenty-five years. Nobody but men suddenly pitched into prominence would have dared to enter upon such extravagance as we have lately been compelled to witness. Why should four or six millions be spent when one or two millions would serve the purpose equally well? Why should two millions be needlessly added to the cost of the Parliament Buildings? Why should the expenses of an ordinary plebian member of a Canadian cabinet cost $10,000 for a little jaunt? It is the arrogant display rather than the expenditure in money which is so objectionable. As Canadians we should have some dignity. True dignity can not endure ostentatious display. It may be objected that this analysis is altogether wrong, and that the reason for extravagance is not the one we have advanced. Well, there is only one other possible reason. Will any of the public spendthrifts care to plead this other reason?

In one of his court addresses Abraham Lincoln tells of a steam-boat on the Sangammon River which had a whistle out of all proportion to the engine, so that every time the whistle blew the boat came to a full stop. Some of our public men with ten-horse-power ability have a thirty-horse-power swagger, and it is no wonder that when they attempt to blow-off their wisdom, their brains refuse to act.

It is too bad that public journals have to apologize for the actions of some of the peoples' representatives. Verily, democracy is yet but an experiment.

A-SKIN-YOU-LOVE-TO-TOUCH

You too can have its charm if you will begin the following treatment tonight:

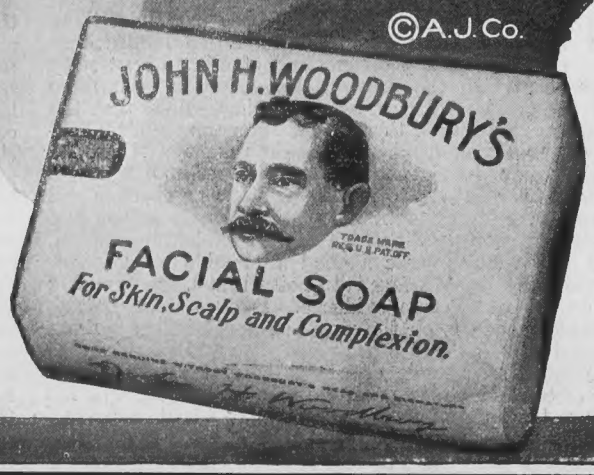
Just before retiring, lather your wash cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Use this treatment persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater loveliness which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

Send Now for this Beautiful Picture

This new painting of "A Skin You Love to Touch," by Mary Greene Blumenschein, has been reproduced in nine colors, 15 x 19 inches, by a new and beautiful process. No printing or advertising appears on it. Just send us your name and address with 10c. in stamps or coin, and we will mail you the picture, together with a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of the "skin you love to touch" treatment given here. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 669 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario, Canada.**

25c a cake. Get a cake to-day. For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

©A.J.Co.



Mistaken Identity

By W. R. Gilbert

THE room was uncommonly snug with its good fire, drawn curtains, and haze of tobacco smoke. Outside the wind howled, and I was perfectly happy in the thought that I need not turn out. I had lived in tents for a long time—in Africa—and home was very pleasant just now. It isn't every fellow who finds himself without any notice suddenly blossom out into a man of property, but such had come to me—a magnificent property in lieu of an engineering job.

Had never had the time nor the money to think of matrimony; now, everyone hurled it at my head. I must marry, I was told, if only to provide a mistress for the Manor House, someone to wear the family diamonds.

But where was I to find a suitable mate? Not among the fashionable ladies, who were now honoring with their attentions—not much! Not among the few women I had hitherto met, unless—unless—

Strange what pictures sometimes form in the fire, pictures of a past I had thought utterly forgotten. And yet only that very day I had come upon the—photograph. Turning over some papers I had left when I departed for Africa, it had slipped from a pocket, and lay before me, the sweet smiling face and radiant eyes, meeting mine, with a look of welcome.

How crazy I had been about her—three years ago. When out of civilization she filled my dreams though I had never seen her; nor knowing anything about her. "What awful drivel," one says.

Dreams, not drivel. Good old Jimmy Lang had been camping with me when the picture turned up. He tossed it over to me.

"Nice looking girl?" he said.

"Very!" I could not say less or more for the minute, the face took such a grip of me. I recalled my abrupt question.

"Who is she?"

"Don't know; may be a chum of my sister. I must ask Jean about her."

But he never asked Jean, for a week later he was dead of fever. And I kept the photograph. I had built all kinds of dream castles about her in my leisure hours—when I had nothing to do but to dream. Nothing to look forward to. And now, fate had turned the wheel of fortune, and I had come home to riches and power. And the photograph had turned up again; and I was beginning to realize what an idiotic thing I had done—had fallen in love with a photograph.

I was sick of reading—the storm had abated—I couldn't waste the evening by going to sleep. No! I must go out. And then as I got up, one of the cards on the mantel shelf caught my eye.

Mrs. Walter Hudson
"At Home"
Wednesdays, 9 o'clock—Bridge & Music

To-day was Wednesday.

The Hudsons were my near neighbors. I had met her once, and liked her. He, too, seemed a good fellow. I recalled his pleasant informal invitation:

"Drop in sometimes, old chap, and smoke a pipe. You play bridge? Good! Always glad to see you, don't stand on ceremony."

By Jove, I'll take him at his word; I'll drop in to-night.

It was not more than a mile to the Hudson's place. Only a very faint glimmer of light showed through the trees as I approached—so little light rather surprised me. All the long rows of windows, both upstairs and down, were dark. I pulled the bell—it pealed faintly in a distant part of the house, and then there was silence. Such a strange eerie silence—no sound of laughter from the house, no strains of music.

I waited, half wondering whether I had made some hideous mistake; but this was the Hudson's place, and the card distinctly said Wednesday at nine o'clock!

Footsteps in the hall!

A bolt drawn back, a key turned. They locked up early. The door swung open. I saw a lighted hall, I walked in—no need to ask if Mrs. Hudson was at home. I turned to divest myself of hat and coat, to lay aside my stick when——

"What do you want?" said a soft voice with a slight tremor in it.

I looked again. And then I stared—stared shamelessly.

Instead of the stolid form of a butler I expected to see, there stood, her hand still on the door, a girl. A slight slip of a creature, with big dark eyes and curling hair.

She was dressed in some thick white stuff—the light fell full on a beautiful face. Such soft, red lips, such luminous eyes, fixed on me with a kind of terror. But it was not that which sent the blood thundering to my head—it was the fact that a miracle had happened.

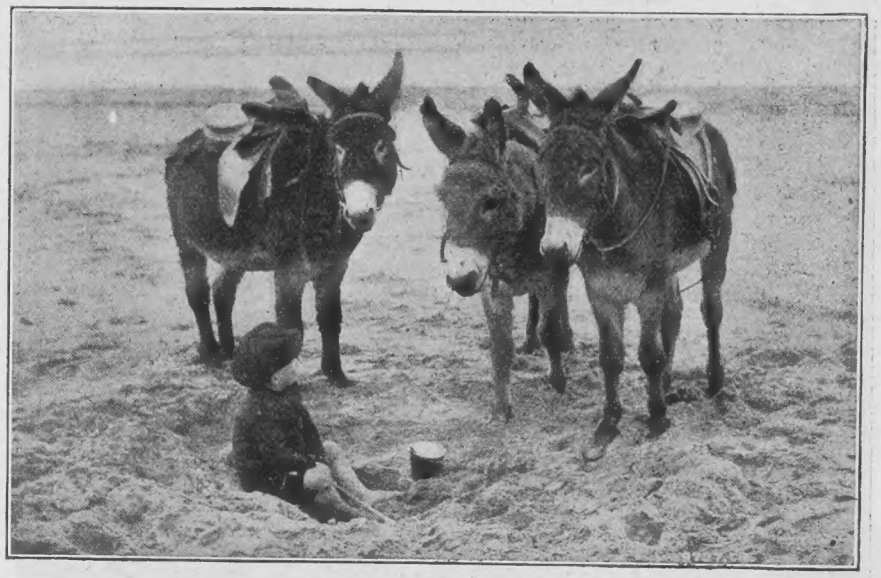
The original of the photograph stood before me in the flesh.

She was found!

"I have come——" I stopped short. I was about to say "to see you," but hastily substituted "to see Mrs. Hudson. She is at home, of course?"

The girl looked at me so strangely—once more I was struck with the silence of the house. I saw dim staircases, a wide vestibule, lights turned low, it was all very puzzling.

"Will you come this way, please?" said the unknown. I followed her, as she pushed open a door, and motioned me to enter; then was about to turn and speak when——



On the Sands—A Favorite Form of Amusement with British Youngsters.

The door was slammed to in my face. I heard a bolt shoot home. I was a prisoner in a small room hung round with coats. There was no window—only one dim light from a lamp.

What madness was this? I knocked loudly on the door. I called out:

"I say, what does this mean? You've made some mistake; open the door please."

No answer. Only a soft footstep, dying away to silence. What on earth was the meaning of my imprisonment? What did she take me for? What was wrong in the house?

Had I in mistake come to a private lunatic asylum. I scouted the idea. I knew this was Hudson's house. I was in the right house sure enough. But where were the Hudson's—their servants? What was the meaning of the extraordinary treatment by the girl I had so long desired to find?

There was mystery within mystery in that thought—for what was she doing here?

I knocked again. I called louder than before.

No answer. Only that petrifying silence.

There was no means of escape.

Time passed on, ten o'clock struck, then eleven—I heard a clock in the distance. It grew abominably cold. Then at last I heard welcome voices. I dashed at the door, someone was speaking on the other side of it.

"You've got him?" Hudson's voice with a note of excitement in it.

"Yes. A bell rang. I opened the door. He walked in before I could say or do anything. He behaved just as we were warned he might. He actually asked for Mrs. Hudson. Of course, I was more or less prepared.

"Yes—and then"—

"Well, I showed him into the cloak room, and shut the door on him. He is locked in!"

Then followed a gurgle of delicious laughter—her voice.

"But, I say—how splendid of you! I shall never forgive you for having practically left you alone in the house. What time did Simpson leave?"

"Just about dark. The wire came when he was at tea. Of course, I let him go; his mother is dying. I did right?"

"Yes, of course; but we never thought of your being alone here. The maids, I suppose, had gone to bed. Not that they would be any use, anyway

"Yes, I told them to go. I expected no one; but I am glad you and Isabel are back, though I was going to telephone the police. He couldn't do anything locked up in the cloak room. I knew he was safe enough in there.

"I should think so. Well, now I'll tackle him. Oh yes, I've rung up the police—they'll be here in a minute. Isabel, there's nothing to quake about. Look at Helen she's as cool as a cucumber after securing the bold, bad burglar. There's the bell—the police. That you, constable? Good; come along in. We've caught your man—at least Miss Faber has! She locked him in the cloak room. Here you are!"

A key turned, the door was flung open.

For a minute the light from the hall dazzled me. I simply stood and stared at the circle of eager faces—the two constables staring at me, Hudson himself, beyond, her face looked towards me with a sort of shrinking interest that changed into something else—something——

"Well, I'm dashed; this is a nice way to be treated when one goes out to play a rubber of bridge," I said, as nobody spoke.

Someone gasped. I think it was one of the constables, the other grinned—he was quite an old friend of mine. As to Hudson, he simply gasped like a newly landed fish.

"Thesiger!"

"Surely. I don't know why I was taken for a burglar—do I look like one? They say everyone has a double in the world somewhere—apparently mine was wanted badly—by the police."

"Oh, I say, old chap, I'm most awfully sorry! Can't think how it could have happened. It's all right constable—a mistake. Sorry though we didn't catch your man. Good night."

"Good night, sir, good night."

Left in the hall, we looked at one another for a minute and then—roared.

Even she laughed, though her eyes sought mine in mute entreaty.

The thing was soon cleared up. A burglar had been carrying out his work in the neighborhood in a gentlemanly way, entering houses as a guest and then taking what he could lay hands on.

Miss Faber being left in charge of the house took me for a burglar—and treated me very skillfully as such.

"But I assure you there is another mistake as well," I said when we were sitting in the library, refreshments before us, "because I was asked to come on Wednesday night for bridge and music—and here I am."

"My dear chap, I am jolly sorry. But you see it's the first and third Wednesdays. This is the second."

"By jove, you don't say so. The card was stuck in the mirror and the words 'first and third' must have been hidden. But"—my eyes fell on Helen Faber—"I can't say I'm sorry—in fact I'm glad I came."

Was it fancy, or did she really say in quite a low voice "So am I?"

I spent the pleasantest evening of my life. The wrong night? Not a bit of it—it was the right night!

I had taken the road to the Hudson's a good many times since that night, my friendship for them had wonderfully increased, while as for Helen—well she was Helen, the woman. I had told her of the photograph, which turned out to have been sent to my dead chums sister. I had it, I told Helen—and I meant to keep it. One day I found her alone in the library. the Hudson's might be in any time. I was quite content, but I thought I saw traces of tears on Helen's cheeks.

"I am going to Australia next month," she said abruptly.

"What for?" I asked aghast.

"To live with a brother and his wife who are out there. I can't live for ever with friends. I want a niche of my own. I've often thought of going, and now I am going to do it."

"You're not. Helen, I can't spare you. I want you far more than does your brother. He has a wife. I have no one, stay with me. Won't you stay?"

"I wonder if you're just sorry for me?" she whispered.

"I'm sorry for myself. I am beastly selfish, I'm thinking only of my own happiness. But still I do believe I can make you happy too. Will you try me? It has only been you ever since I saw your pictured face."

"How can you be so absurd?"

"Is it absurd to fall in love with a portrait? If so, I did it. But now I want the original. Will you come Helen?"

She was in my arms, her head on my shoulder, the door opened with a jerk.

In walked the Hudsons.

"Hallo there, hallo, what's all this?"

Helen tried to extricate herself, but I held on.

"It's only this, Hudson. I really was a burglar in disguise that night. I came to steal Helen, and like Barkis, she's willin'!"

BUILDING BONES

Of Great Importance That Children Have Proper Food

A child will grow up weak or strong and sturdy, depending largely on the kind of food given.

That's why feeding the youngsters is of such great importance. The children do not select the food—the responsibility rests with the parent or guardian, or with you if you select the food for a boy or girl.

A western lady writes: "When my little niece was taken sick and medical aid was called, one physician pronounced it softening of the bones and gave but little hope for her recovery. For weeks she had been failing before her parents thought it was anything but trouble from teething.

"She had been fed on mushes and soft foods of different kinds, and had become a weak little skeleton of humanity that could not much more than stand alone.

"The doctors changed her food several times until finally she was put on Grape-Nuts which she relished from the first and ate at almost every meal and her recovery has been wonderful. She has gained in strength and weight and is now a rosy-cheeked and healthy little girl, still clinging to her Grape-Nuts.

"It is plain the food has saved her life by giving her body the needed material to keep it well and the bone material to build with."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Thin Ice

By Charles Dorian

GHOSTLY rays danced witchingly in the northern sky. Away from them raced Godfrey McShane, away toward the black horizon to the south. Not by fear pursued nor by the nightmare of those bobbing bars of light, but bent upon one of the pleasurable duties of doctoring in the remote construction camps, a toboggan jaunt to town for supplies and recreation.

The huskies trotted along briskly, encouraged by the carolling of their driver and an occasional "mush! mush!" Now and then the trail was thick and progress slow, but long stretches were free from drifted snow and the going was considered good.

It was a mild winter. It was talked of as the mildest in history, hence Godfrey McShane's open mackinaw and cap pushed back off his forehead.

And it grew appreciably milder as he advanced toward the railroad and civilization.

There were few astir when he led his huskies to a warm, dry bed of straw and negotiated with the cook for their breakfast, then his own.

Six o'clock breakfasts were common to Godfrey McShane since he became a son of the snow country. His lithe, light body, his clear blue eyes and his other abundant signs of good health may have been gained in any other climate, but the north seemed to stamp a seal upon him which made him fit in precisely with the stern life above the fifty-fourth parallel.

He fitted in with the semi-urban environment of Bury as well, that town which claims a sky-scraper and an electric sign that advertises everything one needs from a cigar to a billet in the king's army.

He expected to breakfast alone as he had done on previous visits. This time there was another presence in the dining-room at six-thirty, a young lady of remarkable comeliness. Her dress contrasted with his so much as to make him feel the woodsman he looked.

"Must have come in on the early morning train from the south," guessed Godfrey, quite correctly. "Prettiest girl I've seen for ages," he went on—to his porridge. He had not seen many girls since he had shouldered his medical knowledge and taken it north for exercise. He looked intently into the things at hand for a few minutes, conscious that the fair presence was almost as interested in him as he in her.

Then the waitress waddled in and removed the dishes, leaving in their place a savory smell of bacon entirely covered by fried eggs. She smiled widely at the girl and exchanged a few remarks. She smiled, too, at the top of Godfrey's head as she passed out.

Godfrey ate slowly to get frequent glimpses at the girl, who he discovered possessed dark eyes of uncommon depth, so deep that they looked black. He saw all that at every glance. There were other things, such as riches of auburn hair, whiteness of teeth, coralness of lips, a peach complexion and a picture hat—but his glimpses were too careful to inventory everything except those wonderful eyes.

As she was leaving the dining-room he absorbed more of the details. He saw that she carried a camera.

"Up for a few days vacation," he guessed, again quite correctly. "But I wonder why she's staying at the hotel," he reflected.

The waitress entered and Godfrey encouraged her to say a few words.

"Oh, she's the proprietor's daughter back from college for the Christmas holidays. You'll soon see the men flockin' round her if you stick around."

She accepted her tip graciously and laid down her tray, prepared to enlighten Godfrey upon all subjects pretaining to the lineage of the Marcotts, but he passed it off pleasantly, emerged from the dining-room and out to do his buying.

The morning passed quickly. He meant to use the afternoon to see the sights. As he entered a moving-picture palace he saw Miss Marcott pass with a young man carrying skates. He stayed in the moving-picture house exactly two minutes and then went to the rink. There he rented a pair of skates and made a few turns of the ice watching the skaters and loungers for—eyes.

Then he spoke to two or three people and learned that most of the crowd that day were on the lake which had just frozen over.

Godfrey stayed no longer at the rink. He was shamelessly bent upon seeing as much of Miss Marcott that day as if he expected never to see her after.

A thin crowd gyrated upon the thin ice, and far out Godfrey descried the figures of Miss Marcott and her companion. They were perilously far out, he judged, when he put on skates and made a few tentative strokes.

The skirling of venturesome skaters brought subaqueous signals of telegraphic clearness that thrilled the limbs of those near the shore and inspired a dread of going out further, much as the vast expanse of smooth ice invited.

Then a terrific cracking and booming occurred. A hurried scurry was made for shore, many giving up then and there and plodding home with their skates a-swing.

A murmur of suppressed terror went up from the throng as they pointed out to what looked like a dark streak, crescent-shaped, expanding.

A breeze had fanned up into a puffy wind. In a short while the crack in the ice widened to five, ten, to twenty feet, and a floe of thin ice was floating away.

Their Little Mistress

And on that floe, clinging frantically to each other, were Miss Marcott and her partner.

It was probably two acres in extent, varying in thickness from one-half to one inch. To skate near the edge meant quick precipitation into the icy water. Rescuers thought of ways to get them off the ice to safety, but no matter how they viewed it the scheme was untenable.

Luckily the stranded pair kept as near to the centre of the ice field as possible. The wind was pushing it farther and farther out. Here and there large pieces chipped off the edges.

A curious crowd remained on shore, among whom were very few possible rescuers. Some went away to spread the news. None of those who remained, including Godfrey McShane, knew what was best to be done as matters stood.

One had noticed that the open water lane extended to the boathouses alongshore. He disappeared in that direction and was next seen manning a canoe toward the floe.

He waved to the pair, signalling them to skate toward the edge while he moved the canoe close up.

Neither skater dared to attempt anything so hazardous. The man skated within thirty feet of the edge and drew back as the ice split ten feet in front of him. He was livid with fear.

"It's no use, Bob," he chattered. "We can't swim."

More than an hour passed without any progress at the rescue. The canoeist made many encouraging propositions and tried his best to hearten the pair. This was not without its beneficial effect, but the situation developed into one of those in which it seemed that there was nothing to do but pray. It is not always those in peril who pray best: perhaps the spiritual faculties of expression become chilled; perhaps it is because the thought of self-saving is repugnant to an inclusive Savior who sees life beyond death. "Save me! save me!" may be an appealing demand but scarcely a prayer; implicit resignation would seem to be the most efficacious. In this, therefore, Godfrey McShane, pacing up and down the beach with head bowed, making no frantic efforts to show off what man can do in momentous crises, but supplicating for something to happen to enable him to help back to safety those in danger, was obeying some fundamental law. This meditation helped him in his practice of medicine; there, the peril was often hidden; here, it was too plainly in view. Unless a greater Power than Godfrey McShane willed it the perishing of Marion Marcott and Richard Belrose in icy waters was imminent.

Something fired Godfrey's meditation with a force he knew not theretofore. What would at that moment destroy Marion Marcott would destroy him also. But he thought not of the probabilities of loss so much as the hope that he would be given an opportunity to allow her to live. He could not love her less by dying for her; it was her fate he was anxious about, not his own. Love comes to man in no other way. And hope is the strongest ally love possesses. Hope had more than once fought for Godfrey McShane in a battle gainst death.

Dusk came early with a clouded sky. With nightfall the air stiffened and the wind fell. Godfrey averted his head and scanned the sky.

"Thank God!" he murmured. A light fleck of soft snow had touched his cheek.

Hope had realized well so far.

The ice-floe was slowly drifting in shore with the current and in a few minutes the ice was smothered in a coating of white softness.

The canoe was in danger of being caught between the two edges of ice. A presence of mind born of rightly-trained habits caused the canoeist to keep his boat at right angles to the edges and when they touched he broke the ice forward and aft until he had made a pool in which to float his canoe. By this time the edges had joined irregularly.

Godfrey watched it fascinated. Then he saw something which astounded him. The girl's companion was gesticulating and forcing her toward the farther edge. His strident voice reached shore and Godfrey could hear him accuse her of luring him out there. The girl wheeled about and skated back to comparative safety, he following and bantering in a sort of nervous frenzy.

The canoeist shouted at him to let the girl alone and goaded him for his lack of nerve. "If you're any good, you'll skate straight for this boat and take your chances on falling in."

The bantering ceased. The man stared at the canoeist in a fascinated sort of way and then broke into fatuous laughter.

"Crazy's a starved coyote," commented Godfrey, walking rapidly away from the scene.

When he reached the hotel he learned that the proprietor and his wife were down at the boathouses. Godfrey had noticed the crowd increasing there and some action was apparently being considered from that point.

The weighty waitress accosted him with the query:

"Oh, it ain't true, is it, that Marion Marcott is gone adrift with that scamp, Belrose?"

His face was answer enough. He did not wait to get a pen picture of Belrose's career but departed to the stable, murmuring:

"Scamp, eh? Physical ruin before. Nerves gone up, now—if the poor devil isn't drowned by now."

A joyous clamor from the huskies greeted him in the stable. He stroked their heads and portioned out their meal, talking "dog" to them all the while. He gave them barely time to gulp their supper when he hitched them up and with an impressive pat on each head indicated to them that a new achievement was to be theirs.

He headed them towards the lake, now thickly padded with snow. Whooping wildly he urged them to their full speed. After a few preliminary stumbles they got their heads and in a few moments had bounded by the breach in the ice, dragging the toboggan and their driver safely toward the girl. A cheer rang out from the direction of the boathouses.

The girl was now weeping piteously. She was huddled upon the ice but strove to rise and bravely brushed her tears away when help arrived. She tried to speak but her voice broke and her teeth chattered.

Godfrey begged her not to try to speak and assisted her to the toboggan. He wrapped her up warmly in the Navajo rug and, standing on the tail of the toboggan, he leashed the dogs for home over the route they had come.

The greatest difficulty was now before him. Belrose had made a dash for "Bob" Gaynor's canoe and had crashed through the ice. It was with the greatest adroitness that Gaynor was able to reach the floundering man. He could not himself have told how it was accomplished. The douching seemed to bring Belrose to his senses and he lay in the canoe as calmly as violent shivering would allow.

Godfrey returned with the dog-team dragging three long thin planks on the toboggan. These he "shied" in the direction of the canoe from a safe distance. Gaynor reached out for them and securing the end of one to the gunwale of the canoe slid the next one out on it as far as he could. Then carrying the other he stepped gingerly out of the boat and walked the planks already laid and placed the other lapping the end of the second one and was now on comparatively safe ice. He motioned to Belrose to follow his example while Godfrey drove him away. When he returned for Belrose he found him on hands and knees clinging desperately to the plank and he had to back the toboggan up to the end of the walk before he could induce Belrose to leave it.

* * *

Godfrey McShane faced some rare vintage at a special little supper given at the Marcott hotel partly in his honor, partly to warm up Marion who was thoroughly chilled.

"My, I do not know in what condition I should be now had I obtained my wish," said Marion, shuddering.

"And that was?" asked her father.

"That it would freeze hard, hard, hard!"

"And I was praying," confessed Godfrey, "that it would remain mild, so that the chances for a snowstorm and change of wind would be better! I knew the dogs could do it under the right conditions."

Benjamin Marcott, her father, insisted upon feasting the dogs. Marion placed chairs for them, but, when the canines were brought in, they refused to sit at table. All their husky nature drove them under the table where they smelled at Godfrey's boots.

"They are thinking of the long hike ahead of them to-night," offered Godfrey.

"You're not returning to-night?" asked Marion, eagerly.

(Continued on Page 9)

The Death Gulch

A Prospecter's Story of a Terrible Encounter with a Grizzly, and of Its Strange Termination.

THERE were three of us, Valary, Bob and myself. Bob was the little shaggy haired mountain pony that had carried our kit from Kamloops into the heart of this interminable region of towering buttes and silent timbered slopes. Scenery? Yes, scenery of the grandest, for British Columbia would be hard to beat in that respect, but when one has lived long weeks in the bush, fighting flies, forest fires, and periodical hunger, one does not think very much about the scenery.

Valary was an Indian, an exceptionally good guide and woodsman, a hard worker, and—for an Indian—the best of company. The silence and loneliness did not trouble him to the same extent as, at times it troubled me, and he could always be depended upon to get game and fresh meat if there were any to be had. All things considered, I might have searched far for a better partner, and since we left Kamloops, four months ago, a very genuine friendship had cropped up between us.

Now, however, after the greater part of the summer spent in the wild, we had turned our faces homewards, and all things considered we should have our work cut out to get back before the dreaded freeze up. Our prospecting trip had proved a success, and Bob had as much yellow dust, together with gold bearing quartz samples, among his packs, as he could conveniently carry. It was, I think, on the second day of the return journey when, on coming suddenly round the end of a jagged shelf, we disturbed a huge eagle which was feeding on something in the ravine below. The eagle flew off, leaving its quarry, and after circling round us, screaming savagely, swept off into space.

Now a fresh killed mountain hare or young wild sheep is always worth picking up, and Valary did not waste much time in sliding down among the boulders to the spot from which the eagle had risen. What was his surprise when he found, lying on the shelf, a beautiful silver fox, the fur of which was in excellent condition and none the worse for the eagle's attack. The pelt might be worth anything up to $80, and this sum would make a very nice little bonus for Valary after the season's work. He lost no time in skinning the fox, returning triumphantly with his trophy, which he carefully pegged out and cured that evening.

It was a few days later that the first great misfortune befell us. We had made camp just above the timber belt, and during the evening we both of us noticed a strange unwholesome odor in the air. It came in gusts when the breeze blew from a certain quarter, and at midnight I awoke, feeling sick and ill, and with a splitting headache. Fearing we had been poisoned I wakened Valary to ask him how he felt, at which he put one hand to his head and the other to his stomach, indicating that he felt jolly ill.

"Break camp," he said briefly, "bad air. No stay here."

It was my first experience of the "bad air" of those mountain sides, but I was too dazed and ill to ask questions. I realized now that it was the very air we were breathing which was poisoning us, and to stay on might prove fatal.

It was light enough outside to pack up in comfort, and having strapped everything but our own personal gear on the pony, we left him to graze a moment while we got together our kit. He was not thirty paces from us, and was nosing about among the rocks for a few blades of grass.

Suddenly the intense stillness of the mountain side was broken by a terrific snarl, and glancing round both of us saw a huge grizzly dashing down the mountain side at the speed of an express train towards our pony. I should never have believed so large and cumbersome an animal could have travelled so fast had I not seen it with my own eyes, and how Bob evaded the first savage rush was marvellous. The little pony simply took one leap as the bear flung himself headlong down the precipitous slope, and the great brute's forepaw must actually have touched the pony's hind quarters.

Both of us shouted at the top of our voices in the hope of scaring the brute, but not much! It was clear from the first that he meant having that pony, and without glancing in our direction he continued the chase. Next moment both pony and bear vanished into the gloom. The Indian and I stared at each other. Our grub, our rifle, indeed everything we possessed except my light automatic pistol, our hand picks, and a few oddments, were gone with the pony. To lose these meant almost certain death in the midst of the solitudes.

For fully a minute neither of us spoke, then Valary drew his hand pick from his belt and said savagely: "Hunt grizzly now. He kill our pony. We kill him."

I must confess that, from the first, the task of hunting a grizzly with light hand picks and a small automatic pistol did not appeal to me, but one might as well die in that way as die inch by inch from starvation. That the grizzly was in no playful mood was clear, but while we could not save the pony we must, at any rate, try to save our equipment. I told the Indian I was ready, and muttering something about the gold dust and his precious fox skin in the packs he led the way to the point at which the grizzly had charged.

Valary had no trouble in following the tracks, though it seemed to me that we scrambled along the mountain side for over an hour, and all the time that horrible unwholesome scent in the air seemed to become stronger. It was as though we were approaching some unknown poison belt into which, perhaps, men had wondered before, and never returned. Suddenly, however, the Indian held up his hand, then crouching lower, pointed ahead. In the dim light I saw something, which I took to be a

COWAN'S COCOA
"Perfection Brand"

Don't forget when ordering cocoa over the phone to ask for "COWAN'S." It is your safeguard for purity! There is no finer cocoa sold in Canada. It is in itself a perfect liquid food made from the choicest cocoa beans, blended to perfection. Simply boil it from three to four minutes with milk — by this method the fragrant aroma of mellow cocoa beans is added to the flavor.

Horrockses' Flannelettes

(made by the manufacturers of the celebrated LONGCLOTHS, TWILLS and SHEETINGS)

ARE MADE FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED COTTON.

The nap is short and close.
No injurious chemicals are used.
Quality, designs and colorings are unequalled.

If purchasers of this useful material for Underwear all the year round would buy THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE they would appreciate the comfort and durability which inferior qualities of Flannelette do not possess.

See the name "HORROCKSES'" on the selvedge every two yards.

Awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene

For information as to the nearest Store where procurable apply to Agent
JOHN E. RITCHIE
417 King's Hall Chambers
St. Catherine Street West MONTREAL

Note the Doctor

See How He Guards Against Germs

Note the doctor when he deals with wounds. Note how he makes sure of sterile dressings—how he keeps them wrapped.

Little wounds which you treat at home demand the same precautions. So does any first aid. A few infectious germs may breed millions.

Keep on hand for instant use
B&B Absorbent Cotton.
B&B Bandages and Gauze.
B&B Adhesive Plaster.

Get the B&B products, because they are made to keep on hand, and because they are double-sure.

B&B Cotton and Gauze are twice sterilized, once after being sealed. They are made under hospital conditions to meet hospital requirements.

They are packed in protective packages. B&B Arro Cotton is packed in germ-proof envelopes. So is B&B Handy-Fold Gauze. None is unsealed till you use it.

B&B Cotton also comes in Handy Packages. You cut off only what you want, leaving the rest untouched. These protections may be vital to you sometime.

B&B Adhesive Plaster is made for surgery, but it has a thousand uses. It is rubber coated, and it sticks to anything dry. Any article made of any substance can be mended with it. Hot water bottles, lawn hose, tool handles, etc. Applied to flesh it doesn't irritate. Rolls of many lengths—10 cents up.

B&B Formaldehyde Fumigators are made twice the usual strength. This makes them double sure. Simply light the wick and close the doors. Use after any contagious disease, or before occupying any strange house.

Be as careful as your doctor. In these important things insist on B&B standards.

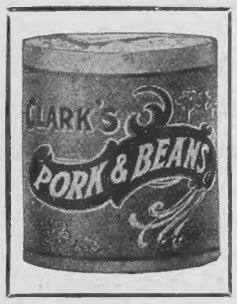
First Aid Book 10 Cents

We offer this book at much less than cost to aid in home protection. It is written by a famous surgeon, now a Major in charge of U. S. Army Field Hospital. It tells just what to do in any emergency—in wounds or burns, in hemorrhage or fainting, in drowning or electric shock, or any sort of poisoning. It contains 128 pages. Send us 10 cents as evidence of serious intent, and we will mail it to you. Address First Aid Dept. 40.

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

B&B **DOUBLE-SURE PRODUCTS**
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Absorbent Cotton, Gauze, Bandages
Adhesive Plaster, Fumigators, etc.
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings

Clark's Pork and Beans



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

One Year	$1.00
Three Years	2.00
Five Years	3.00

Send in your Renewal NOW

boulder of rock, suddenly move. It was the grizzly, crouching over the carcass of our unhappy pack pony!

I withdrew the little automatic, and Valary withdrew his hand pick. "What do we do now?" I enquired breathlessly. The Indian seemed to measure the distance between us and the bear. "Laugh! Talk!" he said aloud. "Walk straight up to him. Perhaps he run away."

"And perhaps he charge!" I added, knowing very well that, in this region where the bears had yet to learn what men and firearms were, there was little chance of driving one of these monarchs of the slopes from his morning meal.

Valary's suggestion, however, held a small amount of promise, so rising from our hiding place we approached boldly, shouting and laughing as we went. At a distance of 90 yards I discharged the pistol into the air, at which the bear, which had been watching us closely for some moments, suddenly sat upright, uttered a loud "wuff", then calmly proceeded to scratch himself.

"Don't seem much scared," I observed, and still we steadily approached, till only a stone's throw separated us. Then the bear dropped on all fours and stood absolutely motionless, facing us. His eyes shone a savage green, and the coarse hair along his spine stood threateningly on end. "He's going to charge!" shouted Valary. "Run if he does. He won't follow."

No sooner said than done. With a roar that shook the whole mountain side the brute came straight at us, and we turned and scattered like chaff before the wind.

a bead on the brute's powerful neck and pressed the trigger. The bullet went a trifle high, and caught the bear on the ear. With a sound which was half a roar and half a scream the brute reared on its hind quarters, clawing at its head, and giving me an opportunity of an open shot at its throat. Again I pressed the trigger, but whether or not the shot went home I could not say, for at that very instant the grizzly located me.

My best run on the rugby field was put to shame by the sprint I performed among those boulders. Doubling and turning like a rabbit, I managed to evade the beast for longer than I should have thought possible, at times pumping in a chance shot at the animal's body as an opportunity occurred.

That bear meant business, and I knew now that it was a fight for life. He came in silence. Never before had I felt cooler or better prepared for an emergency. I realised that my best plan was to save cartridges till I was dead sure of their effect; for there was no chance now of the grizzly abandoning the hunt.

Valary, however, was by no means the kind of man to stand by while another did all the fighting. He came into it like a man, armed only with his hand pick, but prepared to do his best. That first desperate sprint had taken all my breath for the moment, and to relax for even an instant meant certain death, for the bear was only a few yards distant. Valary came in in the very ace of time, and purposely diverted the brute from me to himself. It charged him instantly, and from not twenty feet distant I fired

Highlanders at Breakfast

Fortunately for us the bear did not follow more than fifty paces, and again we withdrew to a point of safety to discuss the next plan of warfare.

Now the eyesight of a bear is extremely poor, and so long as he does not catch wind of you, it is possible, by careful stalking, to approach within twenty yards of him on the leeward side. To take liberties with a grizzly is a very dangerous game, but be it understood we were in a desperate position, and at all costs we must recover our packs before the bear ruined their contents. My little pistol shot very hard and straight, and a bullet in the neck at short range would perhaps put that bear out of operation.

We tossed up with a dime as to which of us was to go. I lost. Dawn was just breaking, and with it that strong breeze, which always wafts across the heights at sunset or sunrise, was blowing crossways between us and the bear.

Valary stood upright in a conspicuous position to attract the brute's notice, while I crept down behind and began to approach with the breeze full in my favor. I must confess to a good deal of excitement as I drew nearer the great brute, stooping over its ghastly feast, but at the same time my blood was up, and I was ready to fight for our possessions.

I crept to within at least thirty paces. The bear was tearing savagely at the pack straps under the pony's belly, at times pausing to growl and snarl at Valary, who stood, vastily conspicuous, against the skyline, away on my left. Clearly the bear was unaware of my proximity.

Then came the moment when, with the little weapon resting on a boulder, I drew

two more shots, both of which went home, the second one disabling one of the bear's forepaws. To that shot alone we owed our lives.

What happened next was all by way of a dream. Valary fell, and the bear passed right over him in its headlong charge. I was aware of no fear, but only of a terrible anger. I went right up to the brute, and tried to fire another shot point blank from six paces distant. The magazine was empty!

Somehow the brute sent me spinning, but did not disable me. When I got up I saw it standing motionless and coughing, foaming at the mouth, while Valary aimed a terrific blow at its skull with his hand pick. The blow went home in fine style, and the brute turned on Valary with the quickness of a rattlesnake. I went for it from behind, and buried the spike of my pick deep between its shoulders. Then I caught a glimpse of Valary's face. It was covered with blood, and his features seemed to be crushed out of all recognition.

"Run!" he shouted. "It's our only chance!" We ran—or rather we staggered, side by side among the rocks, and that awful brute staggered after us Again it was merely a point as to which of us could hold out the longer, but luck was in our favor. We reached the edge of a shallow gully which ran for a short distance across the mountain face. At one end of it was a small black cave, and the rocks all round were of the same dirty black tint. It lay directly across our path, perhaps sixty feet deep, and some strange instinct warned me not to obey my first impulse to slide down among the rocks and sand into the gloom of that sinister gulch.

At the very brink I stopped dead, and

dodged to the right. The bear was at my very heels, and disabled as the brute was, evidently it fell. I too fell, and for the life of me could not have risen for all the grizzlies in the Rockies.

I lay at the very edge of the gulch, half dazed and suffocated, and watched what happened next. I saw the huge brute slither down into the gulch amidst a cascade of stones and boulders. At the bottom it rose, and tried to creep out, but only to fall back, clawing at the loose sand. Three times it tried, and three times it fell back, each attempt becoming weaker, less ferocious. The vibrating snarls had ceased, silence fell, and as though in a dream I saw the bear lying in a lump heap among the rocks, gasping for life, but otherwise motionless.

Then I remember the Indian standing over me, and dragging at my shoulder. "Bad air! Bad air!" he was muttering. "It kill bear! It sure kill you."

In a dazed way I realised what had happened. This little gulch was full of poisonous gas, which issued from the heart of the mountain by way of that small black cave at the end of the gulch! To enter that poisonous little valley meant certain death, and to lie where I was at that moment meant that I should be speedily overcome by the deadly gas, which is heavier than air!

Somehow we dragged ourselves away, and recovered the packs. We were battered, cut, and bruised, but by a miracle no bones were broken, and we reached civilization without further mishap. Valary's fox skin sold for the equivalent to $250, and my little gold samples panned out a good deal better than I expected. They enabled me to buy a fruit farm down in the Arrowhead Lake Country. There are plenty of moose and deer all along the valley, which I intend to hunt—when we have finished hunting Huns!

Thin Ice

(Continued from page 6)

"No, no, stay over one day more, anyway," urged Benjamin Marcott. His wife echoed the invitation. "We can't thank you enough in a lifetime, much less a night," she added.

It was imperative that he go and see his patients, he explained.

"But you have a patient here!" urged Marion's mother.

"Recovering rapidly," put in Marion, "but in need of a certain doctor to pronounce a few soothing words."

"If I am to stay," said Godfrey smiling, "I insist upon the minister pronouncing those words."

And he stayed.

Conservation of Humanity

With the idea in view of investigating community problems, promoting a more general interest in social welfare and providing expert advice and assistance to any community desirous of organizing its forces for more efficient citizenship, the governments of the three Prairie Provinces have organized a Bureau of Social Research, which will be under the joint control of the three provincial governments.

The purpose is to make a practical study of all social problems affecting a community and a more careful investigation of general social welfare questions than has hitherto been possible by any existing governments.

One of the functions of the bureau is to secure information and this will be done through co-operation with public and private agencies and also by special investigation. The information thus secured will be disseminated by means of reports, bulletins, the public press, lectures, correspondence, etc.

During the first year two kinds of investigations will be carried on. One will be the care of immigrants and particular attention will be paid to the Ruthenians who are settled in large numbers in each of the three provinces. The second will be a preliminary inquiry with regard to the proper care of the feeble-minded.

The conditions are practically the same n each of the three provinces, and the provincial authorities have been co-operating for some time in the provision of institutions for the care of the various classes of dependents.

Each of the provinces will have an advisory council that will consist of one cabinet minister and five other members. When each of these councils has been organized, two representatives from each will form an interprovincial council, which will have charge of the general policy of the bureau.

The cabinet ministers have been chosen for each of the provinces as follows: Alberta, Honorable J. R. Boyle; Saskatchewan, Honorable J. A. Calder; Manitoba, Honorable Doctor Thornton. Each holds the portfolio of Minister of Education in his government. J. S. Woodsworth is the director of the new bureau, and the head office is in Winnipeg, where all the data collected is properly compiled into statistics that will always be at the disposal of inquirers.

The bureau will deal solely with the human resources of the country and endeavor to investigate and determine the way in which these resources can be best developed and conserved, and the different peoples in the Dominion welded into one harmonious whole that will illustrate what higher civilization really means.

As yet the work is only in the preliminary stage, but questionnaires have been sent out to ministers, school teachers and secretaries of the various farmers' and women's organizations throughout the provinces enquiring as to social conditions obtaining in various districts, and the information secured in this way will be supplemented by particulars obtained as a result of special studies in certain districts.

A member of Mr. Woodsworth's staff has been engaged in investigating conditions in the Ruthenian colony near Vonda, Sask., and other communities will also be visited by trained investigators who will get in touch with the people and report on local conditions. The

The travelling man finds his favorite magazine in a northern Alberta homestead

bureau will also take up the question of legislation designed to remedy the social life of the rural districts and of the provinces as a whole.

The Bureau of Social Research has really developed from the Canadian Welfare League, which was formed some time ago with somewhat similar objects in view. It was thought, however, that the peculiar conditions prevailing in the West were such that a separate organization would be better able to cope with the situation, which was very similar in each of the three provinces.

The Sowers

Ten thousand sowers through the land
  Passed heedless on their way;
Ten thousand seeds in every hand
  Of every sort had they.

They cast seed here,
  They cast seed there,
    They cast everywhere.

Anon, as many a year went by,
  These sowers came once more,
And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky
  And wondered at the store,

For fruit hung here,
  And fruit hung there,
    And fruit hung everywhere.

Nor knew they in their tangled wood
  The trees that were their own;
Yet as they plucked, as each one should,
  Each plucked what he had sown.

So do men here,
  So do men there,
    So do men everywhere.

THE KEYNOTE OF DOMINION QUALITY

UPON your choice of a piano depends your real enjoyment. A cheap commercial instrument, thrown together in a hurry, can never satisfy.

It takes six months of patient, painstaking labor to build a Dominion Piano Our artistic designers and experienced workmen, many of whom have been with us for from 25 to 40 years, devote hours, and days, and weeks, and months of loving care to the perfection of each and every instrument.

Little wonder then that Dominion Pianos have earned a reputation for intrinsic merit. Thousands of delighted owners are enthusiastic in their praise of the artistic design, the superior finish and the superb TONE of these quality instruments.

Our Free Catalogue should be in the hands of every music lover in quest of a piano. Write for it TO-DAY.

The Dominion Organ and Piano Company Limited
Bowmanville, Ont.

Makers of the celebrated "Dominion" Organs of world-wide reputation.

Leaders Since 1870
DOMINION PIANOS

Ladies Who Know

give their guests Gold Standard Tea. Its effect lends sociability to their gatherings. Pure, clear and fragrant. You should certainly try it.

Gold Standard Mfg. Co.
WINNIPEG
21

Gold Standard
ASSAM & CEYLON TEAS
REGISTERED MAB·ETHREX FD·RETLDSRIATLET 1794 TRADE MARK
Guaranteed - the - Best

Not Extraordinary

A famous Scots colonel tells the following story in his reminiscences:

A young subaltern of his own nationality was one day on guard with another officer at Gibraltar, when the latter fell over the rock and was killed. The subaltern, however, made no mention of the accident in his guard report, but left the addendum.

"Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting," standing without qualification. Some hours afterwards the brigade general came to demand explanations.

"You say, sir, in your report, 'Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting,' when your own fellow officer has fallen down a rocky precipice four hundred feet deep, and has been killed."

"Well, general," replied the young subaltern slowly, "I dinna think there's anything extraordinary in that. If he had faun doon a precipice four hundred feet deep and not been killed, I should ha' thocht it extraordinary, and put it doon in ma report."

BRUCE'S FLOWERING BULBS

For Winter Flowering in the House
and Spring Flowering in the Garden

Exquisite colors and fragrance—EASILY GROWN—Must be planted this Fall.

COLLECTIONS

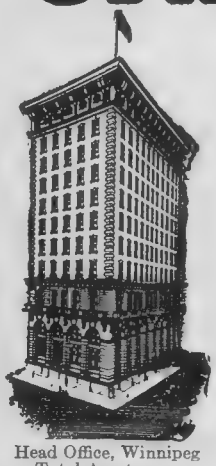
No. 1, indoors	25 bulbs, postpaid	$0.70		No. 3, indoors	100 bulbs, postpaid	$2.60	
No. 5, outdoors	25 " "	.70		No. 7, outdoors	100 " "	2.60	
No. 2, indoors	50 " "	1.30		No. 4, indoors	200 " "	5.00	
No. 6, outdoors	50 " "	1.30		No. 8, outdoors	200 " "	5.00	

Each of these collections contains HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS, LILIES, NARCISSUS and other bulbs.

FREE—Send for our 32 page illustrated catalogue of Bulbs, Plants, Seeds, and Poultry Supplies, etc. NOW READY.

JOHN A. BRUCE & COMPANY, LIMITED
HAMILTON - Established 1850 - ONTARIO

UNION BANK
OF CANADA



Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets over $90,000,000
Deposits over $72,000,000

No Fear of Losing Your Money When Travelling

IF YOU CARRY IT IN THE FORM OF TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES

ISSUED BY THE

Union Bank of Canada

No one can cash them without your signature. Issues in denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100 and $200, with value in foreign currencies plainly stated on the face. Accepted at full value at hotels, Ticket Offices and business places generally throughout the world.

BRANCHES IN ALBERTA

Airdrie, Alderson, Alix, Barons, Bashaw, Bassano, Bellevue, Blackie, Blairmore, Bowden, Bow Island, Brooks, Bruderheim, Calgary, Cardston, Carstairs, Cereal, Chinook, Clairmont, Claresholm, Cochrane, Consort, Cowley, Didsbury, Edmonton, Empress, Foremost, Fort Saskatchewan, Grand Prairie, Grassy Lake, Hanna, High River, Hillcrest, Innisfail, Irvine, Jenner, Lacombe, Langdon, Lethbridge, MacLeod, Medicine Hat, Okotoks, Pincher Creek, Seven Persons, Spirit River, Standard, Strathmore, Swalwell, Three Hills, Wainwright, Winnifred.

BE WISE TRAPPERS

Remember this—we pay HIGHER prices for your FURS than any other house—and

WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION

Send us a trial shipment today—let us PROVE our claims to you. Our higher prices, liberal grading and fair dealings have made us the Fastest Growing Fur House in America. Send for FUR price list and particulars of our great FREE GIFT to trappers'. Don't wait—write TODAY.

HILL BROS. FUR CO. 388 N. MAIN ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Indian Dances

By Max. McD.

WHEN Columbus landed in the New World in 1492, he was greeted with a dance. It was a war dance executed by the Red men. The Indian has never broken away from this early custom, and to-day we find great occasions celebrated in a manner similar to that first demonstration to the White man.

In the minds of many people, all the dances of the North American Indians are war dances. As a matter of fact there are numerous dances, extremely interesting and most of them very old. Women as well as men participate in them and they have nothing to do with warfare. Strange to say, in none of these Indian dances is there contact between the sexes. The bucks dance in one circle and the squaws in another. Few dances are wholly social, although some of them have that element. Practically all of them have a religious origin and to-day retain their religious significance.

Indians are very musical and have many songs in their own language. The drum seems to be the principal instrument among them; but when they have opportunity they learn the White man's music and the use of his instruments very quickly, rendering the most difficult music with great sweetness. On the Blood Reserve of the Blackfeet tribe in Alberta there is a brass band of twenty-one pieces led by the issuer of rations, that gives concerts in the towns surrounding the reserve. Another band of fifes and drums on the same reserve has given whole entertainments that were very pleasing.

The Red men have war songs which they used to sing before a battle; others, intensely sad, which they sang after the battle. Their love songs are not considered of a very high order. Each family has its own songs; each individual has his, usually composed by himself. Some of their songs are sacred.

Some teachers, in their mistaken zeal, have crossed or smothered everything distinctly aboriginal in the young Indians. Franklin K. Lane, the Canadian-born secretary of the United States Department of the Interior, in a letter directing the appointment of Geoffrey O'Hara as instructor of native Indian music, said:

"I think that it is the part of wisdom to develop in the young Indian an increased respect for all those things of beauty which their forefathers produced. Our efforts should be to make this generation proud of their ancestors and keep alive in them the memory of their wholesome legends and their aboriginal arts."

Music for dances is supplied by a trained band of singers. The only accompaniment is a drum made by putting a skin over a circle of wood and allowing it to dry tightly.

The sun-dance is, perhaps, the most barbarous of all the orgies of the Indians and has been observed in every known tribe of Red men on the American continent. The time was when all sorts of cruelties were the main feature of this gathering, which was held in the spring-time as soon as the snow cleared and the earth began to warm from the sun's rays.

The dance was the ceremony through which the Indian lad stepped from boyhood to the status of a warrior. It is too horrible for words. Ugly gashes are cut in the chest, skewers are thrust through these, and rawhide lariats attached to the ends and fastened to the sun lodge pole. The youth must tear himself loose by dancing around the pole and tugging until the strips of flesh to which the thongs are fastened give way. If the aspirant passed through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of pain or fear, he was declared a full-fledged brave and eligible to sit in the councils of his nation.

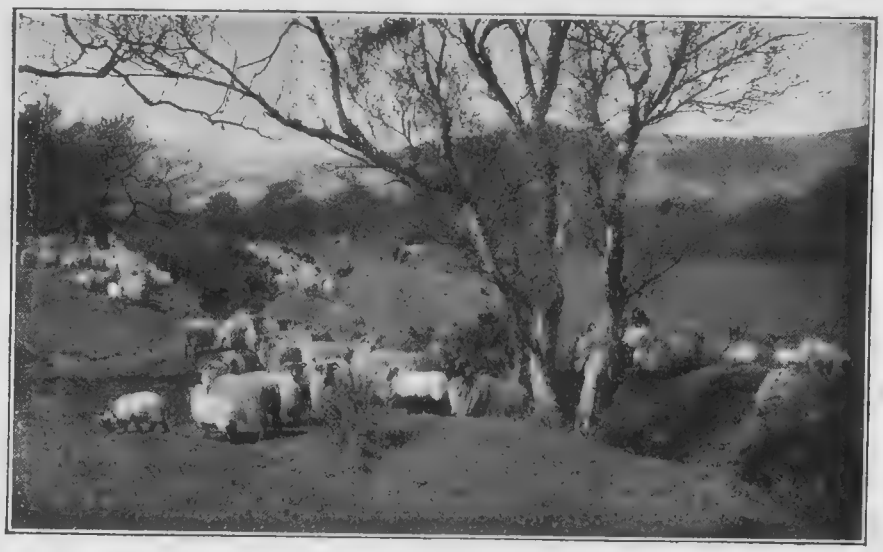
Another method was to cut the flesh on the back and tie leather thongs through these flesh loops and then fasten buffalo skulls to the thongs so that they would dangle clear of the ground. The candidate was to dance about till he had succeeded in tearing the loops and allowing the skulls to fall to the ground. This method was not as popular as the other because the brave could not afterward see the marks of the ordeal. It was always a great pleasure to the brave to bare his breast and exhibit the scars made by the tearing process.

Indian mothers were as anxious that their sons should go through the ordeal as they were themselves. An incident is told by a Western writer which shows how the Indian mother looked upon it. An Indian lad was being put through the buffalo skull method, but his strength was not enough to tear out all the flesh loops. He was about to faint away when his mother rode into the circle on a pony and seizing the skull that still clung to the back of her son, she dashed away on the horse, dragging the boy with her. Soon the flesh broke and the young Indian boy was saved from the humility of failure.

Before the ordeal comes many back out. Sometimes, after the thongs or skewers are put in, the victim loses courage. The wood or buffalo hide must then be removed by cutting the flesh loop, since it is against all law to draw it out endwise after it has been inserted in the flesh.

The United States government has long since forbidden the sun-dance, but it was continued on Canadian reserves till the coming of the Royal North-West Mounted Police about 1890. As a consequence the annual gathering of the Indians in the spring-time results in nothing more than dancing the old-time dances, chanting the brave acts of bygone days, and propitiating the sun by the bestowal of gifts which are fastened to the top of the central pole of the sun-dance lodge.

The give-away dance is ranked by the government authorities with the sun-dance as very demoralizing, and has been stopped on most reserves. The round dance of the Crees in Western Canada is a pleasure dance. Women are allowed to take part in it, but before their first dance they must give a substantial present to the leader of the dance. This present seems to make the person a sort of life member of the round dance. Squaws and bucks dance separately without any contact.



A hardy black faced flock in shady pasture

In nearly all the tribes of the North American continent there are many dances representing animals. The buffalo dance is a most interesting affair. In it the hunters illustrate what they have gone through in the chase. Instead of bragging with their tongues, as does the White man, they use pantomime. Stealthily they describe the sneaking process of stalking game and dragging it home.

In another dance a man represents a dog. He is made to look as much like one as possible, and is led forth by an Indian maiden, who has tied her sash about his body and leads him as a lady does her poodle, except that they are both keeping time to the steps of the dance. He constantly struggles to break away and she makes rhythmic efforts to hold him. Sometimes he succeeds and rushes into houses for meat, bites persons on the leg and otherwise carries out the idea of a dog on the rampage.

The eagle dance is especially dramatic. The Indian who takes the part of the eagle is wonderfully made up. Over his head is drawn a sort of black cloth that covers the hair and is pulled forward to form a beak. A red line makes the mouth of the eagle. On the body there is no clothing except a short apron and patches of eagle or hawk down attached by gum to the flesh. The arms are made into wings by means of a cord strung with long hanging feathers stretched from hand to hand across the back, and a bunch of feathers at the back make a tail. His hands are painted yellow to look like claws. He is lured forth by the dropping of grain and as he follows the trail he uses his arms as an eagle does his wings, and with his entire body he swoops and moves like the bird he is picturing, but always in time to the music. There is a dance to the bear and moose and many others, always with the combined dramatic idea and dancing movements.

Among the Indians of the far North, during the winter months of each year, a big ceremonial dance is given in the "Hoo-go" or public meeting hall. This is to please and propitiate the animal spirits. It is a real dance with feasting from early winter till almost spring. There are the most peculiar customs attached to this dance period. During the first day visitors have the privilege of asking for whatever they may desire in the line of food. The particular delicacy is "ice cream," which is simply a mixture of frozen blueberries and tallow. After the first day visitors must eat the food their hosts set before them. Each tribe tries to outdo the other in contortions, endurance and dancing costumes. Each animal is impersonated by a dancer who is trained months ahead for his work.

The snake-dance given every second year in the Hopi pueblos of the far South is a dramatized prayer for rain at an appointed season. It is a grim and startling ceremony, real live rattlesnakes being used as messengers to carry to the gods of the underworld, who are supposed to have power over the rain cloud, the petitions of the Hopis. To the onlooker it seems impossible that venomous snakes can be handled so audaciously without inflicting deadly wounds, yet it is positively known that they are in no wise deprived of their power to do so. There are those who claim that they have seen the dancers bitten by their rattlesnake partners, but that the priests possess a secret antidote to which they resort in case of snake-bite. To secure the snakes the priests go out in pairs with digging sticks and canvas bags, following their trails in the dust and digging them out of their holes.

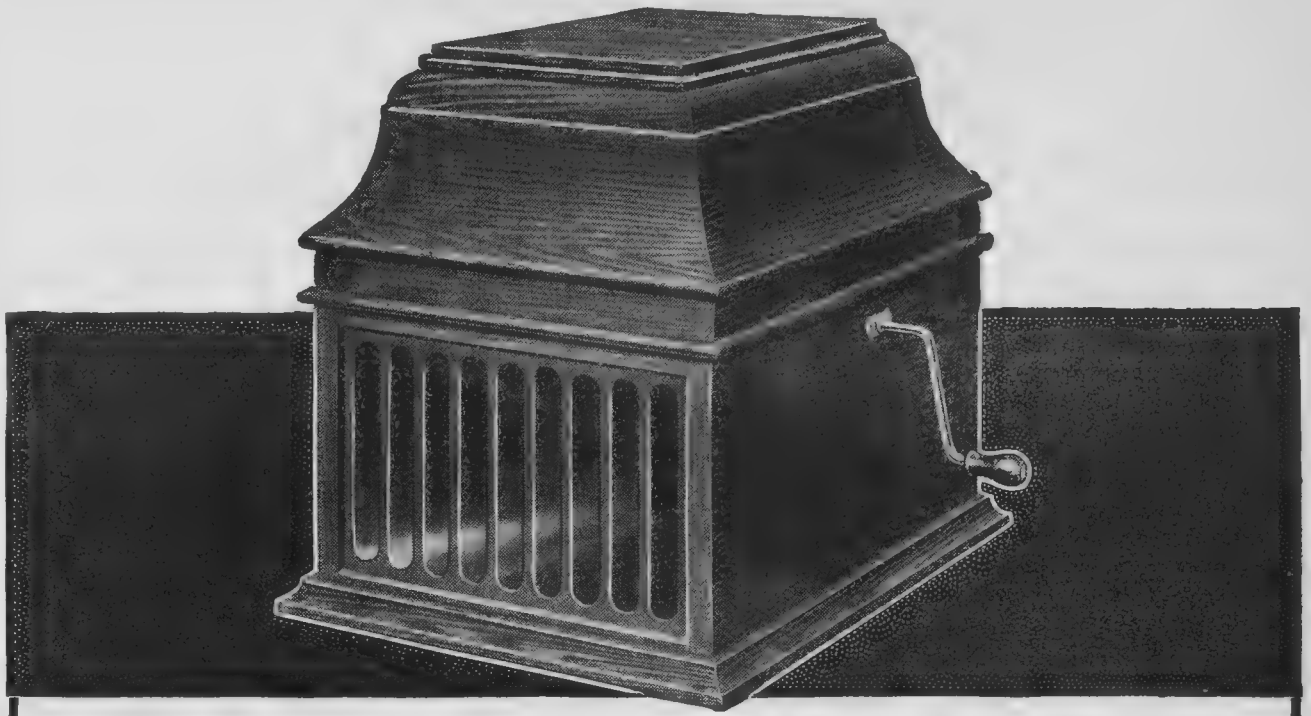
The Indians of the Mississippi Valley hold a corn-dance, which is a feature of the growing season where blanket Indians reside. Just when these dances will be held the White man never knows. Just how the festivities are conducted his eye is never supposed to see. Secretly the word is sent out and as secretly as possible the Redskins gather. But the monotonous thrumming of tom-toms, the intermittent yell of squaws, the shrill squeals of juveniles and the more dignified chantings of the braves carry the tidings unmistakably when once the dance is on.

These ceremonies are peculiar to the Mississippi Valley. Members of the tattered remnants of what were once powerful tribes, who are familiar figures on the streets of nearly every Mississippi River city, periodically become imbued with the desire to hold a tribal dance. Dirty, dusty and travel-stained, and often as not ravenously hungry, descendants and associates of the families of Winnishiek, Rain Cloud, Hawke Eye, Big Moon, Winnebigoshish, Waheta, Little Crow, Rain Maker, and many other greater or less chieftains respond to the call and are promptly on hand to take part in the big feed which is usually an important adjunct of dance festival. The corn-dance is something akin to the snake-dance, in that it is to propitiate the rain god.

While not in the strict sense of the term, a dance, yet the potlatch of the Coast Indians has dancing connected with it. Recent efforts to suppress a celebration of the curious ceremony on Vancouver Island were bitterly resented by the Indians through their chiefs. They contend that the custom is one that concerns the Indians alone and that it should not be interfered with. The potlatch is a sort of carnival of unselfishness in which the chief who gives away the greatest amount of goods and trinkets receives the most honor. Naturally the tribesmen delight in being showered with gifts by the chiefs, and the latter wish to maintain the right to give away as much as they like to whom they please. At the close of the giving of presents, a big dance and feast is held

The strangest of all Indian dances, perhaps, are those given underground. These are common among the Tewos in the Southern United States. No White man, it is said, has ever been permitted to see one. During the preparations for and progress of the dance, a careful guard is kept so that there may be no possibility of a White man stealing in. Large dug-outs are made with long underground passages, and these, too, are carefully guarded to see that none but a Tewo is allowed to pass.

The Indian will always dance. The desire to shake his feet is inborn and no amount of civilization seems to uproot it. The character of Indian dances has necessarily changed considerably. Social dances are becoming more common, and on some of the reserves large buildings are being erected in which the more modern Indian dances are taught to the young Indians. None of the treaty Indians of either United States or Canada have been known to adopt any of the White man's dances. The tango and the bunny-hug are foreign to them. They have not yet learned to dance in each other's arms.



Only $1.00

—and After Trial!

YES—the great New Edison with the new Diamond Stylus reproducer and your choice of all the brand new Diamond Amberol Records will be sent you on **free trial without a penny down.** The **finest,** the **best** that money can buy at very, very much less than the price at which imitations of the genuine Edison are offered—**a rock-bottom offer *direct* from us.**

Mr. Edison's Own The Genuine New Edison Phonograph

Among all his wonderful inventions his phonograph is Mr. Edison's pet and hobby. He worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. A last he has produced this new model, and now it will be sent to you on a startling offer. **Read**

Rock-Bottom Direct Offer

If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1.00 after the free trial. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments.

Think of it—a $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this brand new style outfit—the Diamond Stylus reproducer, the musical quality—the same Diamond Amberol Records—all the musical results of the highest price outfits—yes, the greatest value for $1.00 down, balance on **easiest monthly terms.** Convince yourself—a free trial first! No money down no C.O.D., not one cent to pay unless **you choose** to keep the instrument.

Entertain Your Friends

Hear all the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until the tears stream down your face from laughing at the funniest of minstrel shows. Entertain your family and your friends with everything from Grand Opera to Comic Vaudeville—then if you choose, send it back.

Our New Edison Catalog Sent FREE

Your name and address on a postal or a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligation in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—***while this offer lasts.*** Fill out coupon today—now.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors

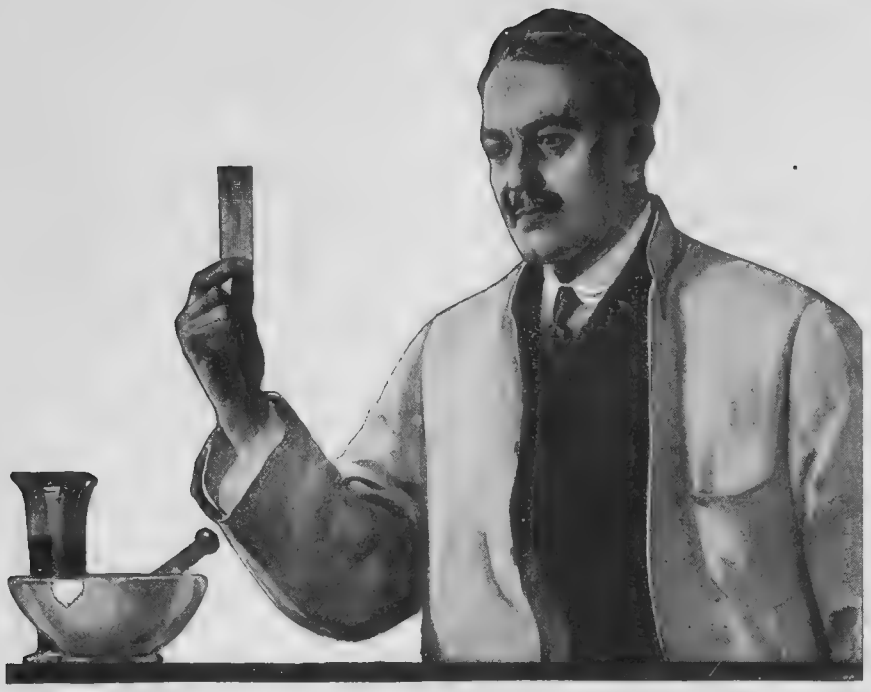
Dpet. 107 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago

To F. K. Babson
Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 107
355 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen: Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name.....

Address.....



"I Have Ended Corns Forever"

Our chief chemist, years ago, came to us and said:

"I have found a way to wipe out corns forever."

We doubted it, as you do. But he had studied corns 25 years, so we tested his invention.

We supplied it to doctors, to hospitals, to experts on corns. One application ended 91 per cent of the corns. All the rest disappeared after two or three applications.

So we adopted his discovery, and called the treatment Blue-jay.

Since then, this gentle wax, applied in a plaster, has ended 70 million corns.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. It stops the pain instantly. You never think of the corn after that.

In 48 hours the corn disappears, without soreness.

New corns may come if you wear tight shoes. But they never can pain you if you use Blue-jay. And they never can stay.

So Blue-jay means freedom from corns. It has brought that to millions and it will to you.

Quit the harsh, uncertain methods and try this one once.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York

Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

A DAILY DELIGHT

IN THE COLD WEATHER.

It isnt the cost of a furnace that counts, its the satisfaction you get in heating your home comfortably and economically

HECLA

WARM AIR

FURNACE

heats any house thoroughly and saves one ton of coal in every seven used

Write for our booklet "Comfort & Health"

If You Are Interested in Hot Water or Steam Heating, ask for our Catalogues telling you in detail about our "Adanac" and "Imperial" boilers and Hydro-Thermic (Steel) Radiators.

CLARE BROS. WESTERN LTD.

Dept. H WINNIPEG, MAN.

Tear off

Coupon CLARE BROS. WESTERN LTD., Dept. H, WINNIPEG, MAN.:

Please send me "COMFORT and HEALTH" —Catalogues of "ADANAC" and "IMPERIAL" BOILERS and "HYDRO-THERMIC (Steel) RADIATORS."

Mark which publication you would like to receive

Name _____ Address _____

The Passing of the "Catty" Woman

By E. G. Bayne

IN these days, when most hearts are beating to the one measure— and that measure, march time, allegro fortissimo—there has been scarcely time to notice a curious phenomenon that has occurred in our midst. The catty woman is gone! She has disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed her up. The petty despot has been overthrown, annihilated—and forgotten quite!

Prior to August, 1914, economic independence was slowly but surely driving her out, but still she flourished here and there and everywhere, like a naughty weed. She was indeed a combination of nettle and cold-blanket. She cast a blight on many a social group, and an almost vain task it seemed, to seek an antidote for this peculiarly feminine form of mental toxin. Her conversation claws were feared and avoided as one fears and avoids a poisonous scratch, and very few were free from the possibility of inoculation, for the catty woman was no respecter of persons.

She must have been learning gradually that she was a back number, a relic of the indolent Victorian era, for discontent and idleness are the parents of "grouchiness." The catty woman was secretly discontented,and envious of those of her sisters who were becoming more and more absorbed in the things worth while. Then came the war, and every woman hunted up her knitting needles. Nimble fingers and fingers not so nimble, began to convert huge quantities of grey yarn into socks. The catty woman found a real interest in life! She forgot her own personal grievances, and when people forget to worry about themselves great things are like to happen to the poor and needy. The catty woman, now but a negligible quantity, forgot to be catty. There wasn't time. Soon she made a final, permanent exit. That particular form of spitefulness which characterized the conversation of a certain type of woman became but a memory, but folks didn't stop to figure it out. They just remarked, "How kind-hearted the world is, after all!"

Some women are pre-disposed to "grouchiness," others achieve it through association, and still more become sour-minded from ill-health or disappointment. But there is absolutely no excuse nowadays for inflicting one's pessimistic views upon others. There is far too much to do in the world, too many sad hearts to cheer, too many half-naked little bodies to cover, too many empty little stomachs to fill too much acute distress to mitigate.

Mrs Greatrox now walks down town to her committee-room. Her motor brougham is engaged every afternoon taking poor little kiddies for rides in the park. Incidentally the walking is good for Mrs. Greatrox's embonpoint! Mrs. Shattered-Nerves, who was on the verge of nervous prostration two years ago—well, you simply wouldn't recognize her now. She hasn't swallowed a pill or a spoonful of tonic "in ages," she will tell you, and "positively, my dear, I've somehow or other managed to gain fourteen pounds."

These are dark days for the prescription end of the drug stores. As for the nerve specialists, poor things, how do they manage now, with no fat fees coming in?

Note also the sincerity of the woman of to-day. This was never one of the cardinal virtues of the sex. Oh no! The dear, illogical creatures were ever wont to dissemble. If Brown dislikes Jones, he says nothing. Perhaps he may be forced to intimate as much, but he lets it go at that. He gives Jones a curt nod on the street, and that is all. If Brown actually hates Jones he seeks the first opportunity to punch the fellow's head, and the pair "have it out" behind somebody's barn. That is the masculine of it, for man is nothing if not direct. Now let us see how different it is in the case of their wives.

Mrs. Brown dislikes Mrs. Jones. Very well. Does she say so and let it go at that? Dear me, no! Half the pleasure of Mrs. Brown's existence comes from sneering covertly at Mrs. Jones' manners, her habits, her children, her conversation, her housekeeping and her furniture.

"Mrs. Jones is in the parlor, mum," announces the maid.

And Mrs. Brown, we regret to say exclaims: "The dickens!"

Watch her behavior, though! Is anything more misleading? She drops her embroidery, runs to the mirror and pats her hair into place, straightens her collar or cuffs, dabs some powder on her nose and descends to the parlor. In the back of her head she is thinking: "How that woman can be away from home all the time and keep a tidy house beats me!"

But outwardly she has mustered up a smile of welcome and she enters the room exclaiming: "Why this is a great pleasure indeed, my dear! Do take this other chair; it's more comfortable. How are all the dear children?"

If her dislike for Mrs. Jones amounts to hatred, however, the warmth of her welcome rises even higher. Refreshment is ordered and she and her dearest enemy spar delightfully across the tea cups and "fence" neatly, and pull all the rest of their friends to pieces, across the sandwiches and macaroons.

Was this diplomacy or cowardice—or both? What was to be gained by it? We are using the past tense, you will perceive, for the insincere woman like her catty sister, has also vanished.

There is a little group of business and professional women in a western city, with whom it is a delight to mingle. They are busy folks. They have little or no leisure, but somehow they manage to accomplish more than those of their sisters who "do not have to work." One of them, who is head of a large mercantile plant has three soldiers' families under her special care, and another, a busy journalist, has to her credit, twenty-five pairs of socks knitted by her own hands in picked-up moments. These are women of whom Canada might well be proud. They are women to be reckoned with. They are absorbed in the things that count. There is no time in their busy lives for petty nastiness. They do not frivol away their existence in an endless round of pleasure, so-called. When they meet their fellow-women it is to exchange healthy views on all sorts of topics—not to criticize an absent member. They never "knock" anybody. One enjoys their society. It is like a harbinger of the time to be, when there shall be no idle women, and therefore, no mischief-makers, when "gossip, slander and spite" shall cease to be the main interest in the world feminine.

We must not altogether blame the modern woman for these faults and inherited traits of the ages, however. While the cave man was out with his "club" foraging for food, the cave woman (who had to "abide by the stuff") was at a loss for entertainment. (No one can deny it must have been dull for her.) So, as a natural outlet for her social instinct, the cave woman took to gossiping over the fence (if there were fences, which, after all, is doubtful) with some other cave woman, and what more natural than that the pair should at once proceed to "knock" cave woman number three, who, of course, was not present to hear these pleasant little remarks about herself!

A bas, the idle woman! She is a parasite, and as such must not be tolerated.

"Such a change," remarked a woman the other day, as she hurried away from a Red Cross receiving station, to snatch a hasty lunch before returning to her post. "Such a heavenly change! I've been superintending here for three weeks, and I haven't heard a single spiteful remark from any woman!"

'The millenium has arrived!" observed a masculine person of our little group, in rather an incredulous voice. "Come and listen for yourself, then," was the retort. "Oh, I tell you, if this war hasn't done any good to date, it has worked something very like a miracle in us women."

Wherever there is the faintest tendency to disparagement or ill-natured criticism of any sort it is very promptly nipped in the bud, for it seems to be pretty generally understood that this world has need of all the optimism it can find in these awful times. The silver cord of sympathy joins the erstwhile society butterfly and the humble clerk's wife. It has reconciled lifelong enemies, and proven itself well nigh unsunderable between heretofore mere acquaintances. It is the sweet bond that causes all hearts, in these days to turn instinctively to one another for mutual help, and to rely upon one another for comfort and courage in facing the days that are to come.

When Dreams Come True

By Jessie F. Brown

THE afternoon was hot. Baron stretched himself in the shade of a leafy thicket, well screened from the sun, and gave himself up to the luxury of relaxation. He had been tramping through the woods since early morning and was tired. The mossy sward felt gratefully soft. He observed that his position commanded an excellent view of the little glade. No one, he reflected, coming into it, could possibly descry him, so luxuriant was the surrounding foliage.

He lay there, musing. He was thirty-eight, rich as the world esteems wealth. He had inherited his father's business, and had built upon and added thereto with excellent acumen. He had run up to this lonely spot to look at a timber limit, with a view to purchasing. It was middle September. The knoll on which he lay was dry and warm.

Baron was unmarried. Not that he was a woman hater, nor that women had never come into his life. There had been one, once, whom he had adored with the old-fashioned reverence which was part of his creed. She had jilted him, and his hurt pride had refused to demand the explanation she had seemed to deem unnecessary. It was years before he could think of her without a spiritual writhe. But through the adjustment of time he had schooled himself to view the matter dispassionately.

Strange that just now his thoughts should hark back to those days. Was it the hint of Autumn in the air? It had been September when he had fallen in love. He remembered the warm, luscious days, the long, cool, moonlight nights. poignancy of memory!

He did not know that he slept. But when he opened his eyes, he saw that the glade was occupied. Beneath the tree a girl sat, hands in lap. Eyes of cornflower blue were dreamily fixed before her. The red mouth drooped pensively. In the shadow, the auburn hair lay in rich, warm masses on her snowy neck. The color in her cheek was delicate as a wild rose.

What lucky young devil, thought Baron, inspired those pensive thoughts? Under what khaki tunic beat the heart to which hers throbbed in tune? Was he officer or private? Certain was Baron that she meditated on a lover. And rare were the lovers in these days who were not marching to the tune of Tipperary.

Suddenly she stood up. His eye dwelt with delight on the supple grace of her figure. She put her arms behind her head and stepped out of the shadow. The sunlight made a glory of her hair, seeming to warm and fire the whole of her. Baron caught his breath as, from radiant crown to trim ankle, he vehemently approved her. Her expression changed. The corners of her mouth turned up engagingly. A smile dimpled out. Her even white teeth showed for a moment. Her eyes sparkled beams of blue. Looking straight for the thicket, she spoke.

"I love you." She seemed to address a visible companion. Then, throwing up her head with more confidence, she repeated, "Man, I love you."

The effect upon Baron was startling. He was conscious of an electrifying thrill that ran from his crown to his heels, leaving him weak. He felt absurdly certain that she had addressed him, yet knew the idea was unthinkable. Her eyes had looked directly into his when she spoke. "Man, I love you." He was minded to spring from his hiding place and settle the question then and there. While he struggled with the impulse, the girl, with a little shake, dropped her hands.

"How silly of me!" She spoke aloud again. "I almost fancied someone had heard me. How funny if anyone should; they would not understand."

She stooped, picked up a book, and disappeared into the forest path by which Baron had entered the glade an hour or so previous. In absolute quiet he watched her depart. When the last sound of her going had died away, he rose and stretched himself mightily. "Jove!" he ejaculated, "What a girl!"

For long he remained in the little glade, recalling the scene. No motion, no look or detail of her had escaped him. He marked the spot where she had stood, and placed his own feet, clumsy by comparison, in her very tracks. He recalled the wholesome young tones of her voice, "Man, I love you...."

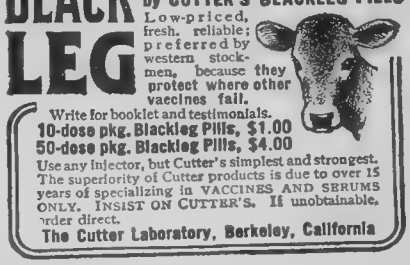
The afternoon was far spent when at length he thought about returning. As he passed again over the roadway, he was conscious of a change somewhere. It was not in the landscape, which remained as it had been. Was it in himself? He was vaguely aware of a crisis, a turning-point, a tremendous impression—call it what you will. Something fresh and sweet had been fused into his being.

Back at the hotel, he took himself severely to task. Of what, he demanded hotly was he thinking? Because a girl had spoken her heart in fancied solitude, was he justified in assuming for a moment that she would entertain similar sentiments for him, or the likes of him? The girl had been addressing her lover, bodily absent, spiritually present, as her subsequent remark had proved. He fell to pondering that subsequent remark of hers. "They would not understand." Ah, that was it. The divine egotism of youth. What young lover or maiden but imagined his or her particular case an enigma to all others?

By bedtime Baron had succeeded in convincing himself that he was a middle-aged fool, in whose makeup the grains of commonsense were as sparse as hen's teeth. In this praiseworthy frame of mind he retired, determined to turn his thoughts into other channels. He conned over the proposition of the timber limit, it advantages and disadvantages. He decided to take another forenoon looking it over. He thought he would buy it.

He fell asleep. He dreamed of auburn hair, sunlight-fired, and eyes blue, blue as cornflowers. His first waking thought

PEACH'S CURTAINS New Catalogue Post FREE. Largest issued, makers' prices. Curtains, all makes Casement Nets and Fabrics, Muslin, Household Linens, Cretonnes, Underwear, Hosiery, Blouses, Laces. Import direct, save several profits. Write now. We guarantee delivery.
S. Peach & Sons, 658 The Looms Nottingham, England

BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS
Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials.
10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $1.00
50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $4.00
Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.
The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, California

FIFTY H. P. Seven Passenger SIX

$1450

Foremost in the Front Rank of Canada's Light Sixes

Studebaker

FOUR CYLINDER MODELS

Touring Car - - - -	$1225
Roadster, 3-passenger -	1200
Landau-Roadster, 3-pass.	1500

SIX CYLINDER MODELS

Touring Car, 7-passenger	$1450
Roadster, 3-passenger -	1425
Landau-Roadster, 3-pass.	1700

F. O. B. Walkerville, Ont.

That is, invariably, the verdict of the discriminating motor car enthusiast who has had an opportunity to compare the values in the Series 17 Studebaker Six at $1450 with those offered in other cars of like power and capacity.

The low relation of weight to size in this "Made-in-Canada" Six furnishes more than sufficient reason why it should be given preference over many other cars, even granting that other features were equal. This means not only riding ease and comfort, but absolute certainty as to a minimum of yearly maintenance expense and small depreciation.

Proof of the car's superiority is present in its every turn and response on the open road. Hills, rough roads, mud and paved avenues—its performance is the same—smooth, silent, sure. Ride in a Studebaker and see.

Studebaker
Walkerville, Ontario

Going to re-decorate?

Then send for our suggestions and samples of Sanitas, the wall covering that does not fade, crack or tear.

Styles for every room in the house—130 to choose from.

SANITAS
MODERN WALL COVERING

Made on cloth and finished in oil colors. Does not absorb grease or water stains.

Dirt can be wiped off with a damp cloth.

Artistic, dull finished, decorative designs as well as plain tints and tile effects.

Write us now for booklet and samples. Give decorator's or dealer's name.

The Standard Oil Cloth Co., Inc.
320 Broadway Dept. 12
New York

The Lights
OF 65 YEARS AGO

Are still doing duty in the shape of

Eddy's Matches

Sixty-five years ago the first Canadian-made matches were made at Hull by **Eddy**, and since that time for materials and striking qualities **Eddy's** have been the acknowledged best.

When Buying Matches
SPECIFY
EDDY'S

was the jingling refrain, "Man, I love you."

In thorough disgust, he promptly arose. He would return at once to the city. The limit had been gone over pretty thoroughly. It was a good buy. This golden September nonsense must be knocked out of his head once and for all. What had he to do with engaged dryads? He thought he knew of no better cure for this particular madness than the deadly routine of his office.

He carried out his intention. The early train bore him back to the city.

He found himself regarding all women with an awakened interest. There was an excellent lady of his own age and station, of whom he had occasionally entertained mild matrimonial speculations. He took her to the theatre. He observed that while her conversation itself was all that could be desired, her lips were tight-drawn and colorless. He wondered that he had not previously noted her heaviness of figure. He asked himself what was the matter with her hair. Facing himself in the mirror next morning, he said emphatically, "No, no," without acknowledging to himself to what the negative applied.

He looked intently, in a quiet way, at the girls in his office, at those he saw on the street and in public places, at those he met in his social circle. He criticized them, to their hurt. He was not always aware that he compared them to his wood-nymph. Her image had become so insolubly set in his brain that it required no mental effort to recall it. He told himself he was looking for such another. But he did not find one.

He grew restless. If he had been a less temperate man, he imagined he might have indulged in dissipation. As it was, he heard a new note in the bugle call. It seemed an imperative, personal summons. He joined the colors, enlisting as private, despite the protests of his friends.

* * *

Nursing Sister Annesley leaned a little forward, with a puzzled air. "Do you know," she said, to the convalescing patient, "sometimes I think I have met you before. There is something about you strangely, elusively familiar. And yet I cannot place you."

Pte. Baron, No. 17062, turned on his pillows, the better to see her face. His own features, worn with suffering, lightened in a smile.

"I am fortunate, indeed," he said with seeming inconsequence, "to have been nursed by you."

The nurse responded with a frank smile of appreciation. During the long weeks of his illness she had nursed him tenderly. Hers was no mere ministry of hand or brain, but a service of the heart. She had become profoundly interested in this big, bronzed chap who asked so little and gave so much of gratitude.

Of his past history she knew tantalizingly little. Their conversation had of necessity been limited. But she was conscious of a feeling of close association between them, an intangible something that she could not fathom. At times she caught his dark eyes fixed upon her with a look that set her wholesome young pulses leaping. She thought soberly of a possible wife or sweetheart in faraway Canada. He had been in the trenches for months. She knew herself to be not uncomely. It was possible that after the harrowing sights of the previous months he found her good to look upon—nothing more.

Now she chided him gently. "You are not helping me to solve the problem. I am as much in the dark as ever. Have I met you before?"

She raised her arms above her head, in age-old gesture, replacing a truant auburn lock. Pte. Baron spoke in tones that verged on command.

"Leave your arms like that. That is the pose in which I remember you. Say it again, as you did in the Canadian woods. Say it again—'Man, I love you.' "

Weakly the nurse sank back in her chair. Amazement, incredulity, bewilderment chased each other across her features.

"What do you mean? That was exactly the scene the sight of you recalled, though I would scarcely admit it, even to myself. . . . You overheard me. Strange, I fancied at the time someone had heard me."

"Will you let me tell you about it? It will mean a lot to me—just to tell you. When I get out of here, I may never see you again. . . . Since that day I have carried your image in my heart."

"In your heart." Softly she repeated the words. "Please tell me."

"I went up there to look over a timber limit. I am a lumberman. That is, I was a lumberman. I had been tramping all morning. I was tired and must have dozed off. When I opened my eyes, there you were in possession of the glade. You were so beautiful, I just lay and gazed. I knew you could not see me. Then you stood up and the sunlight fired your beauty."

She remained motionless, eyes fixed on his with the perfect candor of a child.

"Then you spoke. You were looking straight at me. I had not thought in that way of a woman for close on twenty years. I imagined for the moment that you were speaking to me."

"No, no, I was not. I thought I was entirely alone. It was only after I spoke I fancied someone had heard me."

"Yes. You said that, then. And you said they would not understand."

"No. How could they? No one would have understood."

He made a restless movement. His eyes wandered moodily from her face to the vase of flowers at his elbow, and back again.

"Your lover, whom you imagined present that day, is he a soldier? I scarce need ask, since you are out here, far from your home and friends."

She made a gesture of assent. "He is here, in this hospital."

"Ah! Wounded?"

"Convalescing now." There was the least breath of hesitancy before her reply. "He had a tough fight of it, but is coming around finely now. He distinguished himself in that last engagement. They are giving him the D.C.M. I believe."

"Lucky dog! But what fellow could go out and leave a girl like you?"

Her hand moved to her throat. The look in his eyes set her pulses leaping. "Did it never occur to you to locate me, after you saw me in the woods? It would not have been hard. I was staying with my uncle up on the hill."

"The big house on the hill? I remember it. No, I knew you were another's. I judged that from your words. I did not want to accept another man's crumbs."

"And yet you say you have carried my image in your heart."

"Ever since. There was no law against my loving you."

Swiftly the nurse dropped to her knees, talking rapidly but coherently. "Let me explain. There was no lover. I spoke to my Dream Man. I had pictured a Dream Man—noble, brave, possessing all those qualities admired by women. I was feeling lonely that day, wondering if he would ever find me. This world is so big and there is so much chance of his going astray in his search for me. And perhaps he might not recognize me when he came, and might go on never knowing that he had passed me. Then I thought for fun I would pretend he had come for me, and so I greeted him. And you heard me."

"You greeted him, but I heard you. He was not there."

"He was there." She rose to her feet. The sun made a glory of her hair. Hands clasped behind her head, she said it for him—for him, her Dream Man. "Man, I love you."

Sour Milk

The Rev. J. Clark Gibson, of the West London Mission, speaking at the Lyceum Theatre, made use of a very telling, but simple, illustration. It was in the course of a sermon on, "The Work of the Holy Spirit."

"You had," said he, "a week ago a heavy thunderstorm, but in the particular suburb where I live they had no thunder. Still, we knew that thunder had been about; for some friends of mine stated that on going into the pantry they found the milk turned sour. Is it not so with many of our lives? There has, perhaps, been no great sin, no cataclysmic exhibition of the evil one, no devastating wind has blown across them. But we know that the thunder has been near, because our whole lives have been turned sour, cynical and barren. It is the work of the Holy Spirit to convince the world of sin and to lead it to a higher life, not of faith alone, but of fellowship; not of ethic alone, but of intercourse; not of creed alone, but of communion."

Quality

Chase & Sanborn's Coffees have been dependable for more than fifty Years

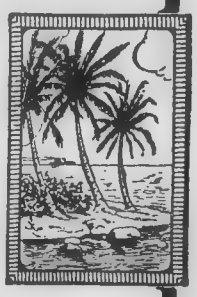
Try **SEAL BRAND**

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 170

From the frozen north to the blazing tropics

Baker's Cocoa

is known for its purity and high quality.



Walter Baker & Co. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA · DORCHESTER, MASS.

Household Suggestions

Some Good Puddings

Nutmeg Pudding—One cupful of chopped suet, one cupful of chopped raisins, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one nutmeg grated, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder well sifted into three cupfuls of flour; steam two hours. Make a sauce as follows: One-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one egg; mix thoroughly and add one pint of boiling water; use any flavoring desired; vanilla and lemon are both good.

Cinnamon Pudding—Two cups raisins, one cup currants, one cup chopped apples, two cups flour, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup molasses, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup suet. Mix with milk. Steam three hours.—Thistle.

Carrot Pudding—Three-fourths pound young carrots, one-fourth pound each of suet, stoned and chopped raisins and currants, three ounces sugar, two cups flour, three eggs and a little nutmeg. Enough milk to make a thick batter. Grate carrots and when all are thoroughly mixed, tie down in greased basin and boil two and one-half hours.—Wastena.

Pretty Pudding—Heat one quart of milk in a double boiler or ordinary sauce pan till the boiling point. Stir in three tablespoons cornstarch or flour, the yolks of two eggs and three-quarters cup sugar, and salt to taste. Cook about fifteen minutes. Take off and flavor with lemon or vanilla. Pour into saucers. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two teaspoons white sugar and drop it on the top of the custard in rounds. Then drop a spoonful of jelly or jam on top of the rounds. Serve cold. This is very nice in summer and may be prepared on Saturday for Sunday's dinner. —Ursula.

Uncle Jonathan's Pudding—One egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Pour a layer of mixture into buttered pan, sprinkle generously with sliced apples, sliced peaches, berries or any fruit preferred. Pour on the remaining mixture. Sprinkle generously with sugar and cinnamon. Serve with rich milk.

Half-Holiday Pudding—Ingredients—A quarter of a pound each of suet, flour, and sugar, sultanas, candied peel, one egg, milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Method—Chop the suet very finely, mix it with the flour, add the sugar, sultanas candied peel cut up very finely, a little mixed spice, and the baking powder. Beat up the egg in the milk, and mix the ingredients into a soft batter; pour into a buttered dish and bake in a good oven for three-quarters of an hour, or until cooked through. Turn out of the dish and serve hot with melted butter sauce.

English Plum Pudding—Six well beaten eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of mace, one pound of currants, one and one-half pounds of raisins carefully seeded, one-half cupful bread crumbs soaked in one-half cupful of sweet milk, one-fourth pound shredded citron, one and one-fourth pounds of dark brown sugar, one-half cupful wine or melted jelly, one pound of finely chopped suet, and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix one pound of flour with raisins, currants, and suet, add other ingredients and mix well. Boil ten hours in floured pudding cloth or well buttered mold. If kept well covered in a cool place it will keep indefinitely and only needs reheating. Serve with hard or liquid sauce. This recipe has been used in one family for more than sixty years.

Brown Betty—Pare tart apples and cut into small pieces. Have an equal amount of bread crumbs. Sweeten the crumbs and add a little nutmeg. Place the apples and crumbs in alternate layers in a buttered baking pan, dot with butter and cover with sweet milk. Bake until the apples are tender. The addition of a few raisins makes the pudding richer.

Mothers Value This Oil. — Mothers who know how suddenly croup may seize their children and how necessary prompt action is in applying relief, always keep at hand a supply of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, because experience has taught them that there is no better preparation to be had for the treatment of this ailment. And they are wise, for its various uses render it a valuable medicine.

Bread Pudding—Soak a pint of bread crumbs in a quart of milk, or merely break the hard bread in pieces. When perfectly soft stir and mash the bread. Then add three eggs, saving whites of two, one cup sugar, one tablespoon of butter, and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Bake until done. That is, if you insert a spoon it will come out clear not milky. For the frosting use the beaten whites, granulated sugar, and some of the lemon juice. Spread on pudding, and return to oven to brown.

Rations for School Children

When we hear a child say it is never hungry at noontime, or that it cares nothing for a cold lunch, something is radically wrong, for small stomachs and fast growing require frequent feeding, and we prefer to have children hungry at recess times than to expect to receive their proper amount of stimulation on two heavy meals a day. As a great many children depend upon the noon-day lunches for one-third of their food supply, we can readily see that its preparation is no small problem.

A breakfast of fried potatoes, meat, doughnuts and coffee is a poor start for a child's school day, and it is no wonder that the result is a dull child. Such a menu would tax the digestion of a working man. Try serving the healthy school child with an egg (poached or soft-boiled), a dish of cream toast, a cereal of some sort, with plenty of cream, and a little fruit. Rice is an excellent dish and very nourishing. This kind of a breakfast is generally sufficient for a child under twelve or fourteen years, and will be all they will care for. Milk is a good food for a child, or cocoa, and both of these are sure not to be harmful, while nothing excels good pure water.

The supper needs quite as much careful consideration as does the breakfast if we wish a child to have untroubled sleep, and to awaken in the morning fully rested. Soup and crackers are always relished; vegetables, boiled meats, plenty of bread and butter, fruit sauces, with an appetizing pudding for dessert will put a child in fine spirits. The supper should be served fully an hour before retiring.

Where, or in what sort of a receptacle, the lunch is packed depends upon its character. Many prefer the paper bag, or a lunch simply wrapped so that nothing will have to be carried home, but this is not the best. To the child who goes to school in the school wagon, the dinner basket or box is not an encumbrance, and while a basket may appear neater, it is open, thus allowing dust to enter and food to dry out. The nicest receptacle is a tin bucket or box. The child should have two of these, each used every other day. Then there will be no odor if it is thoroughly sterilized and sunned when not in use.

Care must be taken as to how the lunch is packed, for the neatness has much to do with the relish of the eating. Sandwiches should be separately wrapped in wax paper, in fact any article that will absorb flavors, or has a distinctive odor, or is soft. See to it that the lunch has an attractive appearance, and do not forget the surprises, as a child must be tempted into eating if it is to eat its lunch alone, especially after the half day's muscular inactivity of sitting in a schoolroom.

Of course we must have sandwiches, but these may be varied from day to day. We must consider the difference between the term "sandwiches" and slabs of bread an inch thick, with a great slice of fried meat between. The center of these is eaten while the crusts are almost always thrown away. The slices of bread should be cut thin, not over one-fourth inch, and the spread or meat contents should be appetizingly spread over the bread crust, so this too will be eaten. Jam, peanut butter, jelly, cheese, minced ham, ground sausage, eggs, pressed chicken, or just plain butter make nice sandwich fillings, and may easily be varied by mixing boiled eggs chopped fine with minced ham, ham minced and mixed with chopped pickle of any kind, ham and mustard, grated cheese and minced onion with a little mustard, olives and cream cheese, salad dressing spread on chopped

A Twilight Story
About Puffed Wheat

When you serve a supper dish of Puffed Wheat in milk, make this your story sometime. It is like a fairy tale.

Each bubble of wheat is a kernel, puffed to eight times normal size. All its thin, airy flakiness is due to steam explosions. And each has been shot from guns.

100 Million Explosions

Each kernel of wheat contains, as it grows, more than 100 million food cells. Each food cell is hard and hollow. A trifle of moisture is in it. Each must be broken to digest.

Other cooking methods break part of those food cells, but never more than half. So Prof. Anderson, a famous food expert, sought a way to break them all.

Puffed Grains are made by his process. The grains are sealed in huge guns. The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in 550 degrees of heat. Thus the bit of moisture in each food cell is changed to steam.

Then the guns are shot. Each food cell explodes. And the grains come out puffed to bubbles, as you see.

This makes the whole grains wholly digestible. Every atom of every element is food. That's why countless mothers, every morn and night, serve these grains to children.

Puffed Wheat - 12c
Puffed Rice - - 15c
EXCEPT IN FAR WEST

You find these fascinating dainties. You call them food confections. With sugar and cream or mixed with fruit they seem like breakfast bonbons. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play. Girls use them in candy-making.

But they are, above all, perfect grain foods. In no other form have cereal foods ever been so fitted to feed.

The better you know them the more you will serve them. Keep both on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
Peterborough, Ont. (1407) Saskatoon, Sask.

Exceedingly Graceful

are the new season's models in C/C a la Grace Corsets. Go and see them at your favorite store or write for a free copy of our beautiful Catalogue. Address

The
Crompton Corset Co., Limited
TORONTO

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

CURLY HAIR

"WAVCURL" Imparts Beautiful PERMANENT CURLS. One packet sufficient, however listless your hanr. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." Result certain. Price 2s 9d. Special reduction for few weeks. Send 1s 6d only for large size 2s 9d packet.
The New Wavcurl Co., 67 Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, Holborn, London, W.C., England.

When writing Advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

lettuce leaf with chopped nuts sprinkled over it—any of these make most delicious sandwiches, so there is no excuse whatever to send a child off day after day with the same old canned meat.

Graham bread is especially useful for lunches. A nice way to prepare bread for lunches is to bake the loaf in a round tin can, such as is used for canning. The top of the can should be cut off and the edge smoothed down by pounding, and you will have nice round loaves with no crust on the slices. Cream cheese mixed with peanut butter, and seasoned well with salt and paprika makes a fine spread.

Nut bread is nice to make into sandwiches if made with two cups sour milk, one cup light brown sugar, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful baking powder, pinch of salt, one cup white flour, three cups graham flour, one cup nut meats. This may be made of all white bread equally as nice by using sweet milk and two teaspoons baking powder instead of sour milk and soda.

Cottage cheese spread on a lettuce leaf and sprinkled with nuts between slices of lightly buttered bread is nice for winter time. Salted crackers make nice little sandwiches, and may be made with endless combinations of meats, cheese and sardines.

A nice salad dressing may be made in quantity and is just as good as when fresh: Take four eggs, beat well, add four tablespoonsful sugar, one tablespoon mustard, one tablespoonful corn starch, lump of butter size of walnut, and two cups vinegar. Cook in a double boiler until thick. When wanted for use thin desired amount to proper consistency with thick or whipped cream. This must be kept in a cool place.

Since the sandwiches form the main portion of the lunch one should not despair for lack of variety. Pickles and celery are nice for the lunch basket. Do not forget the fruit, as this is a valuable addition—an apple, orange, or some kind of fruit. If cake must be had, use only simple kinds, such as sponge cake, gingerbread and cookies. These may be varied. Oatmeal cookies are nice. Pies should not be included in the lunch, as they are generally mussy, no matter what kind they are. The pastry fruit rolls are nice, and are made by simply rolling ordinary pie dough in thin crusts, spreading with any kind of fruit or fruit butters, butter and cinnamon, custards and the like, and rolling up and fastening securely by pinching dough together, and baked a nice brown.

A little effort on the part of mothers to prepare dainty dietetic morsels for the noon-day lunch will be amply repaid in bright, normal children, who will always be ready for mental activity as soon as the lunch time is over.

Keeping Guard

How a Woman can Keep Young

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

In these days of hurry and mental stress it is not easy to keep cool. And yet we must do this if we do not want to show the ravages of time. I think I can give women four recipes for keeping young, and the first is:—**Keep Cool!** Don't get excited whatever happens. Why rush? If there isn't time to do a thing to-day; do it to-morrow, and, if you haven't a to-morrow, then why not enjoy to-day? If we are to die to-morrow we won't be any the better off for having rushed ourselves to-day!

"Unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday,
Why fret about them if to-day be sweet!"

My second recipe is:—**Never stop growing.** A woman's mind can grow and grow, even up to a hundred; and do we not all wish to attain to a ripe old age? There is always something new to learn, and we must each study our own individual tastes. There is no good going against our inclinations. If a woman be fond of cooking and domestic science, can she not apply it to her own home, and in all her experiments is she not always learning something new, even if it be only a new way to make an old thing? It is so interesting to be always learning and it keeps the mind young as a child's. There is so much to learn in this old world!

Those who live in the country might naturally have a taste for botany and gardening. Who does not remember the delightful old ladies one has met arranging their flowers? The bloom of youth was on their cheeks—cheeks only matched by their own roses. It seemed to me that these dear women in their honeysuckle-trimmed cottages, amidst roses, lavender and thyme, were never old to me.

Others have a taste for reading, nursing or any other interesting occupation: it matters not in what we are interested; only let us be interested in something new and be ever learning.

My third recipe is:—**Work.** Some of us are born "to work for a living," and we find it very hard. A mother should help in this. It is her duty to find out the most congenial occupation for her daughters and to put them at this. A girl whose tastes are for dressmaking will not make a good teacher. The little mites can "play at work" and it will not be long before their natural tastes will show in their favorite work. We force our children too much: we think they must like what we like, but it is not always children of great musicians who are great musicians themselves. We may get our natural talents further back than from our parents. We know ourselves how delightful some work is. So let us, if we can, try to find congenial work, and if it prove as lucrative as it is interesting, so much the better. That kind of work will not make us grow old.

My fourth recipe is:—**Love.** A woman must love somebody or something, if it be only a cat! Some women are lucky in being mothers, and these are doubly blessed and to be envied. The laughter of the little ones around them keeps their hearts young. But all are not so blessed. Some of the best mothers have never had a child! Still, as I said before, a woman must love if she is to keep her good looks and remain young. If the heart be young, then the whole body is young. There are nephews and nieces for the childless woman to spend her love on; there are suffering neighbors on whom even a poor woman can pour out her love. It is not necessary to be rich. Indeed, the rich are often so shut up in themselves, so self-centred that all love seems dead. There is more real love in a poor man's house than in a rich man's, and love really flourishes far more in a cottage than in a palace.

You, yourselves have often seen how love adds elasticity to the step, how it heightens the color on the cheeks and brightens the eyes. Even the ancient Romans and Egyptians had no cosmetics equal to this simple recipe of love. It makes not only ourselves happy, but all around us, and imparts renewed youth just when we feared we were "falling off color." "How young Mrs. Smith looks!" you say with envy. "I wonder what cream she uses?" But, often, there has been no cream, and the bloom on the elder woman's cheeks is so natural that the envious are incredulous. Her chief cosmetic was love.

Love can never grow old. In this dreadful time of war, how quickly our hearts throb to love of others and love of country. When we have won the day, as most certainly we shall, how much more closely will rich and poor be bound in the chain of love which even our common losses will have helped to form.

There is not a woman who wants to look "old," "elderly," or even "her age." If we are women, we want to keep young and look young. We devour books and treatises on diet, face cream, hygiene, etc. All this is very well in its way; but these things are tiny little helps compared with the four recipes which I have given you, and which will cost you nothing! We do not want to spend all our time and money trying to rejuvenate ourselves. Prevention is better than cure. We do not need four hours at our toilet every day to hide the tell-tale wrinkles. Try my way, and there will be no wrinkles. Let me recapitulate what I have said:

1. Keep cool.
2. Never stop growing.
3. Work.
4. Love.

"And the greatest of these is Love!"

How Long?

By Gladys S. Hasking

The day was dimly dawning to the Eastward;
Above, were rose-pinked tints and azure blue,
Below, were crimson stains upon the wide sward,
An army's blood, in place of Heaven's dew.

Above, a bird trilled out its tale of clover;
Another day was born, so fresh and fair,
But neath the sky, the field was dotted over
With bodies of the dead men lying there.

Above, the sun shone forth in all his splendor,
Over the field of battle shed its rays,
Haloed the crimson brow of some defender
Lying there silent, in the morning haze.

'Twas peaceful, for a moment, like the sunrise;
Calm in their last long sleep, the soldiers lay;
Then once again the storm of leaden hell flies,—
The fight is on,—for one more reddened day.

Alas, how many suns shall reach their setting?
How many days pass by to tearful night?
Before they cease this strife, succeed in getting
The dawn of Peace, of Freedom, and of Right.

Some Small, Sweet Way

There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendour;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing;
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

—Unidentified.

Wanted–100,000 Names

Send Your Name and Address to Us at Once For Greatest Free Merchandise Book Ever Published

IT'S yours FREE

Get Your Copy today — a Postal Card will bring it

104 PAGES OF MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS

Shown at a saving of 1-3. The very latest in all lines of Furniture, a full range of Stoves, Heaters, Harness, Buggies, Talking Machines, Sewing Machines, Cutters, Oils, Belting, and numerous other articles. It's bigger and better than ever and should be in every home. If you have never sent us your name, do so by return mail and get the **Big Book of 10,000 Bargains Free.**

Have Comfort When You're Ironing

OUR REX GASOLINE IRON

is just what you want. Constructed right and made to last a life-time. Order it on approval and at a price that everybody can afford to have one. Price complete, as shown.. **5.00**

Make yourself and family happy during the long Winter evenings

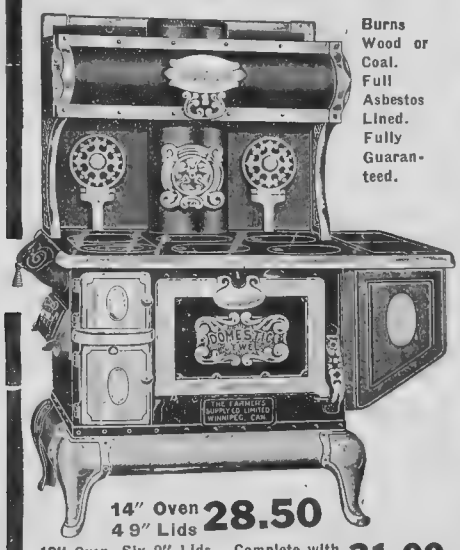
9.75

Mahogany Finish

We show here a wonderful value in a Talking Machine. Has a wonderful tone, case is finished in a beautiful dull mahogany, is 14" x 14" square and 6" high. Will play any size record, and we offer 100 for quick sale at a reduction of $6.75. Regular price $16.50.
Now special **9.75**

Send for our list of Up-to-date Records.

RENOWNED IMPROVED DOMESTIC JEWEL RANGE



Burns Wood or Coal. Full Asbestos Lined. Fully Guaranteed.

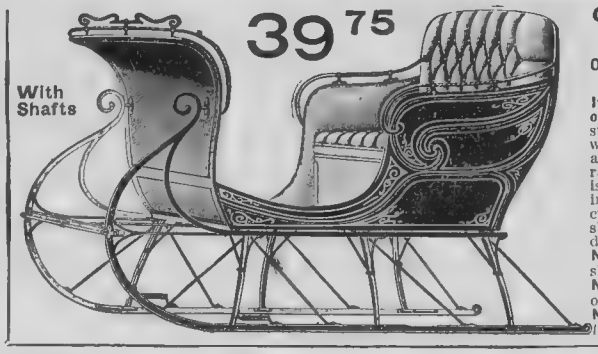
14" Oven 4 9" Lids 28.50

18" Oven, Six 9" Lids. Complete with High Closet and Reservoir..... 31.00

Extra large oven, bakes to perfection. Body is made of Wellsville polished steel and the nickeled parts are high silver nickel. Has four or six lids, high closet, long front damper, pouch feed and is full asbestos lined. A range to last a lifetime Order No. 9018. Price..... **31.00**

39.75

With Shafts



GET YOUR NEW CUTTER EARLY

OUR MONARCH PORTLAND CUTTER WILL FILL THE BILL

It is one of the nicest Portland Cutters offered to the Western trade. The body is sufficiently roomy to be comfortable and with high back and sides; painted black and decorated, and trimmed in cloth. Arm rails and dash rail are nickel-plated. Gear is painted green and extra well ironed, giving you the best possible construction for cutter gears. Shafts are regular two-bar shifting cutter style, for use either side-draft or centre-draft.

No. 6085—Complete, with shafts, at Winnipeg **39.75**
No. 6086—Cutter, with pole only, in place of shafts **44.75**
No. 6087—Complete, with both pole and shafts **49.00**

The Worldlight

335 CANDLE POWER BURNS 8 HOURS FOR 1 CENT — GASOLINE & KEROSENE MANTLE LAMPS

No. 782 Supreme "Worldlight" Table Lamp. Has colonial design standard with 12" artistic art dome with bent mottled glass panels, amber color with ruby points. Finished in nickel. Order it on approval. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY WHEN SETTING UP. No. 782—Price, at Winnipeg **$12.50**

No wicks to trim. No chimneys to clean nor oil to spill. Is clean, up-to-date, and economical.

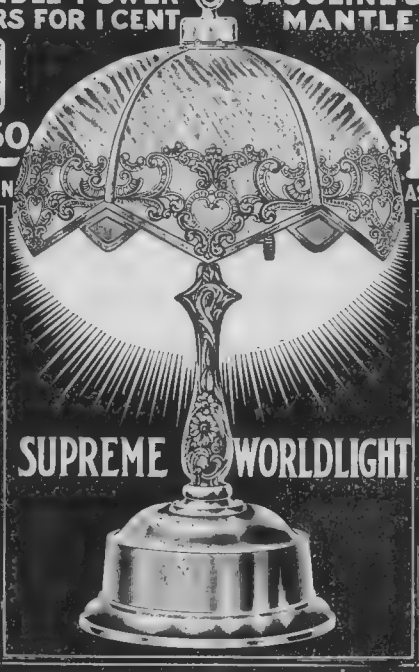
NEW MANTLES, 20c. EACH

$12.50 AS SHOWN

No. 792—Suitable for hanging or setting on table, is 22½" high; capacity of fount, 2 quarts; tested to 150 pounds pressure; will beautify your home fully 100 per cent.; looks just like a $30.00 electric light and is just as good. Order it on approval. No. 792—Price, at Winnipeg **$12.50**

$12.50 AS SHOWN

We ship this to you on trial, if not satisfactory, return it to us, and your money and all charges will be refunded.



$6.50

WORLD LANTERN
Has large fount, nickel-plated, two powerful mantles giving 335 candle-power. Burns 95% air and 5% oil. Can be used for boiling small saucepan or kettle (see small sketch). Every lamp is guaranteed for 5 years. Order one on approval. No. 790—Price, at Winnipeg **$6.50**

$7.50

JUNIOR WORLD
Stands 19" high, has large 12" artistic shade, full nickel fount and finely designed standard. Gives 335 candle power. Priced to save you $4.50. Sold on 30 days' trial No. 794—Price, at Winnipeg **$7.50**

$5.50

RADIANT WORLD
Has nickel fount with large white dome, mantle is extra strong. The saving in oil alone will more than pay for lamp the first year. Mantles and globes replaced any time at 20c. each. Order on trial for 30 days No. 798—Price, at Winnipeg **$5.50**

$9.50

SENIOR WORLD
Note the beautifully designed Chinese Chippendale shade, large artistically designed base and standard. It stands 24" high and shade is 12" in diameter. Burns kerosene 335 candle power. Send for this on free trial No. 796—Price, at Winnipeg **$9.50**

335 CANDLE POWER As a light-giver the Worldlight Mantle Lamp has no equal. It is the most powerful table or reading lamp on the market today. The light it gives is intensely bright, yet soft, easy on the eyes, and steady as the sun. It produces a light of 335 candle power. Gives 13 times as much light as the ordinary oil lamp, 7 times as much as gas, and 21 times as much as the standard 16 candle power electric light. Beside it all other lamps look yellow and dim.
ECONOMY The cost of operation of the Worldlight is practically nothing. You can burn it 2½ hours a night every night in the month on a single gallon of kerosene or gasoline. By actual test it has burned 80 hours at a cost of 10 cents, or ⅛ of a cent for each hour of burning. It will soon pay for itself in the saving of oil.
BURNS KEROSENE OR GASOLINE. Either kerosene or gasoline can be burned in the Worldlight Lamp without change of mantle. The principal fuel, however, is not oil but air. The Worldlight Lamp actually consumes but 3% of oil to 97% of air, which explains why the cost of lighting with it is so small.
SAFETY The Worldlight Lamp was awarded the gold medal at the International Exposition of Safety in 1914, and has been endorsed by hundreds of lighting experts all over the world. It is as safe as a lamp can be made. You can turn it upside down and it will burn just as well as in an upright position. If dropped when lit the light will go out. It can be upset without spilling oil. It does not smoke and has no odor. It is the safest and most satisfactory light ever devised.
The Lamp Itself is made of brass, handsomely nickel plated, all parts are well made and finely finished. The design is neat and symmetrical. The shape is very artistic. The lamp is attractive in every way. Made in style shown here.
SIMPLICITY The Worldlight Lamp is just as simple as it is safe. There is no wick to bother with nor chimney to clean. It uses two shadow-proof inverted mantles of exceeding durability. It generates in less than a minute, and no generating torch is required. The generator is removable without the aid of tools and without disturbing either shade or mantles. With each lamp we include a pump, wrench, strainer, extra generator, funnel, alcohol can, cleaning needle, 1 mantle, and an instruction card which shows you how to set up and operate the Worldlight Lamp.

THE FARMERS SUPPLY CO. LIMITED WINNIPEG, CANADA

BIG SOLID OAK MORRIS ROCKER

10.75

A big value shown in our catalogue, has adjustable foot rest, full spring seat, full tufted adjustable back covered with high-grade imitation leather. The frame is made of full Quarter Cut Oak finished a beautiful golden.
No. 1491
Our Special Price **10.75**

NOTE FOOT REST

Royal Domestic Range

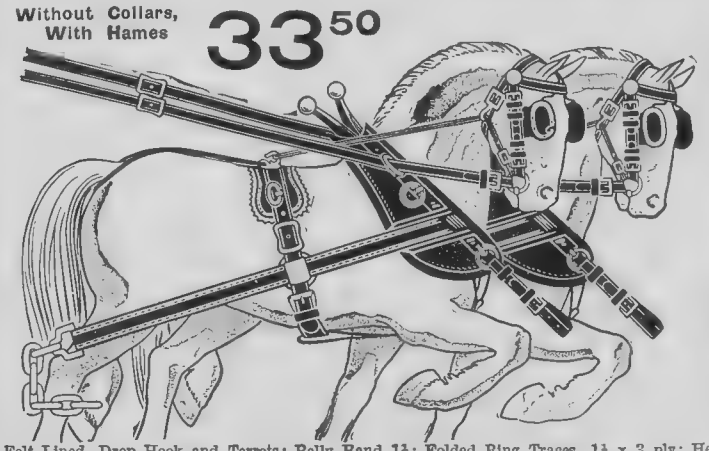
68.25

As shown in 20-in. Oven

Full Nickel Base

Full tile high closet. Beautifully nickeled. Extra large oven. Burns wood or coal. Heavy steel body. Asbestos lined. Large copper reservoir. You will find this range all and more than we state. It is built to last a lifetime; will bake perfectly; is economical in consumption of fuel and is worth fully $25 more than we ask. When you order the **Royal Domestic** you get the best. 20 in. oven. Six 9-in. lids. Complete with high closet and reservoir Price **68.25**

Without Collars, With Hames **33.50**

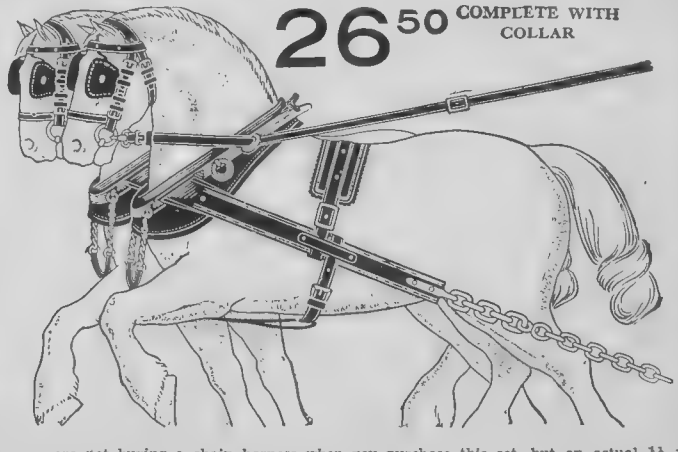


Felt Lined, Drop Hook and Terrets; Belly Band 1½; Folded Ring Traces, 1½ x 3 ply; Heel Chain; Hame, Steel, Ball Top; 1½ Pole Strap and Martingale; ⅞ Hame Strap; Flat Side Checks; Short Straw Leather Collars. Price, complete with Collars **38.50**
This is our Leader. Extra Heavy Ring Trace General Purpose Harness, made throughout extra strong and heavy; a Harness that will please the most exacting.

Here's Two Wonderful Harness Bargains

that cannot be duplicated elsewhere at 1-3 more than our price. Order either of these sets subject to inspection, and if not satisfactory return at our expense and your money and all charges will be immediately refunded.

26.50 COMPLETE WITH COLLAR

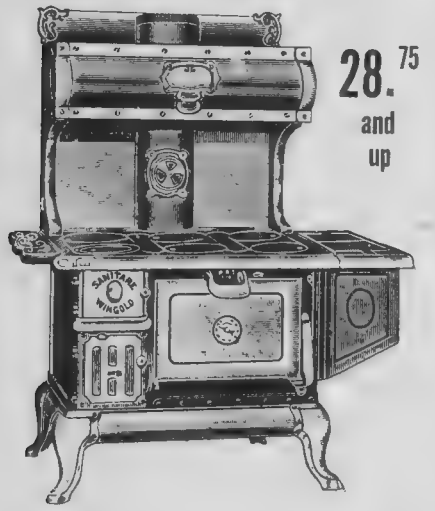


Bridles ¾ Box Loops, Cup Blinds; Lines 1", 21'; Pads, Duck Lined, Short Straw, Bolt Hames.

Here's the specifications showing how the wonderful Harness is made up. Remember you are not buying a chain harness when you purchase this set, but an actual 1½ x 3-ply Leather Trace; Bridles are ¾ in. with Concord Blinds; Traces, 1½ x 3-ply Trace, Chain End; Lines, ⅞ in.; Back Pad, Felt Lined; 1¼ Retinned Buckle; 1¼ Martingale; Chain Pole Strap; Collars, Complete with Collars **26.50**

THE FARMERS SUPPLY CO. LTD. Dept. W.H.M. **WINNIPEG**

BEFORE YOU BUY
Write for this new Stove Book
THE ITS FREE
WINGOLD BLUE BOOK



28.75 and up

See the Newest Designs illustrated in colors. Ranges with White Enamelled Splasher Cocks and Oven Door Panels. Also other sanitary features.

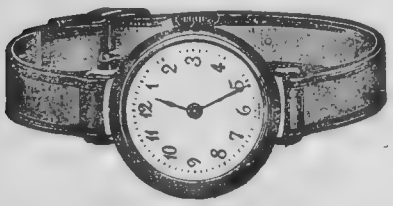
Highest Quality. Lowest Wholesale to Consumer Prices.

30 DAYS' APPROVAL TEST.
PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Send in your name and address to-day for your FREE Copy of the Blue Book.

Wingold Stove Co. Ltd.
181 Market Street, Winnipeg

NEW WRIST WATCH



FULLY GUARANTEED

Imported SWISS Watch—the very latest! Small size with side loops and neat strap—very pretty and a good time-keeper; LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE - given for selling only 40 big, handsome, colored pictures, well worth 50c, at only 15c each thrilling battle scenes, "Canadians Capturing Germans," etc; stirring patriotic pictures, "The Story of His Brave Canadian Father," etc, also, lovely landscapes, flowers fruits, and art studies. Everybody wants pictures showing our gallant soldiers winning the war. ONE AGENT HAS SOLD OVER 600; you will earn this beautiful Watch, in almost no time. Send no money in advance Sell the pictures, pay, and get your Wrist Watch, POSTPAID. Order today.
THE EMPIRE ART CO., Dept. X54 Toronto

FLOGLAZE
For floors, woodwork, furniture, automobiles, buggies, and lawn and garden implements. Send 10c for sample tin.
THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LTD.
Winnipeg Toronto Vancouver
Canada

Young Women Wanted as Office Helpers
Write Central Business College
Wm. Hawkins, Principal WINNIPEG

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

ARE YOU LONELY?

Youthfulness of feeling is retained, as is youthfulness of appearance, by constant use of the intellect. A woman who had lost her husband, and whose only son is at the front, called on me the other day. She said: "I'm not gloomy, though my heart is very sore." Her face was free from lines of worry and despondency. She applied for a position, and remarked that perhaps she was too old. She may have lived sixty years or more, but her mind and body were more youthful than many girls of twenty-five. We are superior to the house in which we dwell. Mind does dominate body. It is not worth while to spend one's whole life in the mental cellar.

Margaret Sangster tells the story of a farmer's wife in a lonely place, worn with the drudgery and heart-sick with the monotony of the weary, dragging days, troubled as she saw her husband's shoulders bowed and his eyes dim with heavy work. She wondered how she could best help him, by being brighter and more cheerful. But how could she climb out of her own depression, which seemed to shut her in as if a heavy fog had settled on her environment. In similar circumstances like hers women have lost their grip on life, and have been numbered among the insane. There are sad-eyed women in hospitals for insanity, who drifted into their chaos and mental loss and confusion through drudgery and loneliness. The work was there, and it had to be done. There was litttle charge to break its tension, but this woman resolved to simplify it where she could, and to spend what time she could snatch every day, all the year round, in the open air. She made it a religious duty to go into the sunshine and stay there morning by morning, though she had to go back to unswept floors and unwashed dishes. Then she sought among the pleasures of her girlhood and took up again botanizing, which had once been a resource, classifying the plants she found, seeking those she used to know, and looking out for new ones. The result was an immediate and amazing gain in her health of body, and a marked increase of cheerfulness in mind. She was toned and braced by Nature's cordials, air, sunlight and an interest beyond her closed doors in Nature's open fields. Her husband responded to the magnetism of her influence, things grew better with them, and they ceased to grow old and withered.

Every girl must have a hobby. Though she may not need it now, the time will come when it may serve her whole future Every girl should have some kind of work that would yield her a living should she be thrown on her own resources. During the past two years this has impressed me seriously, because lovely daughters from homes of wealth have come to me deploring the fact that they have no way to earn a living. The father has lost his money, and his daughter has not been trained to earn her living. She can do a little of everything, but nothing definite.

One girl of my acquaintance resolved to earn a little by cultivating a flower garden. She told me that in four weeks she cleared fifty-five dollars. She lived in the city and had a good market. I admired her, because she was ambitious to do something for herself, and this may be a beginning of a healthy and profitable business for her. She had been an invalid for years during her father's financial prosperity, but during the time of his business depression she gained her health, because her mind and body worked with definite purpose at the heart of Nature. In the world of busy women we find the resourceful woman making a success of ordinary everyday needs. Fill a need and you have a prosperous future.

Mary Evans, of Syracuse, New York, made a little home-made candy fifteen years ago. People wanted more of it. To-day she has a $3,000,000 candy business. Mrs. Laverty canned jellies and preserves. To-day she clears $7000 a year from her business. Madame Blanche de Ralec is a cake architect. Mrs. Schaaf, of Washington, made marmalades and jellies eight years ago on her own cook stove. To-day she sells marmalade by the carload.

IN THE FIELD MAKING MONEY—

or lame in the barn, "eating their heads off"? One means profit—the other means loss. When a horse goes lame—develops a Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone—don't risk losing him through neglect—don't run just as great a risk by experimenting with unknown "cures". Get the old reliable standby—

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Mr. David Yerex, Sonya, Ont., writes—"I have used your Spavin Cure for fifteen years, and know it to be a good cure". Be ready for emergencies, keep a bottle of Kendall's in the barn. Then, if a horse goes lame, you have the remedy on hand to cure the trouble quickly. $1. a bottle—6 for $5. at druggists'. Ask your dealer for free copy of book—"Treatise On The Horse"—or write us direct.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., - - ENOSBURG FALLS, VERMONT, U.S.A. 110

The Bed Spring that will not Sag

¶This bed spring will not lose its shape because of the strong coil helical springs on which the fabric is suspended at every link. The 1¼-in. steel side band, suspended on two extra helicals at each end, makes it almost impossible for a person sitting on the edge of the bed to weigh this spring down to the side rail.

ALASKA Twisted Link SPRING
Number "72"

¶ The high corner castings keep the fabric well off the side rails, and in addition give the bed a much better appearance when made up.

WILL NOT DAMAGE BEDDING

¶ This specially constructed and finished spring is guaranteed not to injure bedding in any way. Guaranteed for 20 years.

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING Made in Canada

THE ALASKA BEDDING CO. LIMITED
Makers of Bedsteads and Bedding 31W
Calgary :: WINNIPEG :: Regina
"ALASKA on an article means High Grade Every Particle"

Cardiff KING Coal

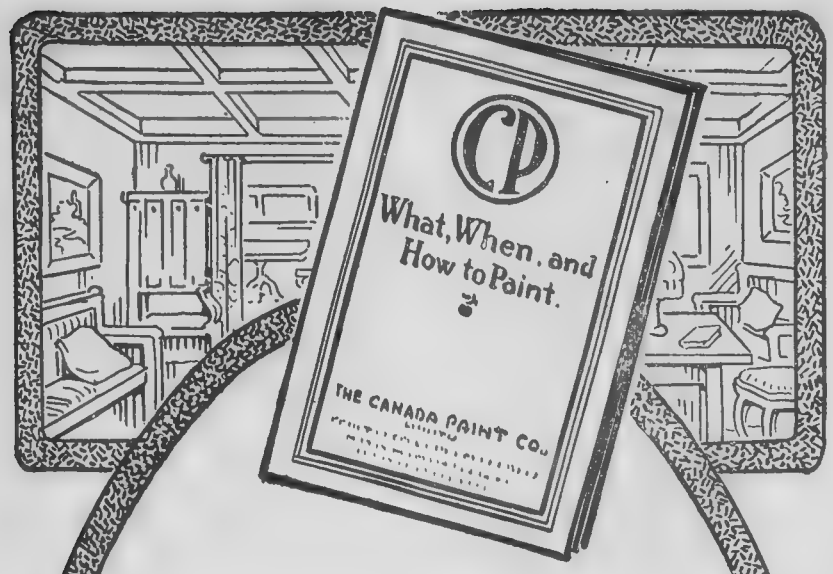
Clean, economical, long-burning coal, without dust or clinkers. Fill your bins this winter with KING coal. Order now. Prompt delivery guaranteed. Ask us to send you our picture calendar each month, FREE.

THE CARDIFF COLLIERIES, LIMITED
EDMONTON, ALTA.

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

One Year $1.00
Three Years.....2.00
Five Years.....3.00
Send in your Renewal NOW

ROBINHOOD
FLOUR
SELECTED HARD SPRING WHEAT
98 LBS.
ROBIN HOOD
FLOUR
ROBIN HOOD MILLS LIMITED
MOOSE JAW & CALGARY
98 LBS.
ROBIN HOOD
OUR
"MONEY BACK"
Guarantee
"ROBIN HOOD FLOUR IS GUARANTEED TO GIVE YOU BETTER SATISFACTION THAN ANY OTHER FLOUR MILLED IN CANADA YOUR DEALER IS AUTHORIZED TO REFUND THE FULL PURCHASE PRICE WITH A 10% PENALTY ADDED, IF AFTER TWO BAKINGS YOU ARE NOT "THOROUGHLY SATISFIED WITH THE FLOUR, AND WILL RETURN THE UNUSED PORTION TO HIM"
ROBIN HOOD MILLS, LIMITED
Guaranteed to Please You Better



Get this Free Book

It tells you how to make your home more cozy, more attractive for the winter.

It tells you how Canada Paint products may be used in your home and increase its beauty at the smallest cost. Canada Paint not only adds to the attractiveness of the home but it enhances the value a hundredfold.

There is a Canada Paint product for every surface—each made of the finest pigments and liquids selected as best for the article to which it is to be applied.

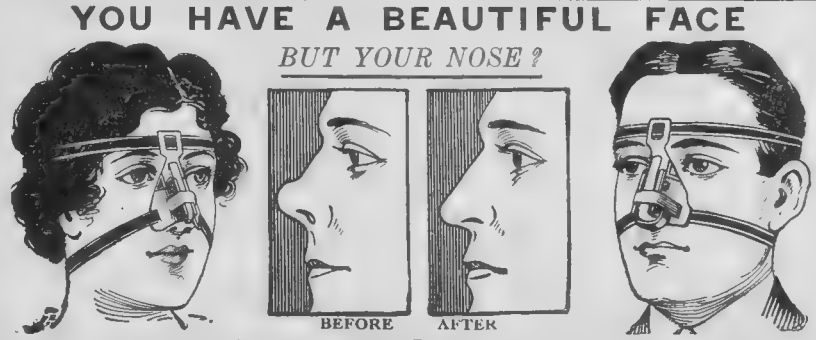
Sun Varnish Stains, Sanitone for the walls, Sun Waterproof Varnish for the floors and the other C. P. products give the home the tone you want it to have. If you want to make your home cheery and cozy for the winter, paint now and be sure it's *"Canada Paint-ed"*.

Write today for this free booklet "What, When and How to Paint".

The Canada Paint Co., Limited
594 William Street, Montreal.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "**looks**," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new **Nose-Shaper**, "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 690 **Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.**

To the Farmers of Western Canada:

We strongly advise you not to sell a bushel of wheat, oats, barley or flaxseed for future delivery, on track or at street prices. Ship your own grain, wait until you get returns back from Port Arthur or Fort William before thinking of selling. We figure it will pay you big money to follow out this advice. Don't get frightened on any big breaks and sell at home. These big breaks are engineered by speculators, and there is nothing in the situation to warrant low prices at any time this year. All your wheat, oats, flax and barley will be wanted this year, and wanted badly. You have the situation in hand and the prices that the consumer will be forced to pay this year will help to make up the ravages in your crop caused by rust and frost. You are not obliged to sell at home to meet your obligations. Every commission man makes advances on grain and we will gladly make you big advances on each carlot of grain, and hold it until we get what we consider the proper price. If your crop is only five or ten bushels per acre, we think it will pay you to cut it. We repeat again, get in the habit of shipping your own grain and secure the full value of it less the regular commission. We do not want all your grain, but just a share of it. Give us a trial.

Write us for market information at any time

McBEAN BROS.

Grain Exchange.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 16, 1916.

Fritz Abroad—Letter Two—Our Atlantic Trip

By Bonnycastle Dale

"SATURDAY morning. We are at Anchor beside the mighty liner ——. There are four of us, regular marine giants (all alive with khaki clad figures), swinging at their huge mudhooks. A motley crowd of small craft furrow the waters of the harbor but, unless they have important business with us, and only our armed escort has that, they dare not approach us. There is also the armed harbor gunboats fussing around us. There is a fog this morning and the foghorn whistles and bells rise and fall in a regular concert out of the white mist. There is a bell on the bow of our boat, with a solitary figure near it, ringing all the time. At the stern we are also quite musical. A man there beats a huge triangle. The big, slow, soft, swell makes the armada rise and fall in unison. Truly for a young country this is an impressive sight. Our mighty warships escorting us would be powerful enough to reduce to dust the average fortifications, and we have about half a division of troops, well-trained and drilled, to act as a landing party. I fear we will have nothing so exciting as this on our voyage. Only mines to dodge and submarines to watch out for. My! I would like to see our big escorting cruisers come to blows with the enemy. Sorry, but I dare not tell you much about them. You have read of how they cleaned up the German fleet in the South Atlantic. Well the same ships are here and—good news—the flagship bears the flag of the same noted admiral. My! but we are all proud to fare forth onto the wide Atlantic under his care.

"High noon. 'Physical Drill,' is the sergeant's cry and we line up on the broad deck and go through the stunts. I know my eyes wander to the wide harbor scenes and dismissal comes as a very welcome thing. Now the last great liner has pulled into berth to load and our anchor is coming aboard. It is just mid-day as we start. Are we big though we are going alone? We throb! throb! along well out into the harbor, then down goes the great mudhook again, we are to await the rest of the fleet and the escort here. About two hours later the escorting warships were seen approaching and behind them the rest of the transports. What a glorious sight to see these mighty hulls taking the Atlantic swell! Just to think that those huge tubes now so peaceful looking—all resting in their turrets—so lately hurled destruction and swiftly sank the remainder of the enemy's fleet loose in the oceans of the world. I tell you, it was a band of intensely interested young Canadians who flung cheer after cheer as the escorts took up their appointed places.

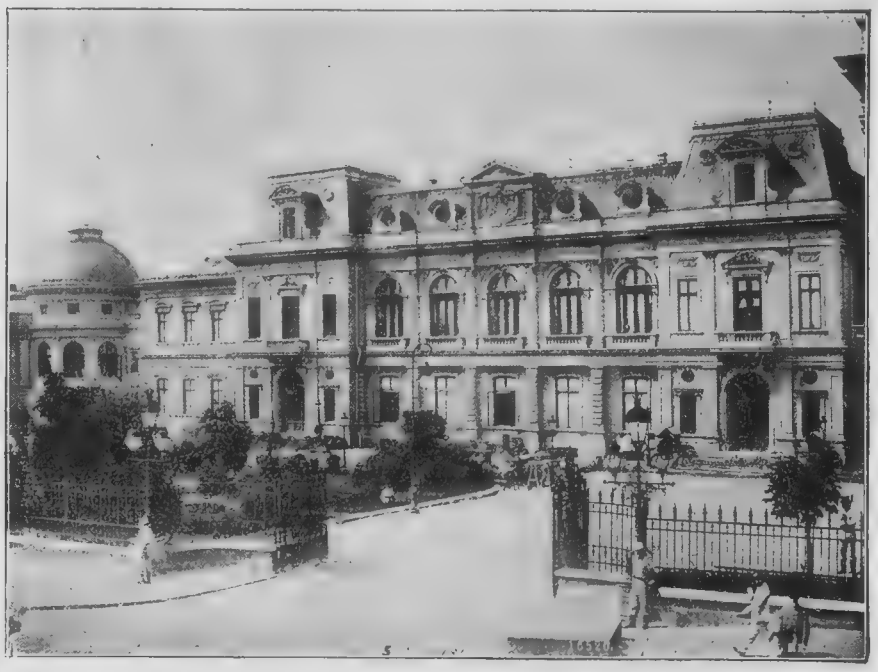
"At last! We are off! First came a swift cruiser, then a big transport, then the huge liner we are on. Warships, cruisers, transports—what a fleet! I can only give you the headings of the chapters as it were; lest any information valuable to the enemy might sift through. I got a good picture of one of the escort. In peace times I will tell you of her (at date of publication it is known she took her part ably in the fight off Jutland and returned safely to the base). She is the finest and fastest I have ever seen afloat. You ought to see her scurry when she is on important business, she can leave our swift liners behind like ferryboats. I understand that this fleet, although not actually the greatest Canada has sent over, is the swiftest, unit for unit, of any that has ever crossed the Atlantic. Our ship is one of the greatest liners sailing from New York, and we are appointed like princes instead of troopers. Now one of the warships is within two hundred yards—snap—and I have her for you. Say, she was a splendid sight! She is just a big piece of the mighty works that daily buzzes to and fro, so that you and every other citizen of Canada may go to sleep in safety. I think the Jackies have their hands full though; at it night and day, in every ocean of the world—guarding the Lion's Cubs. The last of our liners now joins the great procession and we rise and fall—all headed for the distant wee island.

"Say! there is quite a roll on this ocean now; some of the men are getting greenish looking. I think I can stick it out as long as most; as you and I have lived water borne all the time, but I think if it gets any worse it will be dangerous for the men—including myself. The weather is bitterly cold out here on the sea, yet it doesn't seem to freeze you as it does in Ontario—too damp I suppose. There is still a lot of fog drifting about and it is hard to see all about us.

"Sunday morning on the Atlantic. It is still foggy. All the boats are blowing their whistles every few minutes. First a big warship goes 'toot! toot! toot!' then the troopship ahead takes it up, we blow a few minutes later and so all along down the line. We are doing a fair speed, somewhere about half. I think one of the fleet is behind a bit and we are letting her catch up.

"Divine service. A regular soldiers' meeting, short and well done. It was so different from the snowy streets, the loud bands, the near marching step, the grand old church and the stiff backed pews—with here and there a soldier breaking his neck trying not to go to sleep—all were on the alert here; all prepared for any emergency. Then down to an excellent chicken and plum pudding dinner with all the extras.

"Supper—just a bit of trouble here. The —— of —— tried to take our seats, as some of our men were late—we kept them. There is quite a heavy wind blowing now and if this roll gets worse there will be no friendly struggle for seats. No, indeed! it is bunks that will be popular. A lot of the men are down—my roommate has come in very green about the gills—I do wish all these chaps would set a fellow a better example. My roommate has hurried out with a



Roumania, latest entry into great struggle, with the Allies. The Royal Palace at Bucharest

dreadful expression on his face. Five o'clock, the fleet has slowed down but the roll didn't. The fleet has stopped—but, say! this old ship will soon do a 'loop-the-loop' if she keeps on—there, they are starting again—that is better. I think I'll put on my toque and overcoat and go out on deck. I can stand the roll but not a stuffy cabin. Back in the cabin again. Oh, say! you should see the decks—a smother with foam and the poor soldiers going around looking like half frozen, half drowned rats. Some cuddled up in warm corners were not so badly off—there was never a happier band of men though—twenty-seven hundred happy but seasick souls. I'll not write any more for a while—I have a queer feeling.

"Wednesday. Have been feeling unwell for last few days—had no interest in writing. I have not been really seasick but had a bad headache and missed a few meals, but I managed to put my supper away to-night. From the deck I see we are still in our formation. There is a rumor of even greater escorts, as we are approaching the danger zone. The sea reminds me of just starting to walk uphill and then the top suddenly meets you and you hurry swiftly down again—

The Russians in their trench at Auberive, Champagne, France, have just been warned that a gas cloud is coming their way followed by the German infantry. The Russians commence battle at once by adjusting gas masks, fixing bayonets and throwing hand grenades. This is one of the clearest trench fighting scene pictures to reach Canada

some of the boys ask me if I am better? Why, I wasn't really seasick! Funny thing—I can't meet a man who was seasick. If they weren't they are great actors all right.

"It is a wonderful sight to watch the fleet. First, you see the bow of a huge warship pointing right up at the clouds—then you see her stern pushed away up in the scenery—down she goes to her anchors—now! she stands on her tail and points like a puppy for a bone. The boys saw some flying fish on Monday. I didn't, and I guess they must have seen them from their bunks. They said they seemed like exhausted birds trying to get out of the water or out of the way of the boat rather. I asked them if they were hanging over the rail when they saw them; and they were quite haughty about it—I'll bet you couldn't find one single man aboard who will honestly admit he was very, very seasick. The only bird I've seen yet was a gull—my roommate unkindly remarks that there was not a gull in the cabin since he came on board. The phosphorescence was wonderful last night; bits about as big as a base ball glowing all about us.

"Friday. A very rough morning. We are in the trough. It piled me from side to side of the bunk like a pea in a drum. But we all have our sea legs now so everybody is happy. Gulls and tern are about the ship this morning—all the ocean seems so void of animal life after the crowded marshes and fresh water lakes. No fish, no birds, no mammals to be seen. Whatever are those things? I can see what looks like a school of whales. Later I find they are a big bunch of destroyers heading our way. I'd like to know how the Admiral knows if they are friend or foe—anyhow here they come. Oh! how I wish you were here to see them as they speed into and about the fleet—just like returned dogs, glad to get back from the chase, playing about their master's feet. Far and wide the dogs of war circle, a regular pack of them, hunting the waters for an enemy. Now a great warship and a tiny destroyer range far off at right angles. We can only surmise a boat has been sighted—anyhow they dash back later—an inspiring sight.

"Land Ho! At a certain hour, in a certain spot, on a certain day we sighted land (I guess that will pass the Censor). Glad sight for sea-tired eyes. The green hills of Old Ireland, or Scotland, or Wales (enemy readers take your choice) but choice it was to us—it seems odd to be across the Atlantic. Now, if we don't foul a mine we are safe, as no sub would dare risk it here. The boys don't seem to realize they are so far from Cobourg. I don't myself. All we can see of the land is a very hilly coast line as we go along at a good clip. Later that day a dim outline of the 'Old Country' shows on the horizon. Loyal hearts! I hear a Canadian, whose mother was never in England; whose father was never there, he being two generations removed from his British-born grandparents, say: 'We will soon be home!' How can any nation beat a spirit of union like that? All hearts are beating high. The England of our schoolday studies lies off our bow. The England all nations have in vain tried to conquer, and here are ten thousand of her great grandsons coming to help her in her time of trouble.

"Thousands of gulls are following us. I went down and got some bread and although it is quite dark now they can find it easily. We must be the fastest of the modern armada as we lead the fleet now—all are behind save our alert guard

(Continued on page 20)

Williams' Shaving Soaps

STICK

POWDER

CREAM

LIQUID

Whether you prefer to rub Williams' from the handy Holder-Top Stick—or sift the Powder from the hinged-top can—or squeeze the Cream from the big, generous tube—or pour the Liquid from the bottle—you get Williams' lather—the kind that scores a knock-out on every beard that grows and leaves a legacy of comfort behind.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round cakes

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Canadian Depot, 356 St. Antoine St., Montreal

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

James Richardson & Sons
LIMITED

GRAIN MERCHANTS

Western Offices: Winnipeg, Calgary, Saskatoon

Specialists in the handling of farmers' shipments. Write, wire or 'phone our nearest office for quotations or information.

Bill your cars **"Notify James Richardson & Sons, Limited,"** to insure careful checking of grades. Liberal advances on bills of lading. Quick adjustments guaranteed, accompanied by Government Certificates of grade and weight

You will profit by sending us samples and obtaining our advice as to best destination before shipping your grain, particularly Barley, Oats and Rye.

Licensed and Bonded **Established 1857**

FREE DISHES A limited number of Dinner Sets to be given away. Full particulars on application to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada. **Write Now.**

Our Western Waterfalls

By Aubrey Fullerton

THE beautiful and powerful waterfalls that add so greatly to the wealth of Canada are not all in the East. Niagara and Montmorency and Chaudiere have perhaps been most often visited and most widely admired, but there are falls in the West, too, that are both valuable and grand. Even the Prairie Provinces, which sometimes are thought to be only flat and dry, have their due share of the nation's water-sights.

First this side of the Great Lakes are the falls on the Winnipeg River. Within the bounds of Manitoba there are twelve series of falls and rapids on this river, capable of producing something over 400,000 horse power for industries yet to be. Only about one-eighth of that power is now under harness, at Pointe du Bois and Lamprey Falls and the Pinawa Channel. Thus slightly disturbed as yet by industrial development, the country between the Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg is a region of great natural beauty, which is enriched and emphasized by the succession of waterfalls. Numerous lakes, swamps and streams feed into the river, and add their own graceful contribution to the wilderness pictures. The day will come, however, when the Winnipeg's water powers, which are the most important in Manitoba, will be turned to a wider commercial use. Meanwhile, they are worth better knowing for their beauty's sake.

Saskatchewan's water attractions are chiefly in the northern part of the province. There are few pretentious falls, but the rivers are broken at several points by heavy rapids. The Grand Rapids on the North Saskatchewan River, where it empties into Lake Winnipeg, give a three-mile stretch of rough water, with a total fall of nearly one hundred feet. At two other points on the river, between its mouth and the city of Prince Albert, are lesser rapids, the Tobin Rapids, 385 miles upstream, and the Cole Rapids, another hundred miles further on. It is estimated that the latter will furnish 14,000 horse power when Prince Albert wants it.

Another stage westward brings us to the country that borders on the mountains and there may be found a great number and variety of waterfalls. All the streams on the east slope of the Rockies, such as the Bow, Red Deer, Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Peace Rivers are broken with greater or lesser falls in their course down to the plains. It is not to be wondered at that these mountain born streams should run swiftly and tumble fiercely. They are fed with water that has come down from the glaciers and snow-clad hilltops and their flow is always eager and picturesque.

As yet most of the waterfalls in the mountain country are as Nature made them. The Kananaskis and Horseshoe Falls on the Bow River, in Alberta, and the Bonnington Falls on the Kootenay River, the Stave Falls on the Stave River, the Burrard Inlet near Vancouver, and a few others in British Columbia have been developed, but the great majority of cascades and falls are still unused, except to give beauty-sights to wilderness visitors.

The Bow River is one of the mountain streams in the South that carries both beauty and utility. It rises in the watershed of the Rockies and flows through a deep valley in a channel which it has cut for itself through rock and gravel. On its way down to the prairies it is joined by a number of lesser streams that unite with it to good purpose. The Kananaskis, for instance, meets it from the south almost as soon as it leaves the mountains and a short way down come the Kananaskis Falls, from which electrical energy is now going to the city of Calgary.

Back upstream are the Bow Falls, which furnish one of the scenic attractions of Banff. With the rapids above, they have a total drop of about sixty-four feet, and their white-capped waters pour through a narrow rock-cut past the foot of old Mount Rundle. It is the intention of the Dominion Government Parks Branch to develop power from this waterfall, after the war, for the lighting of Banff, which can be done without lessening its beauty or its force.

Beyond Banff, in the heart of the Rockies and the Selkirks, are literally hundreds of waterfalls, great and small. Sometimes they are of more interest and charm than the mountains themselves. Takakkaw Falls in the Yoho Valley, for instance, are perhaps the most remarkable of their kind in the world. A small glacier-fed stream runs down a gradually sloping mountain-side till it reaches the edge of a mighty cliff, over which it leaps in a single cataract to the Yoho River, 1,200 feet below. Eight times the height of Niagara, this mountain fall would far outclass any other waterfall in Canada, but it is of a kind so different from most others that it cannot be counted or compared with them. Instead of a river pouring over a wide precipice in its bed, it is a waterspout that empties through a narrow opening in the cliff and falls in a long column of fleecy white against a massive wall of rock.

Near neighbors of Takakkaw in the same Yoho Valley are the Twin Falls. These are a double cascade formed by two separate overflows through gorges in the mountain, but so close together that they seem truly enough to be twins. They are much smaller than Takakkaw, but make a more attractive and striking picture as their double torrents pour over the rock ledge and dash into spray below. One of the cascades is now temporarily interrupted by a rock slide at the top, but this will be cleared away and the Twin Falls restored to their accustomed form and beauty.

In the Northern Rockies is another waterfall, not so high, but very much wider, that measures up more nearly with the standard size falls of the East. It is in the Mount Robson country, where, a little past the big mountain, there is a district known as the "Valley of a Thousand Falls," because it has a long succession of cascades of great variety and beauty. Greatest of all the waterfalls thereabouts, however, is Emperor, on the Grand Forks, a northern tributary of the Fraser River. It has a sheer drop of about 200 feet and pours down a tremendous volume of water, with clouds of vapor like Niagara's. In other respects, too, it might very well pass as a section of Niagara cut out from some corner of that far-stretching cataract.

Still farther north, beyond any beaten route of travel except that of Indians and fur trappers, the Alexandra Falls stand alone in the wilderness of the Mackenzie Territory. They are on the Hay River, which flows north of the Peace River into Great Slave Lake, and are the special beauty-sight of all that distant region.

Just before the Hay River reaches the falls, it narrows to about 500 feet and then drops in one mighty plunge into a gorge ninety feet below. Unlike the snow-fed streams in the mountains, its waters are of a brownish color, and instead of the silvery white spray of Takakkaw or the bottle-green of Niagara, the foam of its overpouring cataract is a golden cream. Below the fall the river goes on through a deep-cut gorge to a second fall of about fifty feet, hardly less beautiful than the first.

Alexandra Falls were discovered by the late Bishop Bompas, of the Mackenzie Territory, in 1872, and he named them in honor of the Queen-Mother, who was then Princess of Wales. It is a wild place for so gentle a naming, but beauty and grace are there notwithstanding. The geological formation is strangely like that of Niagara and there is evidence of the falls having cut a way for themselves during unknown ages, much as Niagara is believed to have done, and because of a very similar erosion by the water against a soft limestone ridge. The whole series of upper rapids, double falls and gorge is a wonderful spread of grandeur and beauty which only a few venturesome travelers have yet seen.

South and east again one will find another noteworthy stretch of tumbling water on the Athabasca River, on the way to Fort McMurray. For eighty miles or more the Athabasca is broken with heavy rapids, which can be navigated only in flat-bottomed York boats, and at places they have a general whirlpool effect. The climax of all this rough water is at the Grand Rapids, where, in a distance of a half-mile, the river drops from fifty to sixty feet.

The rapids are divided by a narrow island, about a quarter of a mile in length and at the foot of this island the most violent part of the rapid drops thirty feet in a short cascade that looks very much like a real waterfall. The channel is badly broken with rocks and the Northern boatmen have for years made a portage across the island to smoother water below. Enough power is going to waste at this point to drive a dozen mills.

Falls and rapids are naturally enough a feature of the Athabasca, which, at its source in the mountains, has an altitude of 5,000 feet and drops to 690 feet by the time it empties into Lake Athabasca. As a result, there are excellent power sites awaiting the captains of wilderness industry, and this northern river, even yet comparatively unknown, takes its place among the many waterways of the West that show grand pictures of natural falls and tumbling water.

Emperor Falls, near Mount Robson, 200 feet high

Fritz Abroad—Letter Two—Our Atlantic Trip

(Continued from page 19)

ships. I wish I could tell you of their way of doing it. Wait until the war is over I'll have some grand tales for you. All I dare tell you is that we outwitted the fleet of fast sub's that were waiting for us—big fat cowards with a dandy fleet tied up in Kiel canal and not a German ship floating free in the waters of the world and all they dare do is try, like dogs, to bite our feet as we travel along. Oh, there will be a day of reckoning soon! We pass trawlers and sailboats and tramps and busy darting war vessels as we pass along the coast of the Empire for the great commercial city of our aim. (Is that vague enough Mr. Censor?) Packs are hurriedly tied, haversacks are filled, last letters are sealed, the pilot is on board—and ahead is the home of the Lion, and his Cubs are cheering from every deck of every mighty transport."

Second Patent Granted to St. Louisian on Device to do away with Trusses

Francis J. Stuart, president of the Plapao Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo., has recently been granted a second patent on an ingenious device on which a first patent was granted some seven years ago, and which is known by the trademarked name of "**Plapao-Pads,**" through the medium of which ruptured people can effectively treat themselves, right in the privacy of the home and without delay from work.

The **Plapao-Pad** is entirely different from the article commercially known as a truss. It is made of a strong flexible material which conforms perfectly to every movement of the body, and is therefore much more comfortable to wear. The inner surface is made self adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place while the **Plapao**—an absorbent, astringent, medication contained in the reservoir of the pad—is kept continuously applied to the weakened and atrophied muscles, infusing them with new life and contractile strength. As Mr. Stuart has been making the **Plapao-Pads** for a long time, he is, no doubt, in position to send reading matter to anyone who will write him.

At the Eventide

By Mary Betty Brown

I climbed alone to the hill crest,
  One day at the eventide;
Heart sore, weary, and ill-at-rest,
  I gazed o'er the countryside.

I wondered when the Prince of Peace
  Would come to this world again,
When all this dreadful war would cease,
  And freedom forever reign.

I pondered long while the twilight
  Stole over the eastern plain.
Oh! what could make all things come right,
  And pay for the thousands slain?

Oh! Thou who alone cans't answer
  These questions we worry o'er
Be pleased to grant us our prayer,
  And let there be war no more.

EATON'S TO THE FRONT

The Big Store's Service Reaches the Boys in the Training Camps, Trenches and Hospitals just as surely and satisfactorily as it does the folks at home.

No need to tell you of the heart-hunger of the lads who are so finely storming and holding the shell-searched trenches of Western Europe. A letter from home is as a month of life to them, and if, with it, goes some material token of thoughtful affection, how genuine an impulse to more fervent performance of duty? You can write the letter, think of some articles that are suitable, order them from our catalogue, and have them sent either through you or direct from us to the front. If you haven't a catalogue write for it, and a copy will be sent postpaid at once.

Here are seven Special Gift Boxes of Comfort and Cheer, Welcome in Training Camp, Trench or Hospital.

READ THIS!

Parcels Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 are packed solidly in tight-closing tin boxes, Nos. 1 and 2 in boxes of heavy cardboard; all are double-wrapped in heavy brown paper, corded and tied securely to carry safely to the journey's end.

We will mail them direct from the store for you, enclosing card of sender; in each parcel there is room for one or two packages of light weight of your own choosing, or, if you wish it, we can replace any item of those named with any other you select.

As these gift boxes are not catalogued, **order them by the number appearing above each box.**

ORDER EARLY

Which is the one that would gladden him most?

GIFT BOX 6G1
$1.00

1 flask Horlick's Lunch Tablets, Cocoa Flavor.
1 tin Tabloid Tea. (Makes 50 cups.)
1 tin Oxo Beef Cubes.
2 pkgs. "Life Savers" Mints.
2 pkts. Chewing Gum.
3 bars Chocolates.
Shipping weight, 2 lbs. 3½ ozs.

GIFT BOX 47G6
$1.25

4 Eaton's Filbert Nut Bars.
4 Butternut Chewing Gum.
½ lb. Asst. Fruit Drops.
¼ lb. Riley's Rich Cream Toffee.
1 pkt. Rich Creamy Caramels.
¼ lb. Pure Milk Chocolate.
4 pkts. Pepo Mints.
½ lb. Cadbury's Milk Chocolate.
Shipping weight, 3 lbs. 2 ozs.

GIFT BOX 6G2
$2.00

1 tin Tabloid Tea (makes 50 cups).
1 flask Horlick's Lunch Tablets (Cocoa Flavor).
2 tins Oxo Beef Cubes, large.
3 pkgs. "Life Savers" Mints.
4 pkts. Chewing Gum.
½ lb. Overseas Chocolate.
1 tin Zam-Buk Ointment.
1 pkt. Sabadilla Vermin Powder.
Shipping weight, 3 lbs.

GIFT BOX 47G7
$2.00

1 pkt. Overseas Concent'd. Chocolate.
3 pkts. Rich Creamy Caramels.
4 Eaton's Filbert Nut Bars.
1 week-end pkt. Chiclets.
1 pkt. Sugar Almonds.
2 pkts. Pep-O'-Mints.
1 pkt. Milk Chocolate.
1 tin Oxo Cubes.
1 Fruit Cake (in sealed tin).
1 flask Horlick's Lunch Tablets (Cocoa Flavor).
Shipping weight, 5 lbs. 10 ozs.

GIFT BOX 6G3
$3.00

1 tin Tabloid Tea (makes 50 cups of good tea).
1 large tin Oxo Beef Cubes.
1 flask Horlick's Malted Milk Lunch Tablets (Cocoa Flavor).
½ lb. Overseas Chocolate.
3 pkts. Gum.
3 pkts. "Life Savers" Mints.
1 Fruit Cake (in sealed tin).
1 tin Sardines.
1 tin Throat Pastiles, for coughs and colds.
1 pr. Good Quality Military Socks.
2 Active Service Handkerchiefs.
1 tin Zam-Buk Healing Ointment.
1 box Sabadilla Powder, Vermin Destroyer.
3 sample tins of Mentholatum Healing Ointment.
Shipping weight, 5¾ lbs.

GIFT BOX 6G5
$4.75

1 tin Tabloid Tea (makes 50 cups of good tea).
1 bot. Saccharine Tabs., to sweeten 100 cups of tea.
1 large tin Oxo Cubes.
1 flask Horlick's Malted Milk Lunch Tablets, (Cocoa Flavor).
½ lb. Overseas Chocolate.
6 pkts. Chewing Gum.
4 "Life Savers" Assorted Mints.
1 Fruit Cake (in sealed tin).
1 tin Sardines.
1 pkg. Cream Cheese.
1 pair good Military Socks.
2 Handkerchiefs.
1 tin Zam-Buk Healing Ointment.
1 box Sabadilla Powder (Vermin Destroyer).
1 Active Service Mirror, unbreakable, in neat case.
1 Comb, Military.
1 box Antiseptic Pastiles, for sore throat.
1 Tooth Brush.
1 tube Tooth Paste.
3 sample tins Mentholatum Healing Ointment.
Shipping weight, 6 lbs. 14 ozs.

GIFT BOX 6G4
$3.75

½ lb. Overseas Chocolates.
3 pkts. Gum.
3 "Life Savers" Mints.
1 large tin of Oxo Beef Cubes.
1 tin Tabloid Tea. (Makes 50 cups of good tea.)
1 flask Horlick's Malted Milk Lunch Tablets, Cocoa Flavor.
1 pkg. Cream Cheese.
1 tin Sardines.
1 Fruit Cake (in sealed tin).
1 pair Military Socks, good quality.
2 Active Service Handkerchiefs.
1 tin Zam-Buk Healing Ointment, for minor cuts, bruises, etc.
1 box Sabadilla Powder.
1 Military Mirror, unbreakable, in neat leather case.
1 Comb.
3 sample tins Mentholatm Ointment.
Shipping weight, 6 lbs 5 ozs.

IMPORTANT

ENGLAND. The limit in weight for parcels is 11 pounds and the rate 12c per pound or fraction thereof.

FRANCE. The limit in weight for parcels is 7 pounds and the rate 24c for 3 pounds or less and 32c for 7 pounds or less.

For both England and France, parcels must be addressed with the consignee's Regimental Number, Rank and Name, Company and Battalion. **Be Sure and Send us these Particulars.**

GERMANY. Both letters and parcels are post-free but must be addressed with consignee's Rank, Initials, Name, Regiment, or other unit, British, Canadian, French, Belgian, etc., prisoners of war, place of internment, Germany. **Be sure and send us all particulars.**

ORDER EARLY

BE SURE YOU GET OUR SPECIAL GROCERY CATALOGUE

SEND FOR OUR FALL CATALOGUE

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

SEND FOR OUR FALL CATALOGUE

HALLAM'S GUARANTEED
FUR COATS AND SETS

DIRECT FROM TRAPPER TO WEARER

You can save the many middlemen's profits by securing your fur garments from us.

We buy our Raw Furs direct from the Trappers for cash, and are the largest cash buyers of raw furs in Canada, buying direct from the trapper.

These furs are manufactured into stylish fur sets and fur coats at the lowest possible cost, consistent with the best workmanship.

Then we sell them direct to you at the very low catalog prices. We pay all delivery charges.

Every garment is sold under A POSITIVE GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION TO YOU or your money back.

Our sales for fur sets and fur garments last year exceeded all our expectations and were the largest in the history of the house.

This year we confidently expect still larger sales, since the people realize more and more the bargains they obtain from Hallam.

We have in stock a large and varied assortment of all the articles shown in our FUR STYLE BOOK and can guarantee PROMPT SHIPMENT.

PRIZE CONTEST—$300 in Cash given away free in Hallam's Zoological Contest, 64 Prizes—Write to-day for the 1916-17 edition of

HALLAM'S FUR STYLE BOOK

which gives full particulars of the contest and contains 32 illustrated pages showing beautiful and stylish fur coats and sets, moderately priced.

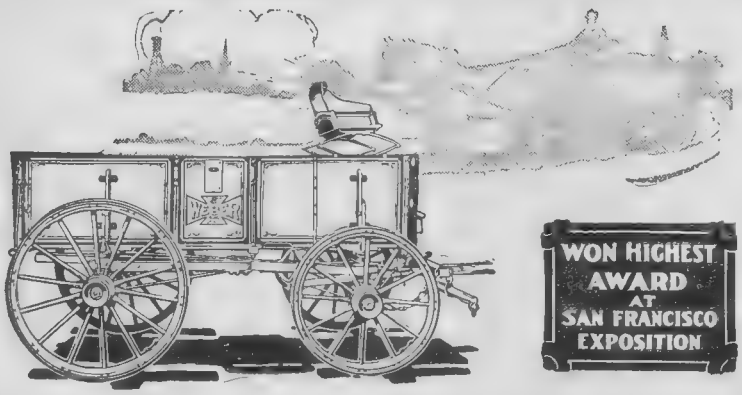
211—MUSKRAT COAT—Made from select dark skins, well matched, deep shawl collar with cuffs. The graceful flare skirt and stylish lines of the coat combined with the handsome reverse border effect give this garment a very striking appearance made only 48 inches long in sizes of bust 32 to 44. Price delivered to you $62.50.
212—MUSKRAT MUFF to match $10.00.

RAW FURS—We are the largest Cash Buyers of Raw Furs direct from the Trapper in Canada.—Our Raw Fur Quotations sent Free.

GUNS—Traps—Animal Bait Fish Nets, Tackle and a complete line of Sportsmen's Supplies 32 page Sportsmen's Catalogue Free.

Address as follows John Hallam Limited
807 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.

THE LARGEST IN OUR LINE IN CANADA



Weber Wagon in Western Canada
The Wagon with a Solid Side Box

THE **Weber** wagon, for years the standard of wagon construction in the States, is now being built in Canada.

In building the **Weber** gears for Western Canada, special attention is paid to strength. Gear parts on which extra strain comes, as on reach and hounds when dumping a load of grain at the elevator, are made specially large and strong, properly placed, thoroughly ironed, braced and clipped.

The **Weber** solid side box as built for the great Canadian grain belt is a masterpiece. Each side is made of three boards, tongued and grooved, and strapped together securely inside and outside. This box is especially good for grain hauling, being as grain and flax-tight as any grain tank sold for that purpose alone. The iron skeleton of the **Weber** solid side box shown in our wagon catalogue gives you a true idea of the work-day value of this feature.

See the **Weber** local agent and ask him to show you the features that make the **Weber** wagon so good for work in Western Canada. If it is not convenient for you to see him, write the nearest branch house for full information.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.
BRANCH HOUSES
At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

Agriculture and the "Movies"

At first glance the motion picture business may not seem to have very much connection with agriculture, except in so far as it tempts the farmer's sons and daughters into town an extra evening each week, or sets up on the mind of some boy, well fitted to become a successful farmer, an ambition to emulate Mr. C. Chaplin. But the motion picture business is now related very closely to all our arts and industries. It has become a great public educator as well as a public entertainer, and the education is the more subtle, and perhaps more effective, because the "student" does not know he is being operated upon. He thinks he is being entertained—that is what he paid his money for—whereas he is being deliberately and with purpose aforethought made familiar with facts, industries or places of which he would otherwise have little or no knowledge.

The demand for the educational type of film is one of the bright features in motion picture development. Audiences may go wild over hilarious comedy, weep with injured heroines or be stirred to fighting pitch by great dramatic spectacles, but the normal appetite soon tires of these excesses. They are all right as an appetiser, but the picture house which wants the best class of trade must give some solid food in the form of films which educate and instruct. Such films usually take the form of travel pictures of foreign countries, pictures of manufacturing processes, animal life, or curious developments of the arts and sciences.

A United States producer is now engaged in getting up an educational film showing the process of farming by means of irrigation. The general public have certain ideas, more or less correct, of how ordinary farming is conducted, but even farmers themselves in humid districts have very vague notions of the practice of irrigation. They have a general idea that irrigation can be applied to small orchard lots, but they cannot see how it is possible over large farms of wheat, coarse grains, and alfalfa. At the same time, the interest in agriculture, and the desire of city people to get "back to the land," were never more pronounced, and this astute producer has recognized the fact that a film showing the actual processes of irrigation, and the great settlement possibilities which arise from it, will be an educational feature of the first interest.

The place chosen to work out the details of the film was the 3,000,000 acre irrigation block of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in Southern Alberta, and a camera expert has been through that territory recently getting the scenes from actual life. The film will show first the source of the water, in the great glacier fields in the Canadian Rockies above Lake Louise. The fact that the water comes from glaciers is of great importance, as it makes the water supply independent of rainfall, and there is no danger of a shortage of water in a particularly dry season. On the contrary, the hotter the season the greater will be the flow of water, and this is the experience in Alberta, where flood time in the rivers is not in the spring, but in June and July, when the snow in the higher mountains is rapidly melting under the hot sun.

From its source in the glaciers the water will be followed down the beautiful valley of the Bow River, through the thriving city of Calgary, and thence, by means of the necessary engineering features, right out on to the farmer's land. The principal engineering feature to be shown will be the headgates at Calgary, where water is diverted from the Western section of the irrigation block; the immense dam at Bassano, which raises the water to an available height for irrigation in the Eastern section; the reinforced concrete aqueduct across a two-mile depression at Brooks, and the enormous artificial reservoir which has been christened Lake Newell. Glimpses will be shown of main and secondary canals, until the water is seen in ditches on the farmer's fields, and the farmer, busy with shovel and canvas dam, is shown diverting the life-giving flood over his fields of alfalfa and grain. In the autumn the film will be completed by scenes showing harvest operations, grain in the bin, alfalfa in the stack, sleek dairy cows in pasture kept ever green by irrigation, and prosperous farm homes where the monotony of the prairies has been broken by wind-breaks and hedges of trees which grow up in a few years as a result of the plentiful supply of water.

Was Troubled With Stomach and Liver
FOR SEVEN YEARS.
MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS
CURED HER.

Mrs. Thomas Sargent, Berkeley, Ont. writes: "I have been troubled with my stomach and liver for the past seven years; also have had constipation, causing headaches, backaches and dizzy spells, and at times I would almost fall down. I tried all kinds of medicine, without obtaining any relief. I commenced using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and they have cured me. I have recommended them to many of my friends, and they are all very much pleased with the results they have obtained from their use."

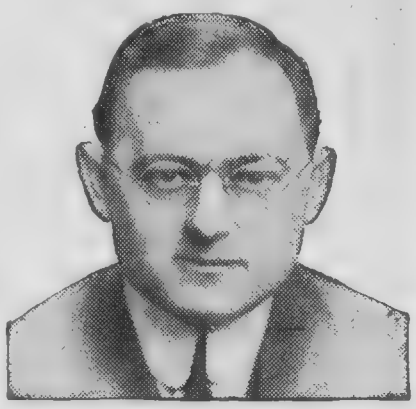
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and can be procured from all dealers.

The price is 25 cents per vial, or five vials for $1.00.

If your dealer does not keep them, they will be mailed direct on receipt of price, by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

How I Cured My Catarrh
TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY
Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity
HEALS DAY AND NIGHT

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that



kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—**FREE**. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your sufferings will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say, I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information. FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Room A.L. 1158
142 Mutual Street Toronto, Ont.

The August Frost

By Dora Harrison

"TO-NIGHT will decide our fate," said Jack Graham, as he turned his eyes from the girl's face at his side, to allow them to roam once more over the numberless acres of uncut grain that waved in the gentle breeze as far as eye could see.

The girl's eyes followed his, and, together, they stood looking at the wonderful picture. The sun was just sinking, leaving its parting rays of gold and crimson to adorn the Western sky. Over them was an unclouded canopy of blue, through which the stars were just beginning to shine, and the moon almost at her full, was making shadows with the objects that appeared in her way. All around them in every direction stood hundreds of acres of wheat, the heads of which were just beginning to show the gold of ripening.

"To-night will decide our fate," Jack repeated looking again at the moon, then at the fields of waving grain. There was something so intense in his tone that the young girl by his side felt that there was something there deeper than he was willing to admit even to her, who expected soon to share his achievements as well as his disappointments.

She was young and proud, this bit of a girl, whom Jack Graham hoped soon to call his wife, young in years, and young in the ways of this new country where he had spent so many years of his life. Fatherless and motherless, yet a favored child of fortune, Mary Arnold had spent most of her life with relatives in Eastern Canada, but yielding to the earnest entreaty of an uncle and aunt, whose home for many years had been in the Canadian West, she had come to spend the summer with them and enjoy for herself the boundless freedom of the prairie.

She was disappointed at first, because she did not find it "one vast unbounded plain" with grass as high as herself, "waving in airy undulations far away," yet the disappointment was short-lived. The hills and the valleys of the Assiniboine River, not far from her uncle's farm, more than atoned for the shattering of a schoolgirl's dream, and from the time that King Frost loosened his hold until the present, there had been no time for loneliness, so fast did one season overlap another. Not alone in the rushing, hustling summertime of nature did she find her enjoyment; but very early in her visit she had met Jack Graham, and, from the first, had been attracted by the simplicity and earnestness of his manner. Her uncle and aunt welcomed him to their home, because they had experienced the sterling worth of his character.

Born in England, educated at Oxford, early in his life, Jack Graham had felt the call of nature to an open-air life, rather than to that for which his education fitted him. What more natural than that he should come to this New World, where land was so plentiful, opportunities so great, and fortunes could be made in an hour?

He chose his farm, because in all the country through which he had passed, there was no place that appealed to his artistic temperament so much as the land lying close to the beautiful valley of the Assiniboine and yet high enough and far enough from it to allow the valley, with the river in its midst, twisting and turning like a serpent, to be seen for miles and miles. He bought his yoke of oxen and began to lay the foundations of his fortune; but, even as many another, he found in those early days, that road anything but easy. Year after year he worked but, like a destroying angel, came frost and hail and drought, till his soul sickened, and he felt the fight almost hopeless.

Still he held on; held on because he had grown to love the place so much that he had not the heart to leave it. The hills, which in the spring, gave back to him every shade of green, in the fall, after the Frost King had come, were bewildering in their colors of brown and yellow and gold. He feasted his soul on these until the snow came; then in the long winter evenings, in his little bachelor's shack, alone, he dreamed of the time when nature would be more kind, and his fortune would be made. The little shack was transformed; it became large, petitioned with many rooms. The floors were covered with soft green carpets, the walls were tinted with brown and yellow and gold, and in the distance he heard the patter of little feet and the sound of merry laughter.

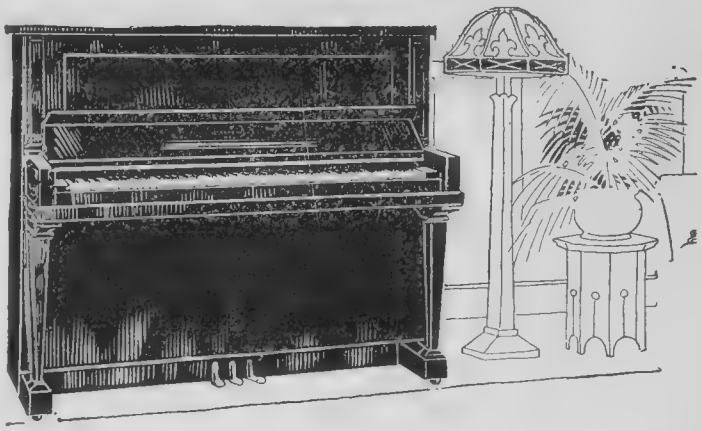
And, now, his dream was coming true. For several years past the elements had been kinder: each year something had been saved; each year the hope grew stronger that the next would be better still. This year everything had been most propitious—the early spring, the rains, and, now, at harvest time the crops stood ready almost for the reaper.

No artist could be prouder of his picture, no parent prouder of his child than Jack Graham was of his wheat fields All the pain and disappointment of years, all the drudgery and the labor were forgotten as he felt the reward so close to his hands, and he saw his dreams about to be realized. Realized better, than, in his sane moments he had even dared to hope; for this summer he had met Mary Arnold, who had come into

Great War Chiefs of England and France who planned future drives of Allied Armies on Western Front

Left to right: Aristede Briand, French Premier; General Joffre; General de Castlenau, Chief of the French General Staff; Lloyd George, Great Britain's Minister of War; M. Thomas, French Minister of Munitions; and General Roques, French Minister of War. This gathering of the greatest of France's War Chiefs and Lloyd George, Britain's Minister of War, is one of the most notable conferences that have taken place since the beginning of the great war

You Simply Can't Beat These Prices on Slightly Used Pianos



Each instrument has been carefully overhauled and guaranteed to be in excellent condition. At these prices and terms you can't afford to be without a piano in your home.

NOTE THE MAKERS -- AND THE PRICES

Sterling	Small Upright, just the thing for a beginner. Nice tone...	**$145**
Mendelssohn	Piano, Mahogany case	**$145**
Heintzman	Upright, small size, full octaves. Very nice tone	**$185**
Arlington	Cabinet Grand, Mahogany case, full metal plate; cannot be told from new. Regular $400, now..	**$245**
Gourlay	Upright Piano, full scale, Mahogany case. Regular $465, only	**$295**
Bell	Mission Piano, almost new. Bargain at	**$265**
Doherty	Upright Grand, taken in exchange on a Gerhard-Heintzman player piano. Elegant tone. Regular $500. Our price	**$295**
Heintzman	Gerhard-Heintzman Style Armand, handsome Mahogany case, taken in exchange on a Gerhard-Heintzman player piano. Regular $500. Less than a year in use. Only	**$375**
Bell	Player Piano and twelve 88-note music rolls. Regular $850. Now	**$485**
Angelus	Player Piano and twelve 88-note music rolls of your own selection. Cannot be told from new. Regular $950. Now	**$595**

EXCHANGE PRIVILEGE

As additional guarantee we afford you the privilege of exchanging any of these instruments at any time within three years, allowing full price paid on a Steinway, Nordheimer, Gerhard-Heintzman, Chickering, Bell, Sherlock-Manning or Haines Piano or Player Piano.

TERMS TO SUIT

One, two or three years to pay if necessary. Quarterly, half-yearly or annual terms as desired. Special Discount for all Cash.

WE PAY FREIGHT

to any point in Western Canada and guarantee safe delivery of any instrument you may choose.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.,

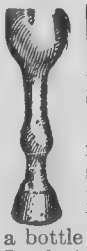
Kindly forward me particulars regarding .....
(Name of Piano)

advertised at $..... .....in The Western Home Monthly.

Name.....

Address.....

WINNIPEG PIANO CO 333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.



ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Reduces **Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from Bruises or Strains;** stops Spavin Lameness, allays pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered.

Book 1 M free.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lymans Bldg., Montreal.

Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

Rest Up in Western Florida

Western Canada farmers winter on a ten acre fruit farm. A 40 acre tract planted in grape fruit, grapes, peaches, figs, etc., will be sold in 10 acre lots or en bloc. Small cash payment down will handle

Property 1½ miles from Gulf of Mexico. Finest surf bathing and fishing. Crops grow all-year. Get full particulars from

LLEWELLYN FARM CO. Ltd.

Norwood Grove P.O.

84 Kitson Street Manitoba, Canada

Classified Page for the People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

Music

BECOME A MEMBER OF EMPIRE MUSIC CLUB and save from 40 to 70 per cent on the latest Copyright Songs and Musical Compositions. Membership fee 25c, on receipt of which we will enroll you as a member and send you Free a copy of our latest successful Song, and you will have an opportunity to get all our publications FREE OF COST. Empire Music & Travel Club, Limited, 42 Charles Street E., Toronto Ont. 10-16

MUSIC—Popular songs, seven for dollar; classical fifteen. Send for catalogue. Oleon, Donalda Block, Winnipeg. 10-16

Educational

EARN MORE MONEY—Fit yourself for a better position by studying in spare time. Thousands of others doing it with our assistance. So can you. We teach Commercial Course (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Business Correspondence, Commercial Law), Shorthand and Typewriting, Beginner's Course, Journalism, Special English, Elementary Art, Mind and Memory Training, Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Drawing, Electrical Course, Engineering (Stationary, Traction, Gasoline, Marine, Locomotive, Automobile), Matriculation, Civil Service, Teachers' Examinations, or any subject. Ask for what you need. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. W.H.M., Toronto, Canada. 3-17-T.F.

Business Chances

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My Special Offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. "Investing for Profit" is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 550-20 Jackson Bldg., Chicago. 12-1-17

WANTED—For Telegraph and Railway offices, 300 young men and women—Station Agents, Telegraphers, Freight and Ticket Clerks. Good wages and positions guaranteed. Largest, best equipped and only school approved by Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railways. Regular railway forms supplied. Our free book, "Railway Career," explains Day and Mail Courses. Write Dominion School Railroading, Dept. W, Toronto. 10-16

WANTED — Representatives either sex, Europe's Greatest World War and Lord Kitchener's Career. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary. Credit given. Samples free. Send postage, 10 cents. Nichols Limited, Publishers, Toronto. 11-16

For Sale

HONEY—Gathered from the clover fields of Ontario, thick and clear, with that delicious clover flavor. Shipped direct from bee-keeper to consumer in securely crated tins at 12½c. a pound. Sample by mail, 10c. H. D. McCulloch, R. R. A., North Bruce, Ont. 10-16

HARNESS—The "Square Deal" Brand. Sold direct to users. No agents. Send for my Catalogue B, showing 30 styles. Thos. McKnight, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F.

BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings, $50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

HONEY FOR SALE—White clover honey, 12c.; shipped in 60-lb. cans; cans, 30c. extra. Wilber Swayze, Dunnville, Ont. 10-16

Fruit and Farm Lands

MIXED FARMING IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA—627 acres on the Waterton River, south Alberta; 140 acres growing crop half wheat; house, barn, granary, etc.; 20 hogs, 50 cattle, 8 horses, 500 bushel oats in granary; all necessary implements; half-mile river front. Price $25 per acre including everything. $5,000 cash, balance arranged at 6 per cent interest. Inspection invited. Write Arthur Young, Macleod, Alberta. 10-16

IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE TO SUIT ALL NEEDS in one of the best wheat-growing districts in Saskatchewan. Enquire H. J. Reid, Perdue, Sask. 11-16

IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE your property, write me. John J. Black, Desk B, Chippewa Falls, Wis. 10-16

FRUIT LANDS — Interesting orchard location talk free. I grow fruit and sell it. John Cooper, Wynndel, B.C. 10-16

CALIFORNIA—Improved alfalfa, fruit and dairy farms for sale. Terms, write E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 10-16

Poultry

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS IN CANADA for the famous English 200-egg strain of S.C.W. Leghorns, W. Wyandottes, Buff Orpingtons and S.C. R. I. Reds. Every layer trap-nested and pedigreed. Stock for sale. George Peal, Box 64, Rockwood, Ont. 11-16

Medical

YOGHURT REMOVES AUTO-INTOXICATION, created from poisons generated within your body, gradually poisoning you and bringing you to an early grave. This self-poisoning causes 95 of 100 diseases. Remedy this condition and health and life are assured. Free particulars. Yoghurt Co. (12) Bellingham, Wash. 11-16

CONSTIPATION, PILES, INDIGESTION, NERVOUSNESS, lost manhood, cured at home without drugs. Individual treatment. Pay when satisfied. Stamp for particulars. Natural Health Reform Institute (W), Regina.

Stamps for Sale

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

Patents

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., Patent Solicitors. The old-established firm. Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto, and 5 Elgin St., Ottawa, and other principal cities. T.F.

Printing

1,000 ENVELOPES, LETTERHEADS, Statements, Cards, $3.00. McCreery's Printery, Chatham, Ont. 12-16

Amusements

PLAYS, WIGS, TRICKS, PUZZLES, Jokes, Toys, Games, Doll and Cane Racks, Escapes, Illusions and Stage Supplies. We are the largest novelty house in America. Free large 1917 catalog just issued. Oaks Magical Co., Dept. 345, Oshkosh, Wis. 10-16

Miscellaneous

FREE—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS You are not getting the best results. Put yourself under the care of experts. Send two negatives and we will send samples free, together with price list. Developing 10 cents, prints from 2½ cents up, post cards 50 cents per dozen. We pay return postage. The Gas City Photo Co., Photo Supplies for the Amateur, Medicine Hat, Alta. T.F.

TO TALKING MACHINE OWNERS—You may have some records you would like to exchange for others: Write to us for particulars of our system of exchange. Musical Record Exchange, 273 St. Mary's Ave, Winnipeg. 10-16

WRITERS—An editor connected with a Winnipeg paper will criticize and revise manuscripts for publication. Articles up to one thousand words, one dollar. Address Box 860, Western Home Monthly. 10-16

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts. Gillette, 3½c. per dozen; Ever-ready, 25c. per dozen. Mail to Albert Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ont. 12-16

SEWING MACHINES, CREAM SEPARATORS, GRAMOPHONES cleaned and repaired. Parts and needles for all makes. Write Dominion Sewing Machine Co., Winnipeg, Man. 9-17

I HAVE a General Store in small town, old established business. Would exchange for improved farm in Western Canada. Address, Albert Hanson, Fostoria, Kansas. 10-16

LADIES—Write for our "Wash Material" samples. Large booklet free on application. Harry Tolton, Berlin, Ont. 1-17

J. D. A. EVANS, Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. T.F.

$2,708.56 for a Car of Wheat

Railway companies of recent years have increased the capacity of grain cars considerably. This, along with high prices that have prevailed at times since the outbreak of the European war, has made it possible for shippers to net large sums on individual car shipments.

A very few years ago a remittance of $1,000 would look big to any shipper. This year checks of over twice that amount are comparatively common. However, the highest return on a single car yet recorded was made by The Grain Growers' Grain Company Limited, of Winnipeg, on August 30, when a car from Travers, Alta., carrying 1,920 bushels 10 lbs. graded No. 1 Northern, with no dockage, and sold at $1.56. The check issued by The Grain Growers' Grain Company Limited in settlement was for $2,708.56. There is little doubt but that this is the largest sum that has ever been paid in the history of the Canadian West for any single shipment sold through the regular market channels.

his life, even as a breath from another world, so young, so fresh, so full of life, joying with him in the beauties of nature, and yet, familiar with the world of literature, that awakened in him home memories of former days.

She returned his love, and, together, they had planned their home, their books and their pictures; the brown and the green and the gold were to be not only on the hillside, but a reality in their home, and those fields of wheat, nodding to each other in the breeze, were the means of bringing this all about.

As the August moon approached her fullness, Jack's heart became very restless; so restless that Mary felt the change, although he fain would have hid it from her. To-night, as they stood there in the moonlight, she had been trying to plan; but the pleasure was gone because there was no answering response. She had been talking of an added window, with three sides looking out over the valley, where they could sit, and, in every direction, enjoy the beauty of the scenery. It would not cost much more and she could have a window-seat covered with golden brown to harmonize with the carpet.

She would have gone on; but she stopped, realizing that she was talking to deaf ears. The fact nettled her. It was not the first time of late that she had been made to feel his indifference and of how little value were her words. If that was going to be the way, and if he was losing his interest so soon, they had better know it at once and she would find some other use for her life.

Bow Falls on the Bow River, near Banff

The silence between them had been of some length when Jack uttered the ominous words: "To-night will decide our fate," and when to her rather crisp, short "Why," he had again made no reply, her patience was almost exhausted.

He had not answered her; he hardly knew how. Her love and confidence in him had been so precious. How could he tell her that their plans would all have to be altered if the wheat was a failure? She was too young and tender to be on a moneyless farm, and Jack's past experience had been so severe that he could not make himself think of again going in debt. She must not be burdened with debt and poverty.

He did not doubt that she loved him, yet, his simplicity and sense of honor would never let him think that he would be sufficient for her happiness unless he could surround her with the material comforts with which she had always been accustomed. He should have told her at the first of how uncertain all harvests were, and how much their plans depended on it. He had been cowardly, and now he must pay the price.

"Well," her tone was a little more impatient. Accustomed to a deference and consideration from her childhood, Jack's silence and unsociableness on this evening, of all others, when she most wanted to talk, was very annoying.

In a voice very unlike his own, and without looking at her, he said: "Would it matter very much, Mary, if our plans all had to be changed?"

At another time Mary would have asked: "Changed, in what way?" But, to-night, her impatience had become so great that she did not feel like wasting words. Changed, why of course not, if he wanted to be free he was quite free to go.

Her hand was on her ring, the ring he had given her and, in another moment, she had put it in his hand.

"If you want our plans altered," she said, "I will be the last one to hinder you," and, without another word, she was gone.

If a cyclone had struck him, Jack could not have been more surprised. He looked at the ring in his hand, shining in the moonlight, then at the retreating figure of the girl as she was about to enter the house. He had been so taken up with his own thoughts that he had not noticed her growing impatience. Now, he wondered, what he had done, where he had failed, that she should so misunderstand him. Was it possible that he had been deceived in her, and had she loved because of these material things? If that were her nature it would be cruel to think even of subjecting her to a life where there were so many possibilities of failures.

Slowly and sadly Jack went home, thus reasoning with himself, at one time inclined to think himself a fool, and again doubting the nobility of womanhood. He felt that he did not care now whether the wheat froze or not. Yet, all that night he kept a lonely watch, going from time to time to the thermometer, which hung just outside his door, to see how the mercury stood. If the grain did not freeze to-night the danger might be past for this year.

With his crop all safely harvested, what then? He could not believe that the girl whom he had learned to love could have been so hasty if he had not been in some way to blame. The clock was just striking four as Jack again opened the door. There was no frost yet, but he shivered as he stepped out; the cold was in the air and not a cloud in the sky to give him any comfort. He took his lantern and walked to the barn. He had nothing to do, he could not sleep. Between the darkness and the dawn was the time when everything hung in the balance.

He entered the barn but was too restless to remain. Outside the door again he stopped and there, over house and shrub and grass was a great white coating of frost so thick that he could gather it up in his hands like snow He stood with head bowed to the ground, the blow had fallen. The knowledge of great temporal loss was shared by many, at that moment, beside Jack Graham; for the clearness of the sky and the coldness of the air had kept almost the whole settlement from going to bed, but Jack had, beside the material loss, the loss of love, and the thought that he had now no right to ask for its return.

Mary Arnold's sleep was troubled also, and there were dark circles under her eyes at breakfast the next morning. During the next few days, there was much talk of the frost, and the possible loss it would be to the farmer. Gradually, Mary learned that the beautiful fields of grain that were still waving so

ORGANIZED and OWNED by GRAIN GROWERS of the WEST

Grain Purchased on Track or Handled on Consignment. Live Stock Sold on Commission.

Farm Machinery and General Commodities Supplied to Farmers at Factory-to-Farm Prices

G.G.G. Sewing Machines

As good as any of the high priced machines offered in the West. All guaranteed for 10 years.

The G.G.G. Special—Colonial style, made of quarter cut oak with hand rubbed finish. Equipped with full size High Arm Sewing Head having time saving automatic tension; ball bearing stand with adjustable Steel Pitman; full set of attachments for doing fancy sewing and Illustrated Instruction Book. Complete.....$30.00

The G.G.G. No. 1—In golden oak. Complete with all attachments and Book of Instructions. Price.....$20.50

The G.G.G. No. 2—Good quality oak, varnished finish. Has good size sewing head and many labor saving improvements. Every attachment and Book of Instructions go with each machine. Price.....$19.00

F.O.B. Winnipeg

The Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd.

Agency at: NEW WESTMINSTER British Columbia

Branches at REGINA, Sask. CALGARY, Alta. FT. WILLIAM, Ont.

HEAD OFFICE Winnipeg, Man.

Stiff Aching Limbs

may be relieved quickly with Absorbine, Jr. Don't be inconvenienced and annoyed with tired, aching muscles. Massage the parts with Absorbine, Jr., and rout out the trouble—it reduces soreness and inflammation effectually and in a pleasant manner.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Is more than a liniment—it is a positive antiseptic and germicide

This increases its efficiency and its uses. When applied to cuts and bruises it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptically clean and promotes rapid healing. Swollen glands and veins, wens, cysts and bursal enlargements yield readily to the application of Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine, Jr., is safe and economical to use—it is made of herbs and is non-poisonous; only a few drops required at an application.

Keep Absorbine, Jr., at hand for emergencies. $1.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered.

A LIBERAL TRIAL BOTTLE

together with booklet and laboratory reports, mailed anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.,
509 Lymans Bldg.
Montreal Canada

BORBRIDGE'S

HARNESS CATALOGUE

Was Mailed to Western Farmers last week

If this new, complete Catalogue hasn't reached you up to this time, be sure to WRITE TO-DAY and tell us you want one. We will mail you another at once.

Our new Catalogue is a splendid record of the Greatest Values in Quality Harness, as well as the biggest assortment and selection ever offered in Canada.

We now sell our entire Factory Output of High-Grade Harness and Supplies DIRECT-TO-THE-FARMER at Wholesale Factory Prices. Borbridge's New Selling Method entirely eliminates the middleman and lowers the price to the farmer from $10 to $25 on every set of harness.

We prepay orders of $20 or over to any station in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. $1 extra to Ontario or British Columbia.

DON'T FAIL TO GET OUR CATALOGUE BEFORE THE ISSUE IS ALL GONE.

THE S. H. BORBRIDGE CO. LIMITED

Established 1798 WINNIPEG Factory at Brandon.

117 Years Making Quality Harness.

proudly in the breeze and were now ripe for cutting was worth little more than straw.

"See," said her uncle, one day taking up one of the heads of wheat, and, rubbing it in his hand, let out the kernel, "see, the life was blighted at the right time, and, instead of remaining full and round and plump, it will shrivel to almost nothing," and he showed her the little kernel of grain beginning already to show signs of death.

"It must be a great disappointment to many, Uncle; so much was depending upon the harvest."

"Yes, and I feel more sorry for Jack Graham than for any of us," said her uncle. "Not that we want to lose you, little one, but he has been so long without a home, and was building on it so much, and now he will have to wait another year."

The surprise that came to Jack Graham when Mary put his ring in his hand and fled from him that night, was now shared by Mary Arnold at her uncle's words. It was more than a surprise; it was a revelation. She saw it all now; his own suffering had made him hesitate, and had led to the misunderstanding. Yet, he had tried to tell her, and she would not listen. Just at the time when he needed her the most she had been unworthy.

She absently took up a few heads of grain, and began rubbing them out in her hands, as shown by her uncle. There were not many indications yet of the dwarfed life, but her uncle said, as time passed, they would never grow, but become smaller and smaller. Would life

"Music hath charms"

become like that if love was forever gone?

It was now more than a week since she had seen Jack Graham and the time was beginning to be very long. She had kept near the house these days, too; now, she felt that she must go out. She would go for a ride.

Mag, her pony, seemed to feel something of her mistress's spirit to get away from herself; for she just flew with her over the straight level road, until they came to the top of the hill going down to the valley. A slight movement of Mary's hand turned the pony into a zig-zag path going down the side of the hill, until they came to another crossroad, into which she turned, and was just going to give the rein to the pony again for another gallop, when she became conscious of a horseman approaching. There was no mistaking the horse or the rider, and Mary's heart beat faster, and her color rose as Jack Graham came nearer.

Even before he spoke, she saw that he was moved as well as herself.

"This is very unexpected," he said, as he lifted his hat.

"I notice you don't add the pleasure," she said, looking him frankly in the face. "It is nice to be honest, Mr. Graham."

"But that is not honest, Mary, and you know it," he said. "You know there is no pleasure for me as great as seeing you."

"Then, it seems to me your self-denial has been very great of late," she said.

"So great," he said, "that I have about made up my mind that I can't endure it much longer."

"Then, why do you do it?" she asked, putting down her woman's pride, and making a brave effort to go, if necessary, more than half-way.

"You know, Mary, that in the changed conditions, my lips are sealed, I have little to offer you beside myself, and that I do not consider sufficient."

"And so your pride is going to force me to forget that I have any," she said, the color coming and going in her cheeks, yet she kept her gaze firm. "Jack, it is not what you have, but yourself that I need. Will you forgive my hastiness, and let me share your life, harvest or no harvest? We do not want our lives to wither like the grain."

"And I have this to tell you, Mary," said Jack, after he had replaced the ring on her finger, "I just discovered to-day that only a part of my crop is frozen. Maybe we can have that window yet."

Change of Name for J. Walter Thompson, Limited

The well known advertising agency of J. Walter Thompson Co., Ltd., of Canada, will, from now on, be known as the Smith, Denne & Moore Agency. The only change involved is that of name and ownership. The management, the staff, the experience and equipment remain the same as before. The Agency's headquarters are in Toronto, with branch offices in New York, London and Paris.

Who is the "Working Man?"

Writing of Northamptonshire I am reminded of a visit I paid to Raunds two or three years ago. Addressing a great crowd of working men, one of them boisterously interrupted—"Why don't you go and work, and do less talking?" I replied, "Why, I never knew what work was until I became a parson. Of all men here, I am a bona-fide working man." The man was angry. No parson, and no man who did not dirty his hands, was or could be, according to this Northamptonshire bootmaker, a working man. Sidney Low has recently said in the Pall Mall Gazette, "I do not see why the person who mends broken drain-pipes is a working man, and the person who mends broken bones is not. To me the carpenter is simply a gentleman who devotes himself to working with wood and glue, just as a Royal Academician is a working man who pursues his labor with paint-brushes and pigments." Certainly. The right and duty to work belongs to all men, but whether we work with hands or head, hammer or speech, we may both be designated by the same term, and ought to be careful lest we exclude a single fellowman because he does not sit upon the bench we occupy. The sacrament of work is as divine as it is noble, and if the parson is worth his salt he works as hard as the man in either forge or shop.

Who's Your Dentist?

Permanent Crowns and Bridges

—made from the best materials
—heavily reinforced on chewing surfaces
—give correct "bite"
—beautifully finished
—durability guaranteed

$7

My Whalebone Vulcanite Plates $10 SET

—restore youthful expression
—accurate and scientific
—they fit perfectly
—match original teeth
—efficient in use
—beautiful workmanship
—durability guaranteed

Dr. Robinson
Dental Specialist
Birks Bldg. Winnipeg

HOW I KILLED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Hindoo Secret Banished It So it Never Returned After Electricity and Many Depilatories Had Failed

LET ME HELP YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE

Until nearly middle age I was sorely troubled by hideous Superfluous Hairs. My face was a sight, with a heavy moustache on my lip and a tough beard on my chin. My arms were also heavily covered. I tried one thing after another without success. The electric needle only made the growth worse. Finally, my husband, an Officer in the British Army, secured from a Native Hindoo Soldier (whose life he saved) the closely-guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which forbids Hindoo Women to have even the slightest trace of hair on any part of their body except that on their head. I used it and in a few days my hair-growths had entirely disappeared. Today not a trace of it can be found.

MRS. HUDSON, Whose Soldier-Husband's Bravery Secured the Sacred Hindoo Secret.

I will send Free and without obligation to any one, full information and complete instructions so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all trace without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle. So stop wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations and write me today, giving your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss. All I ask is, that you send me a 2c stamp for return postage. Address, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Suite 910, E. Bronson Bldg., Attleboro, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Mrs. Hudson belongs to a titled family, high in English Society: she is connected with leading officials there and is the widow of a prominent officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. She has opened an office in America for the benefit of sufferers from Superfluous Hair. Her full address is, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Suite 910, E. Bronson Bldg., Attleboro, Mass.

Wheat City Business College

Brandon, Man.

Write for our Free Catalogue.

F. A. WOOD, Principal

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The Sultan's Holy Railway

A few years ago the Sultan caused a sensation in the Mohammedan world by announcing that he would build a holy railway to Mecca in order that the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet, which every Moslem desires to make at least once in his life, might be made in safety and comfort. There should be no more of the toils, fatigues, and dangers of the caravan routes through the hot, Bedouin-infested Arabian Desert. Heretofore no small proportion of pilgrims had been waylaid, robbed and perhaps killed by those turbaned highwaymen; it was the Sultan's ambition to make the path secure for the faithful.

The project met with favor among the followers of Islam. They contributed generously to carry out the Sultan's plan, and contrary to the usual experience with Turkish officials, the money they subscribed was honestly spent on an excellent railway, which was, moreover, built with business-like promptness and efficiency. How that happened, and why English observers have come to the conclusion that the religious motive was not the only one that led to the building of the road, these extracts from an article in Navy and Army will show.

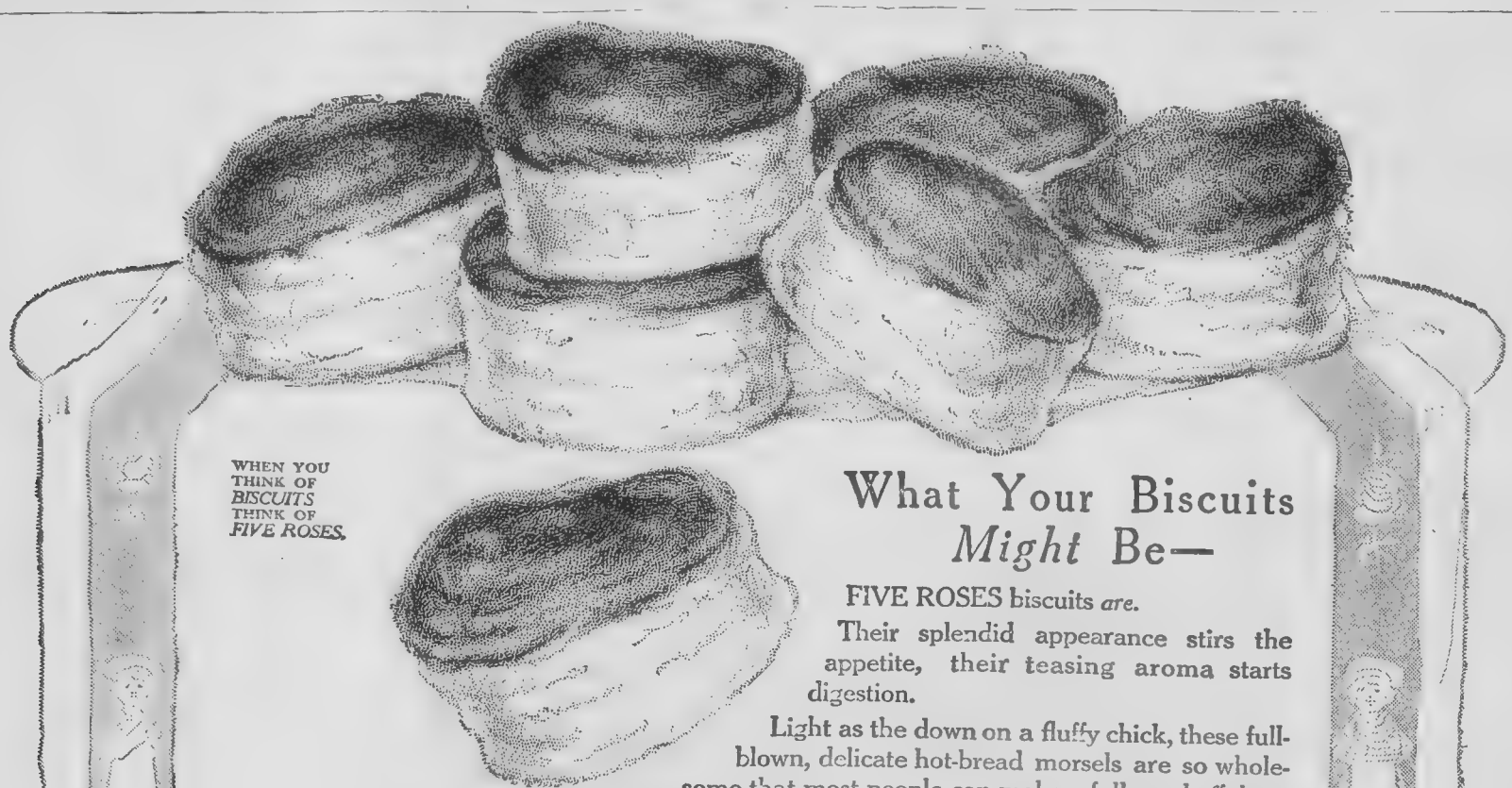
"At the time the significance of the railway was not realized by those outside. It was a railway built by Mohammedans for Mohammedans, and that sufficed for the world at large. Damascus was selected as the northern terminus, and the other end of the line was to rest somewhere on the Red Sea—preferably at Jedda. The engineer in chief was to find the route between these two termini, and was only enjoined to see that it passed through the birthplace and shrine of the Prophet. Economic considerations were ignored. A railway one thousand miles long was built at a cost of several million pounds sterling, in complete disregard of everything generally regarded as essential in railway planning.

"When it came to building the road, no tenders were invited. The undertaking was handed over to the Germans. An accomplished engineer was sent from the Fatherland to supervise the whole operation, to plan the route and to build the road. The route he chose is worth noticing.

"Damascus was connected with the road that extended north to Aleppo, whence in due season a line was to be laid to connect with the Bagdad Railway that leads by way of Konia to Scutari and Constantinople.

"An outlet to the Palestine coast was offered at Beirut, but a superior and independent water terminus was subsequently established at Haifa. The railway is carried almost due east from this point through most difficult country to Deraa, where it joins the main road south of Damascus.

The Holy or Hejaz Railway is built, in short, on military and not on commercial or economic principles. It links up with the railway system that Germans have built through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and through that system with the European railways at Scutari. It passes conveniently near the borders of Egypt, and its terminus on the Red Sea is opposite Port Sudan, which is the nearest port to Khartum. Over its tracks Turkish soldiers, and those of other nationalities if opportunity offers, can pass to the invasion of Egypt. It is impossible to ignore the fact that we have here a splendidly built military railway, and we cannot help asking, Is the Holy Railway to Mecca also meant to be the German highroad to Egypt?



WHEN YOU THINK OF *BISCUITS* THINK OF *FIVE ROSES.*

What Your Biscuits *Might* Be—

FIVE ROSES biscuits *are.*

Their splendid appearance stirs the appetite, their teasing aroma starts digestion.

Light as the down on a fluffy chick, these full-blown, delicate hot-bread morsels are so wholesome that most people can make a full meal off them without discomfort.

It is the most witching form in which you can serve the sturdy vitality of Canada's best wheat—so serve these biscuits *oftener.* Tempt your folks, win them by using

Five Roses★ FLOUR *for Breads-Cakes Puddings-Pastries*

You will know the joy of creating a perfect product.

See what a snowy contrast they make with the dainty crust, when broken apart.

No common flour can give you at *every* baking that same satiny, yielding finish. FIVE ROSES is famous for the even layers of dainty texture it brings to biscuit makers.

Do you want your foods more savoury—do you desire the very fulness of nutlike flavor peculiar to Manitoba's hard wheat kernels? It is not so elusive but that FIVE ROSES will capture it for your benefit.

To bread-making FIVE ROSES brings strength and economy; to cake-making, it brings flavor and staying qualities; to pastries, it yields flakiness and digestibility.

Use it with your favorite recipe, then you will *know* why it outsells any other flour in Canada for general family use.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO. LIMITED, WINNIPEG.

Ideal Biscuits

How to Make Them

8 magic pages on biscuits, gems, muffins. Tested, infallible recipes contributed by over 2,000 successful users of FIVE ROSES flour.

Send for the FIVE ROSES COOK BOOK

Gives accurate, understandable information on bread, pastries, pies, puddings, rolls, sandwiches, cookies. So essential that over 200,000 women couldn't do without this famous 144 page manual. Sent for 10 two-cent stamps. Address Dept. B.

★ Guaranteed NOT BLEACHED—NOT BLENDED.

The Runaways

By Winifred Lee Wendell

THE Countess of Chamberd was a woman of impulse and an autocrat. She was also very, very charming. When she decided—upon an impulse that her husband's nephew, the Duke of Rexhall, should marry the daughter of her girlhood friend Elizabeth Vaughan, the thing was as good as done. That Rexhall happened to be a peer of England and Elizabeth an American heiress did not prevent their being, as well, human man and human woman, and therefore subject to that charm, the possession of which had never yet failed to win Kitty Chamberd her way.

She had reached in her mental processes the planning of the ducal honeymoon, when the young duke sauntered across the chateau terrace, sighted his aunt, and quickened his steps, calling "Good afternoon, Tante."

"Cris!" She welcomed him with kindling eyes and outstretched hands. "You got my wire?"

"Less than two hours ago in Paris. And here I am." He bent over her finger tips. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to marry my friend Nellie Vaughan's daughter Elizabeth," she answered, promptly.

He laughed at what he called her "delicious American humor."

"That's very nice of you, dear Tante, but I'm awfully in love with another girl." He seated himself opposite her and gently mopped his forehead.

"That's because you've never met Elizabeth," was her answer.

"Perhaps—no, I think not." He regarded her thoughtfully. "There's never really anyone but one, you know. When you've met her, the others don't count."

"Who is she?"

"I don't know her name. Call her Aphrodite. She's lovely enough," said the duke, dreamily.

"Not know her name? My dear Cris, impossible!" The countess was very conventional. Marriage with a Parisian and twenty years of continental life had made her so.

"But you're expecting me to fall in love with a girl I've never seen. That's more impossible," he protested.

"You will see her this afternoon. And to see Elizabeth is to love her."

"Show me," observed the duke, unconsciously quoting the Man from Missouri.

"Delighted," said the countess, briskly. "It's all arranged. Cris, you've made me very happy. I knew you'd be a good boy about it."

"But look here, you're wrong. You've forgotten—Aphrodite," cried the duke in some haste.

"No. That is for you to do."

"But I can't. She isn't the sort a man forgets."

Something in his tone, more than his eyes, made her say:

"Tell me about it, dear boy."

"There's so little to tell," confessed his grace. "We met at Rouen. She was crossing the street * * * a motor cycle came along. She stopped at the wrong time. There'd have been an ugly smash up if I hadn't been lucky enough to—er—pull her out. We talked a bit; then she disappeared. That's all. I've been looking for her everywhere."

"And you didn't find her?" asked his aunt, hopefully.

"I didn't find her, but I'm going to. And then I shall marry her."

His aunt regarded him in open disapproval.

"I wish, Cris, there were more Chamberd and less Rexhall in your composition. Your mother not only gave you an English father but an English nature."

"Would you love me more?" He rose and towered over her. But his voice was tender.

"No, but I'd manage you more easily," she retorted, calmly. She turned her back on him and walked away.

He stared after her, laughing a big, hearty English laugh. Then he, too, strolled across the terrace, staring idly down a broad expanse of turfy lawns, through vistas of lilac blooms and spring sunlight. At the end of the lawn was an iron gateway, shutting the chateau grounds from the highway. The duke's glance focused itself upon this gate, and upon a figure which stood before it. A woman was making vain efforts to lift the latch. For a moment she struggled. Then, with a little gesture of despair, put her hands to her face and leaned heavily against the unyielding bars of iron.

The duke went to the rescue. When he was within greeting distance he stopped abruptly and stared.

"Oh!" cried the duke "It's you!" And he walked toward her.

The girl had not spoken.

"Do you remember me?" His tone was humble.

"Yes." she nodded. "You saved my life at Rouen. It was very kind of you. Thanks."

"You're very welcome. I'm sure you weren't ready to die. You look very young and happy." His tone was almost paternal.

The girl frowned. "But I'm not happy. I'm very unhappy. I want to get out and I can't." She tugged at the gate again.

"But I don't want you to get out. I want you to stay in. You belong in, don't you?" he asked, anxiously.

"I am supposed to belong in. But there are reasons—a reason—why I prefer to be—out. I am running away," she concluded, deliberately.

"Running away? From whom?" asked the meddlesome peer.

"From a man," said the girl.

"I am quite ready to help you do that," said the duke, gallantly.

"Of course I shall ask you to say nothing about it. You aren't supposed to have seen me. Can I trust you?"

"Can you?" He looked steadily into the loveliest eyes in the world.

She put her hand in his. "I am sure I can," she said. "It's all the countess's fault. Mother would never have thought of it. But the countess dinned it in her ears until I believe they both think of nothing in the world except 'my noble boy,' * * * 'my dear Cris!' Oh!"

Little drops of perspiration prickled the ducal forehead.

"Cris!" he echoed.

"The Duke of Rexhall, the Countess Chamberd's nephew," explained the girl. "The countess is determined that no scheming girl shall get him. Mother is equally determined that no American man shall get me. So they are going to marry us to each other. Nice, isn't it?"

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"If you could have gone through what I have the last two weeks you couldn't doubt it!" She thrust out her hands with a gesture of helplessness. Do you know, they've sent for him. They're so afraid I'll escape before he comes."

"Is there—another man?" demanded the duke.

She looked at him under her lids and had the grace to blush.

"No, not another man. I am going to Algiers with my friends, the Freidmans."

"Ah!" It was a sigh of relief. She ignored it.

"I feel like an article at an auction sale, knocked down to the highest bidder—with a full understanding as to who the bidder is to be." Her rage was uppermost again. "That's why I'm running away. I won't stay. I won't see him. I'm going to the Friedmans and stay with them until that detestable man goes back to England."

"Oh, really you know"—looking at her meekly—"he may not be such a bad sort. Aren't you a bit—unfair?"

"While he may not be a wife beater or a villain, he may be the biggest prig ever," she declared, ruthlessly. "With one of the richest dukedoms in the country and an army of worshipping, not to say groveling, relatives * * * and his looks!" The young man's face warmed. "I've heard nothing but rhapsodies over that classic nose—those sapphire eyes—Mrs. Tredway calls them soulful—to say nothing of a form like a Greek

Would You Like to Have a Copy of Our New Fur Catalogue?

Here It Is

Forty pages containing 185 style plates—each one photographed from living models posed especially for this catalogue. The new styles show many changes in the furs for the coming winter. Special attention has been directed in this year's catalogue to the needs of the farmers in Western Canada, and many serviceable, high quality, well-made designs for men and women are shown.

FREE!

The sole purpose of this Catalogue is to serve our out-of-town customers satisfactorily, and we believe it will achieve its purpose. Remember we pay all mail or express charges on any garment and ship the same promptly to you with a money-back guarantee for satisfaction.

Ladies' Extra Fine Muskrat Coats
$85.00

Men's Raccoon Coats
$85.00

TWO SAMPLE VALUES

A most practical garment combining style and warmth. Cut on specially loose fitting lines with deep storm collar and cuffs from very soft pliable selected skins—45 inches long and specially priced in our Mail Order Department at

$85.00

An excellent roomy garment made from evenly matched skins and lined with quilted Farmer's Satin—wide shawl collar, loop and barrel fastenings–an ideal coat for country driving–made in 50 and 52 in. lengths. Specially priced at

$85.00

Keep in mind that Fairweather Furs have a national reputation for quality, style and workmanship, and every garment guaranteed

W.H.M.
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

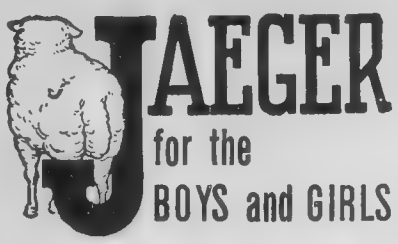
Please send me (postpaid) your 1916-17 Fur Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

Fairweather & Co. Limited

297-299 Portage Avenue :: Winnipeg



JAEGER for the BOYS and GIRLS

To be clothed correctly is of vital importance to your children. Pure Wool wear prevents chills and lays the foundations of Health. Clothe your Boys and Girls with Jaeger throughout.

Combinations, vests, pants, and drawers, knitted suits, sweaters, caps, gloves, stockings, etc., etc.

A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application to

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System Co. Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG
Incorporated in England in 1883, with British Capital for the British Empire.

Western Canada's Leading Taxidermist

Send us your Game Birds to Mount.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Indian Curios Game Heads, Elk Tusks, and Live Wild Animals.
A full line of taxidermist's supplies.
We buy all kinds of Rare Birds and Mammals
Write for Price Lists.

E. W. DARBEY
237 Main St. Winnipeg
Official Taxidermist To Manitoba Government

Grocery Values

Farmers, Ranchers, etc., within 175 miles, write for our grocery catalogue. Enormous stocks and rapid turnover guarantee you greater variety and freshness of supplies. Free freight to your nearest station.

S. G. FREEZE
P. O. Box 449 Calgary

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It To-day.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 717
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N.Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

.....

.....

.....

athlete." She gave a great sigh. "Oh, dear, I'm so tired of his perfections!"

"Don't believe all they say," cried the duke. "It's all poppycock about his—his looks. He's just a man with—" He broke off breathlessly. She was staring at him with a queer little look in her young eyes.

"Do you know him?" she demanded.

"I've heard of him," he replied, cautiously. "You see we are—that is, I am a guest at the chateau and I naturally—naturally—" he floundered, looking at the girl helplessly.

"Naturally heard the silly talk," she finished for him, kindly. She pointed to the gate. "I beg of you to open that gate and let me out. You see how impossible the situation is, how intolerable it would be for me to remain."

The Duke of Rexhall was a man of action. He saw that the situation was, indeed, impossible. He grasped the obstinate gate and, after a moment's struggle, forced the lock. The gate swung back. The girl stepped out and the young man after her.

"Are you expecting to walk?" he asked.

"Yes. It was the only way."

"Do you like the prospect?" was his next question, pointing down the road.

A merciless glare stretched before them. The next moment a pillar of cloud suddenly arose in the distance, growing larger and cloudier every moment until it was upon them, enveloping, blinding them. A motor burst through the cloud and was past them with a roar, leaving the duke and the girl groping through its dusty wake.

"Oh!" gasped the runaway.

"Look out," warned the duke. "Here comes another—two of them."

Instinctively he threw out a protecting arm. For a brief moment her fingers touched it.

"Like the journey of the Israelites, with no end of pillars," he commented, encouragingly. "How do you like it?"

"It doesn't look inviting; but I prefer—the journey."

"To the man?" he asked.

"To the man," she smiled back at him.

"I say," cried the duke, "if you'll wait a jiffy I'll get a motor and take you over."

As the girl hesitated the duke bowed with a show of formality.

"My name is Montford — Ambroise Montford, at your service."

"And I, sir, am Elizabeth Vaughan," she announced, primly.

"Will you do me the honor?" begged the duke.

Miss Vaughan smiled a kind little smile. "Yes," she said, graciously. "I will. Only please hurry."

He replied with a wave of his hand and was off. She watched him, laughter in her eyes, upon her lips. As he sped up the road, the splendid set of his shoulders, the flash of gold about his head as it caught the sun's rays, the clean, fresh young manhood of him so potently manifest, did not fail to make their appeal to the young lady's powers of appreciation.

A few moments later she was safely tucked away in none other than the Countess Chamberd's largest and finest touring car, the Comet, a splendid vision of blue enamel and brass ornament.

Chateau Chamberd was a mere dot of white in the receding background; ahead of them a constantly changing panorama of sloping lawns and fragrant blooms, of crimson and gray roofs and shining walls; and all the way, like a gentle accompaniment to their song of joy, the silver gleam of the Seine.

"What are you thinking about?" demanded Miss Vaughan, at last.

"About you and the Duke of Rexhall," he replied, promptly. "Do you mind if I ask you something? Haven't you the least interest in him? Don't you care a rap about meeting him * * * just out of curiosity, you know?"

"I suppose you think a real duke is an irresistible appeal to an American girl," she announced, calmly. "Well, it—he—is. She would be an unnatural woman if it—he—didn't rouse a little curiosity in her." She was frankness itself. "If this idea of our marrying each other hadn't come up, I should have stayed and dropped him my prettiest curtsey! He may not be so bad. A man isn't always responsible for what his relatives say about him," said Miss Vaughan, pleasantly.

"I hope not!" cried the Duke of Rexhall fervently.

"As it is," she continued, "nothing on earth could induce me to meet him. It would be like a red rag to a bull. I should hate the sight of him. Can't you imagine our meeting—with the entire chateau, including the servants, watching for him to open his ducal arms and for me to fall into them?"

The Duke of Rexhall regarded her wistfully. He did not find the picture so distasteful.

"Are you so awfully sorry?" she mocked, a taunting little smile creeping into her eyes.

"Yes," he answered, looking into the eyes, "sorry for the Duke of Rexhall."

Miss Vaughan averted her glance to the landscape. The duke gazed moodily at the road.

The Dinner Hour

"We're there!" cried the girl, a moment later.

The Comet swerved to the right and slackened speed, coming to a standstill under a canopy of apple branches.

"When am I to see you again?" The young man was looking at his companion with polite deference, but his tone bespoke a quiet determination which was not lost upon the listener.

"That depends upon how long the Duke of Rexhall stops at the chateau," she answered.

"If I wait for the Duke of Rexhall to leave, I may never see you again."

"Oh, dear, is he going to stay forever?"

"It is natural to suppose that every effort will be made to keep him until you do return," said the young man, shamelessly. "But his staying needn't prevent my seeing you—here. I shouldn't mind an invitation to your friend's place. As the guest of the Countess Chamberd, and as your friend." He waited for the effect of his suggestion. Silence. She was looking down the road, her charming face gravely meditative.

"We aren't friends," she said, finally. "We're mere chance acquaintances."

"I saved you from being killed," declared this self-trumpeted Don Quixote. "That ought to constitute some sort of claim. And then—" he leaned forward, looking into her eyes, "we're going to be friends, aren't we? Don't you think it was meant that we should be—friends?"

"Yes, I think that—perhaps—we were meant to be—friends." It was a low-voiced concession.

The Comet hot forward into the Freidman grounds.

"May I call to-morrow?" he asked as Miss Vaughan alighted.

"To-morrow at four," she consented. "But come alone."

"As you wish," he said, politely. "I had thought of bringing the Duke of Rexhall along." Upon which sally they both laughed and parted.

A group of people were having tea on the broad portico of the Chateau Chamberd, which overlooked the valleys and fields of the Seine. Their conversation was such as the hour of five on a spring afternoon and the cheery clinking of teacups are conducive to. It was a garden within a garden, for the portico was inclosed by deep, blossom-laden boxes and covered with white and crimson awnings.

At the end of the terrace stood the countess, watching the approach of her nephew from the gardens. There was a hint of mockery in the chatter behind her. She seemed to hear in it the ridicule which would certainly be thought if not expressed later, when it was discovered that her object in bringing the assembly together was a futile one. For they were all, from the American Bishop, to the East Indian seer, bidden to witness the meeting of the young Duke of Rexhall and the American girl. Up to the present moment both had failed her.

At five the young man appeared, sauntering toward the terrace. As he mounted the steps he smiled up at his aunt. Then his glance shifted to the tea drinkers.

"Dear me, what a lot of people"

"How could you run away, Cris?" She reproached him.

"But you didn't tell me there was to be a party. Is the American goddess among them?"

"No." She spoke sharply. "No, she isn't. She's run away, too. How could she, when she knew you were to be here?"

"Perhaps that's why," he suggested.

His aunt smiled.

"Deliberately miss the chance of meeting a real live duke? You don't know women, Cris."

"Bally rot," said the duke, elegantly. "A duke's just a man."

"You're neither of you worth it! You are a stupid creature!" she cried. "I wash my hands of you both."

"Ah," he observed, "if you had worked that system in the beginning you might have had us in love with each other by now."

The novel arrival of a small boy suddenly looming up from outside one of the flower boxes caused a mild commotion among the tea drinkers. The small boy scrambled over the box and stood before the Bishop. The Bishop looked down at the boy with an indulgent smile, characteristic of all good bishops at peace with themselves and the world.

"And who may he be?" asked the Bishop in his most confidential tone.

"I am David Freidman, and I've brought a letter. It's for Mr. Montford—Mr. Ambroise Montford."

The Duke of Rexhall stepped hastily forward.

"That's my name," he said.

"Sure?" David asked, searchingly.

"Sure," declared the Duke of Rexhall. "Montford," he spelled.

David consulted the address, gave the waiting duke another stare, and handed him the letter. Rexhall glanced swiftly at the address, then slipped the letter into his pocket.

"Misdirected," he explained to his aunt, forestalling the question upon her lips. He turned to David. "How did you come over?"

"On Silvertop," answered David, pointing down the drive. A small pony stood at the gate.

"I'll go down with you and have a look at Silvertop. Is he motor broken yet?"

Behind shelter of the first lilac bush the Duke of Rexhall paused to read the note. It was in this wise:

Dear Mr. Montford:

My friends have changed their plans and leave to-morrow for Algiers. I shall have to return to the Chateau in the morning to pack. The only blot on my landscape is "dear noble Cris." Can you not take him to Paris for the day? I am sure you will both find a great deal that is amusing and instructive in Paris. Please do, and make me gratefully and eternally your

Friend From Rouen.

"You look sick," observed David.

What of the Child?

By Tillicum

"I HAVE always been my father's favorite; my mother never seemed to understand me, remarked a young lady. This casual remark touches upon an error on the part of parents which is all too common, even though it may not be intentional.

In most families, the mother has the larger part of the care of the children, at least during their earlier years, when they are the most susceptible to impression. The child may have inherent tendency not recognized by the mother, in consequence of which the boy or girl is sometimes caused to suffer wrongfully. A boy may appear to be persistently wilful or stubborn, and no amount of corporal punishment effects a change, but care to show him good reason for obedience work a speedy improvement. The girl may be naturally emotional and utterly unable to control those emotions, when aroused, upon instant command, so must be dealt with kindly, even lovingly, as well as firmly.

If the mother fails to recognize these or other peculiarities, and deal with them in the wrong way, irreparable harm may be done the child, and early estrangement between parent and child follow. For instance, a boy fails to do as he is bidden. He has characteristics which will help him to endure any amount of whipping, without altering his will, but, if he is placed in a position where he is obliged to reason it out, he will eventually take the right course. Again, the girl disobeys or misbehaves and, as a consequence, is whipped, or, possibly talked to in such a way that to her is even harder to bear. Her naturally emotional nature, through what transpires, becomes highly wrought up and disturbed. Probably the most natural way for her emotion to find relief is through crying, and, if the crying is genuine, it may be harmful to check it too suddenly. It would seem better that the child be left alone or at least alone with her mother, until her disturbed nerves are restored to their normal calm. If the crying be superficial, or a pretence, that is another matter.

Fortunate indeed is the mother who has the gift of discernment; who readily sees the difference in the dispositions of her own children, is able to govern each accordingly, and holds their love and comradeship throughout life. This lack of discernment on the part of either father or mother has driven many a boy or girl away from their home nest and thrown them upon the world, or their own resources, before their judgment was sufficiently mature. How many of the failures or wrecks in life may be attributed to such lack of discernment and consideration for the peculiarities of disposition in the child! Perchance the father has found it easy to obey, from his infancy. The apparent wilfulness of his boy is foreign to his make-up, but he is wise if he recognizes the peculiarity and considers it carefully; does not condone offences, but uses extreme tact in aiding the boy to the right. The mother may be practically a stranger to emotions, or believe it a shame to give expression to them, and her life has been regulated by practicality and stern unyielding principle, but if she would do her best for her emotional daughter she must have an especial care in controlling and directing those emotions.

Some years ago, the writer met a young man in the newer districts of British Columbia, who frankly admitted that he was "adrift." He said: "My father was a minister, and his sternness and austerity I could not abide—it drove me from home when a mere boy." He was going with the tide—ever downward, and it was an open question if faithful, earnest Christian effort on the part of others could succeed in reclaiming what the father's lack of discernment has caused to drift. He was still capable of impression, and had respect for the good, but he had been going with the multitude so long that his will power had become perverted and a supreme effort indeed would be required to place him once more in the path of rectitude.

"Oh, he's the black sheep of the flock—there's always one, you know," has been a common expression for many decades, and has it not been because this "black" or "odd sheep" has not had the wisest of care when in the impressionable stage?

The boys and girls of our land and nation must soon take the places of the fathers and mother. If we have the interests of our nation really at heart—are truly patriotic, we must give the boys and girls our very best thought and effort.

When we have done our part faithfully, with prayer for Divine guidance, we may be able to say: It is well with the child!

English as She is Wrote

Phil Thompson tells of the trials experienced by a friend of his who recently acquired a new stenographer. The dear little thing is a trifle weak in orthography but Thompson's friend has been loath to call her down, in view of the fact that she tries so hard to please. He is too big-hearted to discharge the girl, for she needs the money: so he corrects the spelling himself.

Recently, however, he was forced to call her attention to the fact that in a letter of some seventy-five words, she had committed eight errors, among which was "fourty."

"My, my!" exclaimed the friend. "This won't do, you know, I can't stand for forty spelt this way!"

The willing worker looked over his shoulder at the offending word, "Gracious!" she exclaimed, "how careless of me! I left out the 'gh,' didn't I?"

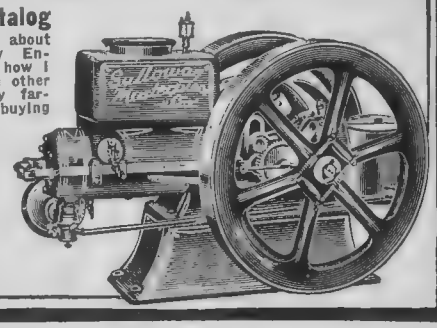
"Kitchener and the War." Officially approved. Written specially for Canadians. Profusely illustrated. Great opportunity for man or woman. You can make $550 clear in ninety days or less. Experience unnecessary. Spare time may be used. Winston Co., Toronto.

$159.50 GALLOWAY'S Masterpiece "Six"

BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY AT BIG SAVING

This is the engine you need on YOUR farm. It is a masterpiece of mechanical genius—powerful—large bore and long stroke—easy to operate and understand—very economical in fuel consumption. More than 20,000 satisfied farmers are using Galloway Engines and there is a size for every purpose at a big saving in price when quality and power is considered.

New Big Free Catalog is now ready and tells all about this and other Galloway Engines; how they are built, how I make the price, and much other valuable information every farmer should have before buying an engine of any kind.



This big catalog also illustrates and describes everything needed for the farm: implements of every kind; fine wearing apparel for men, women and children; boots, shoes, moccasins, etc., and all at prices that will save you money. Don't delay. Send for this big free book this very day. It should be in every home.

The Wm. Galloway Co. of Canada Limited
Dept. 15 Winnipeg, Man.

$305.00

FREIGHT PREPAID

To Any Point in Western Canada

Guaranteed For Ten Years by Williams Piano Co. Makers

Three Years To Pay

Quarterly Half-Yearly or Annual Payments Arranged To Suit You

This "Sweet-Toned Ennis

Shipped Direct to You--

Suggest Your Terms. We'll Try and Meet Them

FOR thirty years a popular instrument from coast to coast—a piano action comprising all the improvements of thirty years manufacturing; enclosed by a cabinet—the equal in finish to any and superior to most.

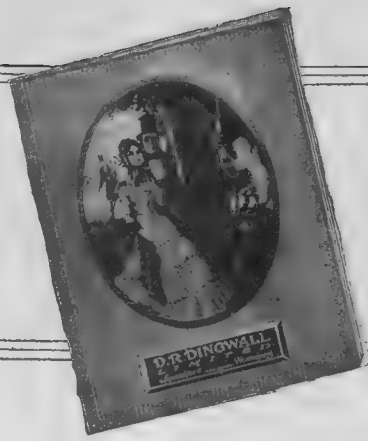
The long winter evenings ahead will be more enjoyable in your home with a piano. Take advantage of this special bargain offer and secure this regular $375 instrument on these easy terms.

Write To-Day for illustrated catalogue containing detailed description. It's Free

Cross, Goulding & Skinner

Wholesale and Retail Agents

323 Portage Avenue Winnipeg



"Just what I wanted"

That's what you will say when you see the new Dingwall Christmas Catalogue—and that's what your friends will say when they open the gifts you select from it. You will remember how you always appreciate the Dingwall gifts that come to you.

There is a big demand for the catalogue this year—our lists are filling up fast. People will want it for the sake of the cover design alone. Make sure of your copy by writing to-day—a post card will do.

D. R. Dingwall Limited
Diamond Merchants, Jewellers and Silversmiths
Winnipeg

PERFECT VISION
No Pain

Every day is a delightful day to the woman who can use her eyes without strain. We guarantee to correct any optical defect and to give absolute satisfaction in adjusting the most intricate case of imperfect eye-sight.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COUNTRY CASES

R. J. PATTON, OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN
Formerly in charge of Eaton's Optical Dept.
211 Enderton Building, Portage and Hargrave, WINNIPEG

"Have you been eating too many cakes?"

The young man laughed despite his misery. "I did feel sick for a moment, David," he confessed. Then he wrote his answer:

My Dear Friend From Rouen:

Count upon me to keep the objectionable Cris out of your way. I expect it will be a difficult undertaking. You may imagine the forces that will be arrayed against his absenting himself just when you are about to return. However, I promise that you won't see him. As a reward (I shall have earned one, don't you think?) May I call upon you in Algiers? I am to ask for Miss Elizabeth Vaughan, am I not? I want to make sure, for "My Friend from Rouen" might be too indefinite to the guardian angel at Allah's Gate. And I do not want to lose you again. A. M.

"Is Silvertop good for another trip?" he asked, "because there is an answer, and a silver-mounted crop for the boy who brings it."

With a spring, David was in the saddle. "I'll be back in an hour," he called, and was off at full gallop.

David was back upon the hour's stroke. The note the messenger brought was brief:

"Welcome to Hotel St. George.—E. V."

"And now," cried the Duke of Rexhall, "for a time table."

Mahemet Ali sat, cross-legged, on his mat, humming to himself a little Song of the Morning. The colors of his gandoura, haick, and burnous were white and blue, delicate as sky tints.

By trade Mahemet was a vender of baskets, rugs, embroideries, and silver work. Politically he was a broker of government secrets. But by the sacred calling of his spirit Mahemet was a poet. He therefore sang with fine feeling the tribute to Aurora while he waited for his first customer.

A shaft of sunlight lay across the facade of the shop. It illumined the delicate tracery of the Arabic letters over the door and rippled through the lattice window. The arrival of a customer brought a shadow between Mahemet and the gold. He looked up and saw a girl standing upon his threshold. Her face was white and delicate as a lotus flower; the features bore the mark of Allah's finest workmanship. To the Oriental it was hardly a thing of flesh and blood, but rather the ethereal chrysalis of a spirit. As he gazed, Mahemet's soul took up the song of his lips—"gleam like the pearls that sprinkle a virgin's golden hair."

Suddenly Mahemet rose from his mat. There was another arrival. A man brushed past the girl and entered the shop. He was dark and short, and his eyes were evil. He was searching for the broker of political secrets.

"Gaspare!" whispered Mahemet softly, almost beseechingly.

Gaspare answered in mongrel French and Arabic, but there was enough French in it to be intelligible to others.

The Arabian shook his head in caution and pointed to the girl standing in the doorway.

"American," said Gaspare. The girl did not trouble him. But the news which he brought his fellow conspirator troubled him more than anything else in all his evil life. He drew closer to Mahemet and began speaking rapidly in thick guttural tones and with many gestures. Mahemet listened, nodding gravely from time to time, his eyes glowing with some hidden fire.

As the recital went on both speaker and listener forgot all save its perilous development. They stood with their backs to the door and so did not see the girl's head go up suddenly—the radiant sweep of crimson into her cheeks, the outgoing of her hand in greeting to another hand which clasped hers across the threshold of the shop.

"You meant it?" asked the Duke of Rexhall. "You expected me? I ask because you looked so awfully startled when you saw me—as though you'd seen the ghost of your great-grandmother, don't you know."

"One expects to be startled in Algiers," laughed Elizabeth.

"I wanted to come on the next boat, but I'd a time helping your friend the duke make peace with his aunt." He peered into the shop "I say, let's go in. It looks like an Arabian Nights Entertainment."

As they entered the shop Gaspare left it, running. The girl stepped across the rug-covered floor softly as though approaching a shrine. Her eyes were taking joyful inventory of Mahemet's treasures. The duke was staring with a great and an unguarded joy at the girl.

Mahemet took no notice of them. He stood erect, motionless, his somber eyes staring before him in the direction in which Gaspare had gone. He was praying—passionately, desperately, against the evil which was come upon him. He knew now that he had sold his last government secret. And the price—that day or another, but surely, inevitably, some day—was death.

"What is the price of the basket Mademoiselle is looking at?" asked the duke in French.

A peculiar spasm crossed Mahemet's face.

His eyes were fastened upon the door of his shop.

"Death, Monsieur, in less than five minutes," said the Arabian.

The Duke of Rexhall followed Mahemet's glance and rested upon a scene of Oriental confusion. The narrow street, deserted a moment before, now swarmed with white-shrouded figures. Dark faces were pressing against the latticed window. They were not friendly faces. Menace was in them and hatred He looked back to Mahemet.

"In that case, perhaps we'd better go," he suggested, pleasantly.

"Go! Only Allah could pass that human wall and live."

In Mahemet's eyes there was an expression which fascinated the Englishman. He had seen that look upon the faces of men dying in horrid agony. He had seen it at Omdurnam and Atbara.

He leaned close to the Arabian's face.

"Mademoiselle must be saved. Quickly, tell me another way out," he whispered.

Mahemet walked over to Elizabeth and held out his hand for the basket. The duke followed him.

"Follow me," whispered Mahemet, and stepped into the rear of the shop, thrusting back a curtain. There was a movement from the crowd in the street — a swaying movement toward the shop. "Quickly," cried Mahemet.

The girl and the duke passed behind the curtain into a room. Mahemet, with a smothered cry, thrust them forward, grasped the door which the curtain had hidden from the outer room, and shut it, barring and locking it with many devices of brass and iron security.

It was a wonderful room in which they were hiding—a place of silence and mel-

(Continued on page 32)

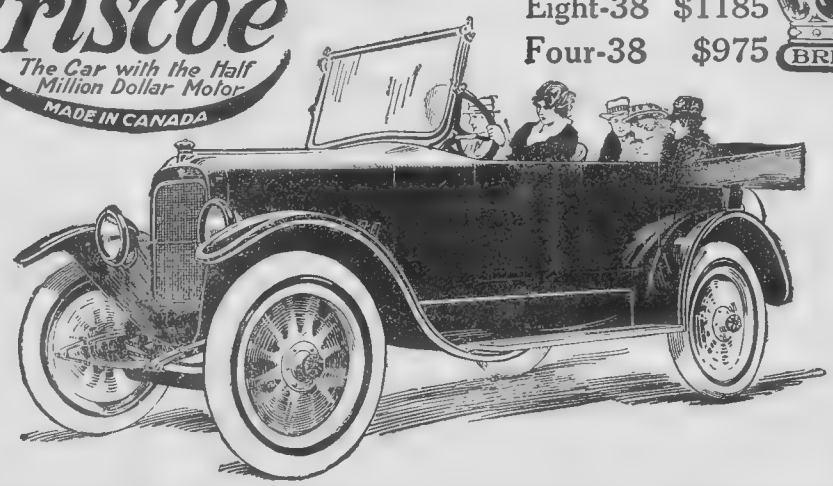
BRISCOE

Briscoe
The Car with the Half Million Dollar Motor
MADE IN CANADA

Eight-38 $1185
Four-38 $975

BRISCOE

Four
24
$825



The Half Million Dollar Motor at Toronto Exhibition

The latest Briscoe beauty has taken Canada by storm. At the Toronto Exhibition, the crowds who thronged the Automobile Section were enthusiastic in their praise of Benjamin Briscoe's masterpiece—the Briscoe 4-24—the car with the Half Million Dollar Motor.

It is the Car that all Canada has been waiting for—a beautiful car—a luxuriously comfortable car—a powerful car—at a price that is within easy reach of the man of every-day income.

Such a car for $825 is possible because of Mr. Briscoe's success in perfecting the Half Million Dollar Motor—the longest long-stroke Motor in the world.....3⅛" bore to 5½" stroke—a motor that made 32 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

The 105-inch Wheel Base, Floating Type Rear Axle, Full Elliptic Springs and deep Upholstery insure the utmost ease and comfort, when motoring.

Built on beautiful lines, with 5 passenger Touring or 4 passenger Roadster bodies. Splitdorf electric Starting and Lighting, fully equipped throughout.

You are interested, of course. You want complete details? Well, send for a copy of Mr. Briscoe's own story of "The Half Million Dollar Motor". It's a big man's narrative of a big achievement. A fascinating pen picture of pluck, virility and romance—of old-world pathos and new-world success. Mailed free. Write to-day for it.

27

The Canadian Briscoe Motor Co. Limited, Brockville, Ont.

BRISCOE

Appeal for Belgians

THERE would be wholesale starvation within three or four weeks if the importation of food into Belgium were stopped. That is the carefully considered opinion of Mr. F. C. Walcott, a well-known American, who went to Belgium last spring at the request of the Rockefeller Foundation to investigate the work of the neutral commission for relief, of which Mr. Herbert Hoover is chairman. The Rockefeller Foundation before contributing any further sums for the benefit of the seven million civilians in that part of Belgium occupied by the Germans, desired an independent report from their own representatives. The German authorities allowed Mr. Walcott to go wherever he liked; and under these exceptional circumstances he spent three weeks visiting the more thickly populated districts in Belgium and Northern France. Mr. Walcott says:

"If any of those who cavil at sending relief supplies into Belgium could only visit Belgium and could see personally the plight of the suffering people, they would come back as eager for the continuance of this relief work as I now am.

"It is difficult for anyone getting three ample meals a day, with plenty of fuel in the house and living even in moderate luxury, to comprehend what it means suddenly to be reduced to existing on one meal a day.

Waiting in the Rain for Food

"That one meal in Belgium consists of 300 grammes of bread, which is the equivalent of three medium-sized breakfast rolls or three thick slices of bread—and one-half litre—approximately one pint—of soup, made chiefly from vegetables. Of the seven millions in Belgium three millions are practically destitute, and they have to stand in line from one to three hours a day for this pittance of food. The depots for distribution are generally only large enough to accommodate thirty and fifty people at a time, so long queues of the hungry extend into the street for a hundred yards or more. Most of those who wait are so poor that they have no protection, in the shape of an umbrella or a thick coat, against the discomfort of stormy days.

"In the cities of Belgium I have seen thousands of people lined up in the snow, or rain-soaked and chilly, waiting for bread and soup. I have returned to some of the distributing stations at the end of the day, and have often found many men, women and children, still standing in line, but as the doors were then closed, they were compelled to go back to their pitiful homes, wet and miserable. It was not until eighteen weary hours afterwards that they got the meal they missed.

"Almost one-half of the population of Belgium, which has been deprived of all industry for nearly two years, have been reduced to this existence of daily waiting in line for a starvation ration.

The Need is Great

"The conclusion I have arrived at is that the need is great both for food and clothing in Belgium. There would be wholesale starvation within two or three weeks if the importation of food into Belgium were stopped. The need will continue to be great many months after peace is declared. Factories have been stripped of machinery, and there is complete stagnation of industry in Belgium. It will take months to rehabilitate these industries, and start the wheels again. Almost any amount of money that can be donated can be immediately used to the best possible advantage of the Belgians in Belgium, and I trust that the work of the British National Committee, whose benevolent assistance has been invaluable to the Neutral Relief Committee, will not be hampered by misstatements emanating from those who have not had the opportunity of visiting Belgium since the German occupation."

National Committee for Relief in Belgium

All money sent to the National Committee for Relief in Belgium is turned over, without any deduction whatever for expenses, to the Neutral Commission, whose work Mr. Walcott describes.

The Neutral Commission then purchases cargoes of food, which are sent to Rotterdam. From there they go into Belgium by barge or goods train, under the protection of the American flag and the seal of the Commission.

In Belgium there are about 125 central warehouses under the control of the Americans, who issue to 4,000 Belgian Communal Committees the supplies they need every week. These Belgian committees re-issue the food to Belgians. Thus the Germans never get a chance to handle the food at all.

There are three millions destitute who are daily in receipt, in this way, of total or partial relief. Over 750,000 of these are trade unionists.

The Relief Commission publishes a report showing every penny received and every pound of food bought. They also publish accounts from the Belgian Communes showing that all the food sent into Belgium has reached only those for whom it was intended.

Lord Robert Cecil, on February 21st, 1916, in the English House of Commons, stated that the Government "is satisfied with the manner in which the Relief Commission has carried on its work, and have exacted guarantees from the German authorities who might otherwise have taken advantage of the supplies."

Now that prosperity has returned to Canada, and we are engrossed in paying business, there is danger that we forget our debt to our destitute allies. For this is a real debt that we owe! Our present prosperity is, directly or indirectly, almost entirely a result of the war. We are profitting legitimately, of course, but it is only simple justice that we share these profits with those to whom the war has brought only want, suffering and sorrow.

Belgium's need was never greater than it is to-day! Germany's rule has lost none of its ruthless, heartless, grinding oppression! Practically unable to earn money except by hateful munition-making for the enemy, which they have refused to do and for which many have been in prison and been put to death, the Belgians are gradually exhausting what little financial resources the Hun levies have left them.

For food they are absolutely dependent on the Belgian Relief Commission, which imports it from this side of the Atlantic. Those who can pay for it do so, those who cannot are fed anyway. As the proportion of the 7,000,000 hungry Belgians who cannot pay is steadily growing, this means a heavy demand on the generosity of Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Picture it to yourself! Whole communities, including families formerly living in comfort and even in luxury, are now without money—with no clothing but rags—and with nothing to eat but the daily allowance from the Relief Commission. What this amounts to you can gather from the fact that at no time yet has the Commission been able to allow more than seven cents a day for man, woman or child!

So far, with splendid gifts of flour and money, Canada has done her share. Now, in the face of urgent need, the Belgian Relief Commission is sending out another call. Besides the growing demand for flour, there is now pressing need for condensed milk for Belgian babies. This call comes right home to those of us who are living in comfort and prosperity, who have made no real sacrifices either to help along the war or to aid its victims.

The Belgian Relief fund at Winnipeg is a branch of the Relief Commission for Belgium, and we think it is our duty to help them in their effort to prevent the suffering Belgians from starvation, and we appeal to our readers to do their utmost to answer this urgent call.

We have opened a subscription list, and we shall publish the names of all the donators, and, when our remittance is made to the Belgian Relief fund, we shall publish an acknowledgment of same.

Though your individual gift be small, so are the individual needs in "The Kingdom of Grief". Don't let one hungry Belgian look for help in vain because you thought what you could do was not worth while, or because you "just didn't bother!" Whatever you can afford to give, send your subscription weekly, monthly, or in one lump sum, to local or provincial committees or to The Western Home Monthly.

Your Dollars Go a Long Way

in the Hands of the Belgian Relief Committee

Nothing else has ever aroused the indignation and practical sympathy of the English speaking world as has the fate of Belgium. At the first call for help, some of the leading business men of the neutral United States organized the Commission for Relief in Belgium, arranging with the British Government to co-operate, and with the Germans to keep their hands off—and the work of feeding the starving millions began.

Never before has relief work been done on such a huge scale, or with anything approaching the efficiency with which it is being carried on in Belgium. Faced with the appalling task of feeding a destitute nation, the Commission has done magnificent work.

Scores of the ablest and highest salaried men of the United States and Great Britain have been giving their time free to perfect this organization and carry on the work. Operating expenses are phenomenally low. Business methods are applied to every feature of buying, shipping and distributing food, and every dollar received is accounted for.

With the millions of dollars that have been generously contributed to the Fund, the Relief Commission has managed to feed some three million Belgians for over two years. Rations have been meagre, but so far they have managed to avert actual starvation. But to keep it up until the War is over will require even greater efforts.

The situation in Belgium grows more critical with every passing week. The fate of women, children and old and wounded men, in steadily growing numbers, depends absolutely on the Commission. If the food supplied by it were cut off, the third day would find the weaker ones starving to death. Within two weeks 3,000,000 would be dead or dying, and 4,000,000 more would be suffering acutely.

Compare this with Canada, with our huge crops and busy factories, an abundance of food and plenty of money! Think of the average Belgian family! The father is in the trenches—or dead. The mother takes her place in the lengthening bread lines, to get the scanty rations served out by the Belgian Relief Committee. The children, thin and pinched and clad in rags, wait for what she will bring home.

So long as contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund keep up, each will get three slices of bread and a pint of soup a day. If the givings fall off, some must go hungrier, or starve!

You can save at least one from such a fate! $1.00 a month—less than 4c. a day—will do it. $2.50 a month, in the hands of the Belgian Relief Commission, will feed an average family. Can you spare that much or more? Can you, with a clear conscience, withhold it? How many families will you undertake to feed till the War is over?

Whatever you feel you can give, send your contributions, weekly, monthly or in one lump sum, to Local or Provincial Committees, or

Send Cheques Payable to Treasurer

Belgian Relief Fund

59 St. Peter St., Montreal

$2.50 Feeds a Belgian Family One Month

The Runaways

(Continued from page 30)

low lights. The air was heavy with the scent of attar of roses. The old rose, and purple, and gold embroideries, and the baskets of Kaybeles lay heaped in the corners—a wilderness of glowing colors. Everywhere—upon walls and floor and ceiling—were rugs, velvet to the touch, beautiful to the eye.

"Help me, Monsieur," cried Mahemet. He was tearing the rugs from their places and piling them against the door. The Englishman fell to and worked as he had never worked before, building up a silken wall between the enemy and the girl he loved.

But as they worked, the enemy's tools sounded their menacing echo through that silken wall. They were breaking in the door, wrenching its brass hinges and ornaments from their fastenings.

Upon that sound Mahemet flung himself against the futile barricade and sobbed his maledictions.

"We're trapped," observed the duke in an undertone. "What are you doing?" he cried sharply. The girl was feeling with swift fingers along the rug-lined wall. Suddenly she disappeared behind a crimson runner which hung from ceiling to floor. The duke sprang after her.

"A door—don't you feel it?" she gasped.

A gleam of light crept like a running flame across the tapestry. Garden scents and fresh air pierced the incense-laden atmosphere. The duke leaned forward, grasping the latch and the door swung back upon its antique hinges. Before them lay their way of escape—a quiet, sun-blessed old garden.

From the room behind the crimson runner came a sound of splintering wood. The Englishman looked back and saw the silken wall of his building go down before the invaders—saw Mahemet sway, then lurch forward to meet his unlovely fate.

He put his arm about the girl and stepped with her into the light, closing the door between them and the sound of Mahemet's death cry.

At the end of the garden was a gate, delicately carved. He unlatched it, and together they walked out upon a tiny hillside street up which a tiny French horse was pulling a prehistoric vehicle. The driver was nodding upon his perch. The duke hailed him.

"To the St. George," he ordered, and climbed after Elizabeth to a springless, cushionless seat.

"I suppose that is what might be called an Arabian Nights Entertainment," said the girl. Her voice trembled. She was thinking of the broker of political secrets.

It was a silent drive up the Sahel Road. At the hotel Mrs. Freidman met them.

"You're just in time for tea," she said to Elizabeth. Then she cast a discreet look at the young man who stood, hat in hand, beside the girl.

"I'm dreadfully hungry," said she. "And please let us have nothing Oriental to eat. I want English muffins and English tea and I want to hear American spoken." Then she looked squarely at the duke and said. "The Duke of Rexhall, I present Mrs. Freidman."

Ancestral breeding, inherited and strengthened through many generations, saved the day for the duke. He bowed—even smiled—but he dared not meet Elizabeth's eyes. Did they hold scorn or forgiveness.

"If your grace will, upon such short acquaintance, dine with us, we shall be honored," said Mrs. Freidman.

"I—I should be delighted," stammered the duke.

Mrs. Freidman hailed a passing waiter and began a low-voiced conversation with him.

"Perhaps his grace will have tea with us, too," suggested Elizabeth.

He turned slowly and looked at her. She was smiling.

"How long have you known?" he demanded.

"From the day you helped me run away," she replied, calmly. "As you may remember, there are some fifteen or twenty pictures of yourself gracing the chateau. I recognized you at once."

"Then you forgive me?" His tone was humble and eager.

"I forgive it the first day," she answered.

MAN IS AS OLD AS HIS ARTERIES

THE failure of the arteries is one of the tragedies of modern life. Men in the very prime of life, and in the midst of business activities, are suddenly cut off. In many cases the blow comes before they realize their condition.

And what is the cause? Most usually overeating and drinking, combined with too little bodily exercise. The blood becomes overloaded with poisons. The kidneys break down in an effort to filter the blood, degeneration of the arteries takes place, an artery in the brain bursts, a clot is formed and paralysis results. Or it may be an artery in the heart that gives way and causes heart failure.

And how is this condition to be avoided? By moderation in eating and drinking, and by keeping the liver, kidneys and bowels regular and active. If you do not get sufficient exercise to accomplish this, it is necessary to use such treatment as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It is only by the action of these organs that the blood can be purified and the poisons removed from the system. In using

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

you are not making any experiment, for they have no equal as a means of awakening the liver, kidneys and bowels to healthful activity. They prevent such serious troubles as hardening of the arteries, and thereby promote comfort and health and prolong life.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

Our Country's Call

By William Cullen Bryant

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood stream blots the green;
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye, who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

Make Your Own Drinking Cups

Material—8 by 8 inch square of any smooth tough paper. Fold on one diagonal. Place on desk with fold at bottom. On the left hand edge measure up from lower corner 4½ inches and place a dot. Fold lower right corner to touch dot on the left side, and crease. Turn over paper. Fold lower right corner to touch angle of fold on left side. Fold down the triangles left at the top, one on each side, and tuck into the openings of lower folds. These may prove more expensive than the regular manufactured cups if time of pupils in making them is considered, but the hand work experience will make up for it.—Kindergarten Primary Magazine.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

During September two very important things have happened, namely, the women of Saskatchewan have registered and are being placed on the voters' lists and will exercise their provincial franchise in connection with the vote on the abolition of government dispensaries, and the women of British Columbia won the franchise by an overwhelming majority. It is interesting to look back and think how brief a time it is since the Liberals were elected in Manitoba, with votes for women as one of the most important points in their platform. Alberta followed quickly, with really very little effort on the part of the women themselves, while Saskatchewan might be said to have received the vote almost without an effort, for there was less actual work done in the Province of Saskatchewan than in either Manitoba or Alberta. The British Columbia women, however, won their fight after a very considerable campaign.

Votes for Women

Now all of the West from the eastern boundary of Manitoba to where Victoria looks out across the Straight, the women have become a real factor in the making of the laws. It is an immense stride orward.

There has been a good deal of quiet amusement in Winnipeg among the women who bore the brunt of the battle for suffrage, over the action of some of the officials in the Women's Council of Winnipeg. These good ladies are very much exercised over the fact that should a Canadian man marry a foreign wife, she would be immediately entitled to vote, even if she could not speak a word of the language, because a woman takes the nationality of her husband, and whereas a foreign man coming to Canada under the new Nationalization Law, would not be able to vote for five years. These women were loud in their clamors for an even handed deal. It did not seem to occur to them that the real injustice was that a woman on marrying loses her nationality in that of her husband's. If they had concerned themselves with an amendment to the Dominion law which would permit a woman to retain her nationality until such time as she wished to change it herself, it would have seemed reasonable and just.

Citizenship

The war has surely laid emphasis on this form of injustice. In the early days of the war in Great Britain there were German women, who could scarcely speak any English, and who, for anything that was known about them, may have been German spies, receiving patriotic relief because they were the wives of British subjects and, therefore, British subjects; while, on the other hand, British subjects who had married Germans were actually in a number of cases, sent to interned camps with their foreign husbands, being under the law Germans and alien enemies because they had married Germans. Why should a woman, any more than a man, change her nationality because she marries?

The WONDER

BEAUTIFUL LAMP

Made of Brass. Gives 100 candle power soft, white light. Burns common coal oil. Costs less to operate than the ordinary lamp you are now using. Why not make your home more cheerful.

Order Now. $5.00 prepaid.
Write Dept. W.H.M.

UNITED MANUFACTURERS WINNIPEG 2

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is Fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often to Life.

Fat people need no longer despair, for there is a simple, home remedy to be had that safely reduces excess fat from any part of the body. It is called the ADIPO Treatment and to prove that it does the work in a pleasant and perfectly harmless way, we will send a 50c. Box FREE to any person who is too fat and sends us their name and address. We want to prove that ADIPO takes off fat by restoring the normal functions of the system—without dieting, exercising or discomfort. Remember, we offer to prove this to you at our own expense. Other diseases, like Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney or Heart trouble that so often come with obesity, improve as you reduce. This offer may not be repeated, so write at once for a Free 50c. Box of ADIPO and interesting illustrated book, they cost you nothing. Address the ADIPO Co, 3161 Ashland Bldg., New York

OSTERMOOR «O» OSTERMOOR

Say OSTERMOOR
—and *STICK TO IT!*

IF you called Henry Smith on the telephone, and the operator said "line's busy," you surely wouldn't say, "Give me any other Smith who has a telephone!"

It's the same with Mattresses—there's only one OSTERMOOR. Ask for it and look for the name in the binding. You pay only *once* for

THE FAMOUS
OSTERMOOR
MATTRESS

$18 for 50 Years of Restful Sleep

The OSTERMOOR will not mat, become lumpy, or uneven. Layer upon layer of the finest cotton felt is built into a casing, and it stays that way for a lifetime.

¶ Ask your dealer for it, or write us for the name of nearest agent.

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING Made in Canada

The ALASKA BEDDING CO. Limited
Makers of Bedsteads and Bedding 49W
WINNIPEG: Regina: Calgary: VANCOUVER
"ALASKA on an article means *High Grade Every Particle.*"

OSTERMOOR «O» OSTERMOOR

IMPORTANT

McBean Bros. Advice on Low Grade Wheat

As there is a large quantity of No. 6 and feed wheat grown this year, we feel it our duty to warn the farmers before selling this low grade grain to send samples and have it graded, as very often wheat that you might think is feed will grade as high as No. 5 and No. 4, and you also want to get the exact value before selling on street or track. It is very important that you follow out these instructions this year. The demand is enormous for all our grain and will continue until another crop is harvested, and we wish to reiterate to you strongly, get into the habit of shipping your own grain, especially this year. It will mean big money to you. Do not sell on any break in prices, as these breaks are engineered. It is not going to be a question of price this year, but where the wheat is going to come from to supply the demand. The trade has not yet realized the great shortage all over the world.

We figure our oats are entirely too low and should be 15c to 20c per bushel higher, compared with other grains and we strongly advise farmers not to be in any hurry in selling their oats. We also figure that flax will advance to $3.00 per bushel before another crop is harvested.

We are Commission Merchants and would like a share of your grain this year. Give us a trial, ship your grain to Fort William or Port Arthur; advise McBean Bros., Winnipeg, Man., so that we can look after the grading. We make big advances on each car of grain. Write us any time for market information.

McBEAN BROS.
Grain Exchange
Winnipeg, Man.

Sept. 28th, 1916.

BOYS! REAL RIFLE, FREE! BOYS!

Sell Big War and Patriotic Pictures at 15c

Latest model Take-Down Rifle, 22-cal., safety action, with automatic shell-starter, blued steel barrel, open sights, and instantly detachable stock—shoots strong and true—a Rifle to be proud of. Hunting type given for selling only 40, or military type given for selling 50, big, handsome colored pictures worth 50c, at only 15 each—thrilling battle scenes, stirring patriotic pictures, lovely landscapes, flower studies—going like wildfire—One Agent has already sold over 600; you will earn the Rifle in next to no time. Order today. Sell the pictures, then pay, and get your rifle. THE EMPIRE ART CO., Dept. X20 TORONTO

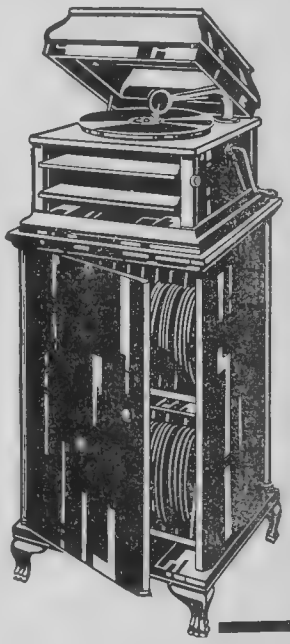
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER

Columbia Grafonola
with Record Cabinet
and 24 Selections : : :

$65 Freight Prepaid

$9 Cash—$6 Monthly

Special Discount for All Cash



Here is your opportunity to secure a complete outfit that you will be proud to own—at a price never before quoted—and on terms to suit yourself.

With the Grafonola you have all the entertainment you may wish for—and there's nothing like them for the long winter evenings ahead.

Only a limited number at this price. So act promptly.

Coliseum Records

10-inch double-sided Records, that will play on any machine 55c

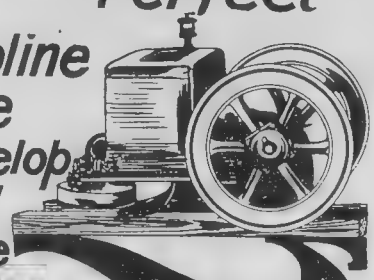
Write for Our Catalog

Including records by such famous old country stars as Vesta Tilley, Gertie Gitana, George Formby, Billie Williams, Wilkie Bard and Harry Champion.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO 333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

A Hint of the VALUES in the C.S. JUDSON CO. LIMITED Gasoline Engine AND Farm Supply Catalog.

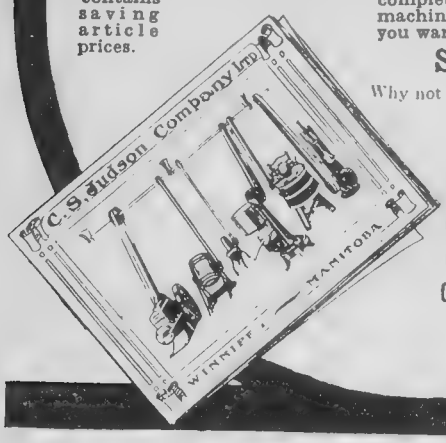
$32.50 Gets This Perfect Gasoline Engine It Will Develop 1½ H.P. And Is Complete Ready To Run



This engine is a brother to our "Handy Boy." It is an engine the farmer needs for pumping the water, and one that the women folks can use equally as well on the washing machine. It is the last word in gasoline engine construction. It is perfect in every detail, simple, reliable and economical and so very easy to start, that any boy or woman can operate it, and it only costs about two cents per hour to run it. It is sold on 30 days' free trial, satisfaction guaranteed. Complete with pumping jack and belt, **$38.50**.

Over 500 Other Surprising Values

You should have the C. S. Judson Co. catalog before you order an Engine, Grain Grinder, Cream Separator, Threshers' Supplies, Pump, Wire Fencing, Hay Tools, Hardware, Washing Machine, Churn, or other farm labor saving devices. It is a reliable guide to highest quality, lowest prices and the greatest value for every dollar. It is beautifully illustrated in three colors, contains complete and accurate descriptions of labor saving machinery. You will find it easy to select the article you want and easy to compare our quality and prices.



Send a Postal Now

Why not send a postal card to-day and see for yourself the many different lines we list and the low prices. Read how and what they are made of; read our straightforward guarantee of absolute satisfaction, and then decide where you will buy your gasoline engine, cream separator, or other farm supplies for 1916. Better send for this free book now; a postal card will do.

C.S. Judson Co. Ltd.
WINNIPEG

The present census, which is just being completed, is one of the most ridiculous examples of what a government can do along this line. You are asked: "What is your nationality?" You say, "Canadian." "Was your father born in Canada?" "No, he was born in England." "Then, you are English." Take my own case for example. My father was born in England, but came to Canada at the advanced age of four years. In spirit he was a Canadian of Canadians. My mother was the fourth generation of her family born in Canada and of United Empire Loyalists' stock. I was born in Canada, making the fifth generation on the distaff side born on Canadian soil, but I went down in the census as English. I would have no objection to being English if I had been born in England, but when and how are we to have a Canadian nation if we stick to these absurdities and insist that a woman take the nationality of her husband on marriage, no matter what that nationality may be, or where he has been reared. We talk about French-Canadians, Irish-Canadians, English and Scotch-Canadians. There should be no such thing recognized. Our neighbors to the South are a pretty powerful example of the hyphenated individual and we had better take that example to heart and mend our ways.

Hotels and Prohibition

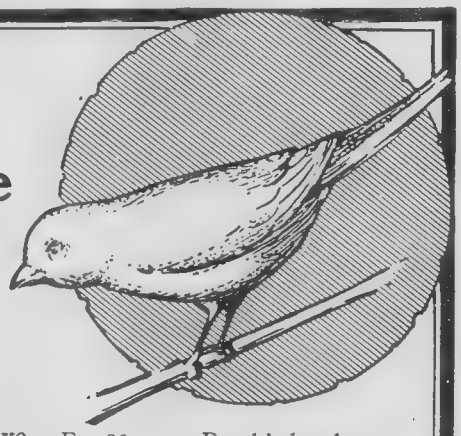
During the past two months I have travelled a very great deal in the three Western Provinces and have seen something at first hand of the working out of prohibition, and first I would like to state that the improvement, even in this very short time, is most marked. Country storekeepers constantly assured me that not only was their business better, but a very much larger percentage of business was being done on a cash basis and so far as I could see there was little violation of the law.

With regard to hotels, the situation is full of interest and I might remark in passing, of discomfort also for the travelling public. A great many hotelkeepers are meeting the changed conditions in a very poor spirit, their idea apparently being to punish the travelling public for what the voters as a whole insisted upon. The result is a good deal of discomfort, which, however, I think the majority of people will bear with cheerfully for a time, because of the great good to the communities at large from the closing of the bars; but it is not honest or fair that the travelling public should be charged the high prices which now prevail without at least getting something like adequate service. A very great many of the hotels in Saskatchewan and Alberta have closed their diningrooms and "let" rooms only. For these they charge all the way from $1.00 to $1.50 a night and you have to scurry around to a Chinaman's for a meal.

In a few cases I found that the hotelkeepers had met the situation in a good spirit, had adjusted their hotels to the new conditions and these men all told me they were making it pay. In these cases the diningroom is run in the hotel, but is usually separate from the rooms and the hotels are really being operated on the European plan and the charge amounts to from $2.30 to $3.00 per day, which, at present prices of food and wages, is not unreasonable. In all of the small Western towns, but perhaps more especially in Manitoba, a source of revenue has been cut off from the hotels by the war. This is the young man boarder. It is a very distinct loss.

While I do not believe in compensation for the liquor trade, I do believe that the Provincial Governments should render some assistance where it sees that it is not possible to derive sufficient revenue from the travelling public to maintain at least one respectable hotel in a small town. Persons operating the hotel should be given the monopoly of certain things which naturally go with the hotel, perhaps the sale of cigars and tobacco, or the Government Telephone Exchange, and things of this kind; and there should be some system of licensing and supervision whereby the man or woman starting a decent, clean hotel at a town should be guaranteed protection against somebody else starting, possibly an inferior house, which is not really needed, and cutting into the trade.

If You have a Canary Read this



MANY people who have canaries, just think that all they need to do is to keep Dick's cage clean—give him fresh water and feed him "some" bird seed. Then they expect Dick to sing and be merry.

But people who derive the greatest pleasure from their feathered pets are they who appreciate what an important part correct seed plays in Dick's welfare.

You know that human beings thrive best on wholesome food and so with your canary, but as with you—the food must be nutritious and good. So in like manner Dick's food must be carefully selected and specially suitable for the climate in which he lives.

For 20 years Brock's has been the best seed for Canaries in Canada—you may have been giving other seed to your bird because you thought it did not matter so long as it was seed; and also perhaps, your dealer did not have Brock's.

And then there is another good feature about Brock's that no other seed contains, namely, a cake of "Bird Treat" is in every package. This "treat" improves Dick's digestion, makes his plumage bright and keeps his song in tune and is always a source of endless delight to him.

Write to-day for sample of Brock's Bird Seed and cake of Brock's Bird Treat.

NICHOLSON & BROCK
17 Francis St., Toronto

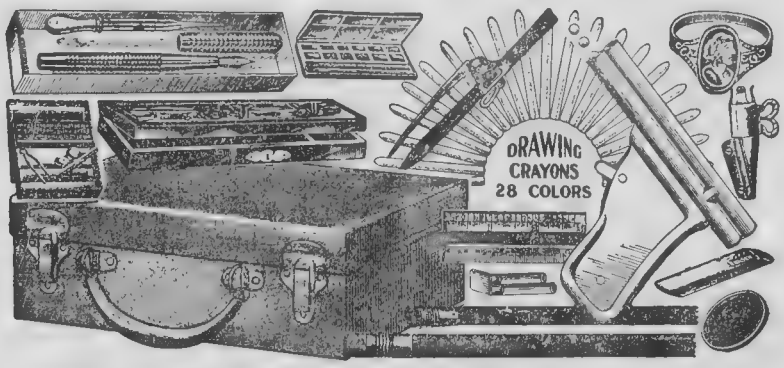
10

FINE HAND PAINTED TEA SET GIVEN AWAY

Sell Big War and Patriotic Pictures at 15c

Genuine Hand Painted China!—Exquisitely beautiful Tea Set, exactly like the picture; every piece full size; light, thin transparent—the finest you ever saw—elaborately hand painted by real artists, with large, rich roses and fresh, green foliage—a perfectly charming set—given for selling only 30 big, handsome, colored pictures, well worth 50c, at only 15c each—thrilling battle scenes, "Canadians Capturing Germans" etc., stirring patriotic pictures. "The Story of His Brave Canadian Father," etc; also lovely landscapes, flowers, fruits, and art studies. Everybody wants pictures showing our gallant soldiers winning the war. **One Agent has already sold over 600**; you will earn this elegant, hand painted Tea Set, in almost no time. **Be first; order today! THE EMPIRE ART CO., Dept. X15 Toronto.**

GIRLS! GIANT SCHOLAR'S OUTFIT BOYS!



14 DANDY PREMIUMS EASILY EARNED
SELL BIG WAR AND PATRIOTIC PICTURES AT 15c.

1, HANDSOME, BRASS TRIMMED, WATERPROOF, SCHOOL SUIT CASE; 2, Beautifully decorated real Japanese LACQUERED PENCIL BOX, with lock & key; 3, fine FOUNTAIN PEN, with filler; 4, water color PAINTING SET, 12 colors, with brush; 5, 28 COLORED CRAYONS; 6, Scholar's DRAWING COMPASS; 7 & 8, LEAD PENCILS; 9, keen edged PENCIL SHARPENER; 10, Ink & Pencil ERASER; 11, Hardwood RULER; 12, Duplex Whistle; 13 and 14, (for girls,) a nice pocket mirror and a lovely, SOLID STERLING SILVER RING, set with an exquisite Cameo---the very latest style-- or 13 & 14, (for boys) a complete printing outfit and a real 20-shot AUTOMATIC PISTOL that needs neither caps nor cartridges, only peas---shoots fast, straight, and hard---THE WHOLE GRAND COLLECTION OF 14 SPLENDID PREMIUMS given for selling only 24 big, handsome, colored pictures, well worth 50c, at only 15c each---thrilling battle scenes, "Canadians Capturing Germans," etc.; stirring Patriotic pictures, "The Story of His Brave Canadian Father," etc; also, lovely landscapes, flowers, fruits, and art studies. Everybody wants pictures showing our gallant soldiers winning the war. ONE AGENT HAS SOLD OVER 600; you will earn the whole 14 premiums in almost no time. Send no money in advance. Sell the pictures, then pay and get your 14 GRAND PREMIUMS, POSTPAID. Be first; order today.

THE EMPIRE ART CO., Dept. X63 Toronto.

BABY CAMERON-WALLER.

Brought up from Birth on Virol.

80, Aldridge Road,
Balham, S.W.

Dear Sir,

This is my youngest son, aged 2 years. He was brought up from birth on Virol, and this photograph shows the result. His six brothers and sisters were all Virol babies and are splendid children. I cannot speak too highly of what Virol has done for them all, and I recommend it wherever I go.

EDITH CAMERON-WALLER.

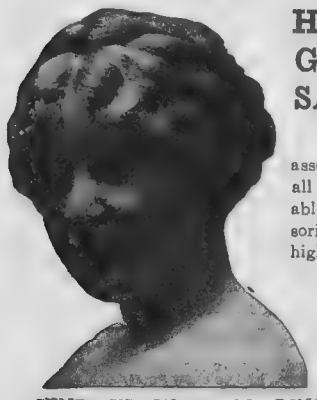
VIROL

Virolised milk—a teaspoonful of Virol mixed with half-a pint of warm (not hot) milk—is an ideal food for nervous exhaustion.

Sold everywhere in tins at 75c. for 8 oz., $1.25 for 16 oz.

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 27, St. Peter Street, Montreal.

S.H.B.



HAIR GOODS SALON

Complete assortment of all the Fashionable Hair Accessories of the highest quality.

Perfect matching is guaranteed by the experts in charge.

—SEND US YOUR COMBINGS—we can make very pretty Switches, Cornets, Transformation. Puff Chignons, under ruff at moderate cost. Write us to-day for particulars. We can save you money.

M. HAMILL'S HAIRDRESSING PARLORS

8 Arcade, Paris Building
Cor. PORTAGE and GARRY Winnipeg

CROCHET AND TATTING

Now ready. The Elite Instruction Book on Crochet and Tatting, illustrating all the newest designs. Fully illustrated. Complete instructions. EVERY NEEDLE-WORKER SHOULD HAVE THIS BOOK. Only 25 cents.

THE ART CRAFT HOUSE
160 Princess St. Winnipeg

When writing Advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Home Doctor

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

The Ears

About the time the reluctant school boy with shining, morning face trudges haltingly to school, the ear doctors begin to get busy digging out troubles and accumulations in the childish ears. It has been found that in September when youngsters begin to return to school, one child in every ten, even those from well-to-do families, have disorders of the ears.

Fields may have eyes and walls may have ears, but the abrasions, tears, sores, scratches, boils, punctures, and inflammations, which assault those of human creatures are not found in woods and walls.

Not a few of these auditory distempers are traceable to sweet oils foolishly poured into the ears by ancient, friendly dames, ear digging instruments of the dressing table, such as pins, hairpins, toothpicks and the like; and large tonsils, adenoids and sore throats.

Some children are all ears, which you must agree, is better than being all mouth. They take in, however, more than music and knowledge. Germs, dirt, and disease are the abominations which assail these cavernous chasms. Of the three sections of the ear, internal, middle, and external, it is the middle ear that causes the most human unhappiness.

Here a small, irregular compartment, closed on the outer side by the membrane, known of all men as "the drum," has a three linked chain of tiny bones to transmit sounds to the inner and complicated part of the ear.

The oils and greases of the outer ear, popularly called wax, has always been a mystery as well as a nuisance to many people. This so-called "wax" is really a soothing, oily lubricant, which serves the ear both a chemical and a mechanical purpose. As a lubricant, it helps to ease the movements of the ear-membrane; to wash away microbes, moulds, and dry dust; to allay itching and sensitiveness in the flesh; and to cleanse the external canal automatically of insects, dirt, or other small foreign materials.

Every little motion and grimace of your face has a meaning all its own to the ear apparatus. When you click your jaws, stick out your tongue, wag your ear-flaps as a few practised in the art can do, the wax of the ear and anything else there present is worked out towards the cheeks.

Of all the hateful, iniquitous aversions of the auditory machinery, that of poking the end of a twisted handkerchief, towel, or other linen into the canal is the worst. It is approached in dangerous attributes only by the use of sweet oil to allay pain. These two felonies have worked more havoc to the ears than anything outside of inflamed tonsils and adenoids.

It is as much as an aural surgeon dare do with boiled or sterilized instruments, to penetrate the seemingly innocent ear canal. Even the presence of stony, hardened wax, forced upon the ear drum with towel ends and tooth picks, does not save you from infection, if you attempt to dislodge it.

Pains, aches, sensitiveness, boils, carbuncles, pimples, are not the least of the hazardous perils to which the ear is exposed when your finger or a towel is forced into the opening. Even rupture of the drum may follow.

Hardened wax is most safely removed by gently syringing the ear with hot water into which a little bicarbonate of soda has been placed. Indeed pains of various sorts are similarly removed. If boric acid is used in place of the soda, it acts as an antiseptic and disinfectant of great efficiency against infectious and running ears.

Glycerine with a drop or two of carbolic acid is one of the accepted remedies for ear-ache and other minor troubles of the auditory outlet. Too much stress and repetition cannot be given to the universal and malignant practice of dropping oils of any kind into the ear. Better far is it to suffer the agonies of torquemada than to become partially

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

Two Winners

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

Has won its way to the front.

To-day it is recognised by His Majesty, **The King,** and His Critical and Fastidious Highness, **Public Opinion,** as

CANADA'S BEST FLOUR

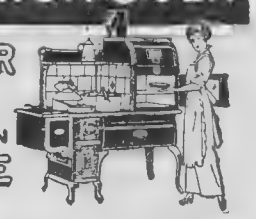
Canadian High Grade Flours —Set the World's Standard.

Whether used in the Palace of the King or the farmhouse on the prairies, **OGILVIE'S ALWAYS** gives satisfaction.

Is 'ROYAL HOUSEHOLD' Flour in YOUR home?

A Coal and Wood Range With a HIGH OVEN

LIGHTER DAY HIGH OVEN RANGE



Every Woman should know of this Labor-Saving Range

Built to standing height—saves back-breaking stooping—easy to sweep under. Glass door on scientifically placed oven —watch food baking without stooping. A wonderful range, replete with labor-saving devices which are fully described and illustrated (from life) in the interesting little booklet "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen." YOUR COPY IS READY. WRITE NOW.

Clare Bros. Western Limited
Makers of "Hecla" Furnaces
Dept. H. WINNIPEG, Man.

CLARE BROS. WESTERN LIMITED, Dept. H. Winnipeg, Man.
Send me free photo story of the "LIGHTER DAY RANGE."
Name.....
Address.....
Also send copy to

Build With "METALLIC"

MAKE your buildings last a lifetime. Let us show you the savings made by using "Eastlake" Galvanized Shingles, "Empire" Corrugated Iron (for roofing and siding,) "Metallic" Rock and Brick Faced and Clapboard Siding, "Halitus" Ventilators, "Acheson" Roof Lights, "Metallic" Ceilings, Eavetrough, etc. 166

Write us for information and booklet based on years of experience in farm buildings.

Metallic Roofing Co. Limited, Manufacturers, **Toronto and Winnipeg**

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

A MIRACULOUS CURE OF CHOLERA INFANTUM By DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT of WILD STRAWBERRY.

Cholera Infantum is one of the most common summer complaints of infants, and many die who could be saved if properly looked after on the first sign of the trouble.

It begins with a profuse diarrhoea, very often accompanied by vomiting, and the matter ejected from the stomach has a bilious appearance. The child rapidly loses flesh and becomes weak and languid.

On the first sign of cholera infantum Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be administered, and thus check the diarrhoea before it becomes serious.

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past seventy years, so you are not experimenting with some new and untried remedy when you use it, but be sure and get "Dr. Fowler's" when you ask for it.

Mrs. B. A. Cirwell, Rossway, N.S., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry most highly. A friend of mine had a little daughter who was ill with cholera infantum, and was given up by the doctors. The little one's mother asked me to come in and see the child. I told her I had a bottle of "Dr. Fowler's," and asked her if she would try it. When the bottle was half used the child was well. This cure was a miraculous one, for I thought the child was dying at the time."

The genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 35 cents.

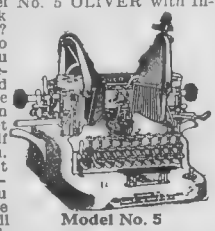
CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

The Typewriter Opportunity

Will you let me send you this Standard Visible Typewriter—the Famous Model No. 5 OLIVER with Inbuilt Tabulator and Back Spacer—on FREE TRIAL? No money in advance—no deposit—no C.O.D. If you find it to be the best typewriter you ever saw and want to keep it, I will make you a price that is lower than wholesale—and you can let the typewriter pay for itself out of what it earns for you. Full Standard Equipment with machine. **Life Guarantee.** Because I save you the enormous selling expense by letting the typewriter sell itself, I can make you this wonderful price inducement. BE SURE AND SEND TO-DAY for Free Catalog and full details of this greatest of Typewriter Offers. All information absolutely free.



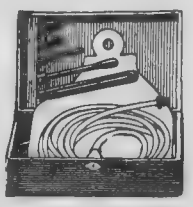
Model No. 5

General Manager,
Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
Dept. 1467, 1510 Wabash Ave., Chicago. (370)

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it **is not a habit but a Disease.** If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write to-day for a **Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved** tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address:
ZEMETO CO., Dept. 12, Milwaukee, Wis.

If It's Made of
RUBBER
We Have It.
Write Us and mention your wants.
Camera Supply Co.
350 Beury St. - Montreal



deaf or suffer the torment of always hearing noises, the result of using oil as a remedy. Remember, there are none so deaf as those who will not give ear to the inefficacy and demoralization of oil.

Only a Cough

To paraphrase a well known saying, a cough stopped in time, saves nine.

Few mortal men fear one cough. Almost as few fear no amount of coughs.

Nevertheless, if you will fear coughs in the mediaeval sense of the biblical admonition to fear God—which means to have a wholesome understanding and regard for power interwoven there—much evil will be cast forth.

When you are admonished to visit a diagnostician or a hospital "for a tuberculosis test," the fear that strikes your heart, cold is almost altogether uncalled for. The advice is good and necessary for almost all coughs—other than whooping cough in children—which endure more than two weeks.

This holds true as well for summer coughs as for those of January, February and March. Mr. E. W., a young man in the twenties fell ill one hot day with "a slight cold" as he, his friends, and the patent medicine advertisements might say.

He coughed in various ways—there is no constantly characteristic cough of tuberculosis, bronchitis, laryngitis, or pneumonia—by day and by night. Wise busybodies, who met him, a merchant, a money king, an editor, and a clergyman, told him by turns that he had a "stomach cough," a "nervous cough," a "cigarette cough."

Each meant well. But error often kills despite good intentions.

Moreover, there are no such things as "stomach," "cigarette" and "nervous" coughs. These are easy going terms of ignorance, laziness, or quackery.

Mr. E. W—— had his cough two to three weeks before he met a physician who does not jump at conclusions. This man was neither incapable, ignorant, or lazy. He went to the trouble and took the time to thoroughly search the cylinders, carburetor differential, transmission, grease cups, battery, radiator, air pump, pipes, self-starter, nuts and screws of the whole machine called Mr. E. W——

By means of gauges, stethoscopes, blood pressure instruments, drops of lymph, skin tests, sputum examinations, fluid analyses and the various "adjunct senses" called instruments of precision, this conscientious hospital doctor, after an hour's search, was rewarded by finding that Mr. W—— had the first signs of tuberculosis.

Instead of being a genial, popular physician with "a big practice"; one of the sort that ingratiates himself so that a look at the tongue, a feel of the pulse, and a dashed-off prescription inspires you with a confidence which makes you accept errors as truth, the above kind searches out with diligent and patient effort the true source of the cough and other symptoms and puts the matter up strictly to you.

In fine, the unpleasant truth afterwards becomes a happy restoration to health, instead of a perpetuated and dangerous complacency or happy state of deluded mind.

Mr. W——, to be sure, for the time, was a bit frightened. But this momentary fear is preferable to a happy-go-lucky disregard of health. It is much like the way the colored boy broke the news of Huckleberry Finn's calamity. He went to the latter's mother—or was it aunt?—and said something to this effect:

"Huckleberry am dead."

When he saw that the news had taken proper effect, he resurrected the shock by saying:

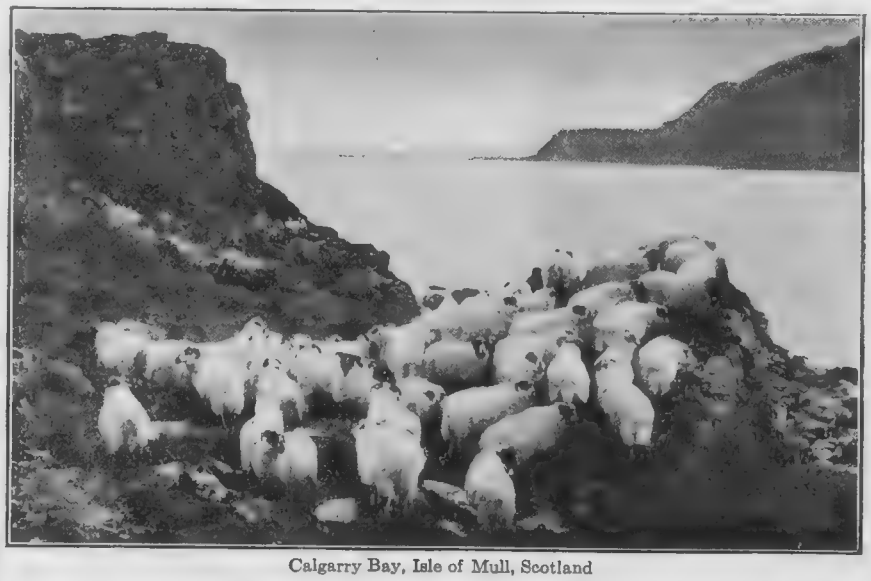
"Dat is, he's not 'xactly dead, he's only caught up a tree."

Naturally there occurs an agreeable return of happiness, when the doctor tells you the worst first.

Most coughs are not tuberculous. Many of them pass into the limbo of memory within two weeks or so.

Only when they persist, when they are accompanied by loss of weight, when you and your friends begin to get on terms of contempt and familiarity with a cough, has the danger progressed to serious proportions.

Obviously, it is wise to anticipate this by a thorough search for and an insurance against just such a contingency. To listen to advice from architects, editors, bankers, real estate operators, and kindly disposed old ladies, is like a reliance upon a sieve to transfer water to or from a reservoir.



Calgarry Bay, Isle of Mull, Scotland

The Sun is the Life

The energy and heat of the earth is almost wholly derived from the sun, man, himself, whether from coal, wood, water, or food, gets his vitality from the sun.

The green leaves of vegetation take the sun's particles—sunlight is nothing else but material particles from that luminary—plus moisture and carbonic gas and by means of the green granules—chlorophyl—makes starch and other substances for animals.

The sun is the large material representative of the Unknown, who chose its brilliant sphere for His Shadow. It is the royal alchemist, which helps to hatch frog's eggs from mud, to snatch man from death, and to give health to the sick.

Why fresh-air fiends forget the primal necessity for sunlight is difficult to realize, unless it is contained in the title of the well known play, "It Pays to Advertise." Fresh air has been dinned liberally into the eyes and ears of the small portion of humans who read for more than a score of years, while sunlight is rarely given equal publicity.

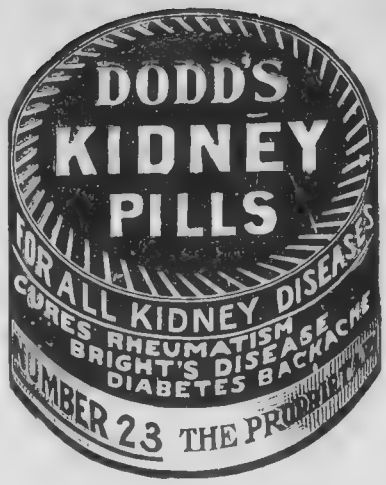
Those who sleep in "well-ventilated and well-aired rooms" need not boast of the matter to those who know, if those same rooms are not thoroughly "painted with real sunshine" every unclouded day.

"Is my husband's case serious, doctor?"

"It is very grave, madam. I have left an opiate."

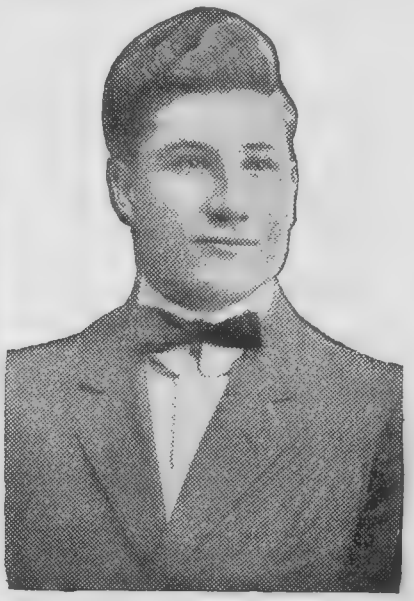
"How often shall I give it to him?"

"He needs absolute rest and quiet. Don't give it to him. Take it yourself."



Increases Weight 25 Pounds

And Would Not Take One Hundred Dollars for His New-Found Flesh
Interesting Statement of Ohio Man



"When I started taking Sargol," writes H. E. Henninger, of Ohio, "my weight was only 135 pounds. Now I weigh 160, and am the picture of health. I would not take a hundred dollars for what it has done. I am stronger than I ever was before."

"When I began to take Sargol," writes R. T. Sivells, "I only weighed one hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Now my weight has increased to 151 pounds. Everybody says that I am getting so fat."

"I never felt better in my life since I have been taking Sargol. The first two weeks I gained 10 lbs. and am gaining every day. Sargol makes me eat and sleep and I don't get up with a tired feeling any more," writes J. C. Weaver, and N. D. Sanderson adds, "when I started Sargol I weighed 147 lbs. and now I weigh 160 lbs. Everybody is telling me how fat you have got in the last month."

Would you, too, like to quickly put on from 10 to 30 lbs. of good, solid, "stay-there" flesh, fat and muscular tissue between your skin and bones?

Don't say it can't be done. Try it. Let us send you free a 50c package of Sargol and prove what it can do for you.

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat even where all else has failed, is conclusively proven in our opinion by the tremendous business we have done. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massages, oils or emulsions, but a simple, harmless home treatment. Cut out the coupon and send for this free package to-day, enclosing only 10 cents in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc.

Address the Sargol Co., 5-L Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y. Take Sargol with your meals and watch it work. This will tell the story.

FREE SARGOL COUPON

This coupon, with 10c in silver to help pay postage, packing, etc., and to show good faith, entitles holder to one 50c package of Sargol Free. Address The Sargol Co., 5-L Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

Had Pimples and Festering Sores ON HER FACE.

When the blood gets bad, boils, pimples and festering sores are sure to break out on the face and body. To get rid of them the blood should be cleansed by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Charles Jewell, Orrville, Ont., writes: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you about what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I was so pale I had no color at all. I also had pimples and festering sores on my face, and my head ached nearly all the time. I had been reading in the paper, and saw that Burdock Blood Bitters was good for such troubles so I tried a bottle and before it was half done I felt fine, and when the bottle was finished I felt like a new woman. I tell all my friends about it, and advise everyone suffering from such trouble to use B.B.B."

There is only one B.B.B. That is the genuine, manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Hunters and Trappers

Save your fine Specimens! Every trophy you kill is worth money to you. You will be astonished at the prices you will get for your specimens. We can teach you, **by mail in your own home,** how to

Mount Birds and Animals

also **heads, fish,** and to **tan hides, make rugs, robes,** etc.

Yes, you can learn easily--quickly--perfectly in your own home **by mail.** Success guaranteed. Fascinating work. We have 35,000 sportsmen students, and every one is an enthusiastic taxidermist. Big profits to all who know taxidermy. **Write today.**

Special for Canadian Students

For a short time we are making a **special reduced price** to Canadian students. Act promptly. Write today. We will send you, absolutely free and prepaid, our handsome new book on taxidermy and the Taxidermy Magazine. Hundreds of letters from enthusiastic Canadian students sent on request. We want every sportsman and nature lover in Canada to write for these free books today. No obligations whatsoever. Either a postal or a letter will do, but write today--now--while this special offer lasts.

NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
107 Elwood Building, Omaha, Neb.

Get a Farm of Your Own

Take 20 Years to Pay

if you wish. The land will support you and pay for itself. An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms, ranging from $11 to $30 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands from $35. Terms—One-twentieth down, balance within twenty years. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc., up to $2,000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent. Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or secure your friends as neighbors. For literature and particulars apply to

ALLAN CAMERON, General Supt. of Lands,
Desk 16, Dept. of Natural Resources, C.P.R.,
Calgary, Alberta.

BUY YOUR HARNESS BY MAIL
AND SAVE MONEY
COMPLETE SADDLERY CATALOGUE FREE
Winnipeg Saddlery Co. : Winnipeg, Man.

ENORMOUS PROFITS

START GROWING MUSHROOMS

Learn the latest authoritative way to make still bigger profits than you ever thought possible or ever made growing mushrooms. Add **$10 to $75 a week to your income.** Anyone, men, women and children can do it in spare time in city or country. Grow in basements, cellars, sheds, boxes, etc. Start now. Demand bigger than supply. Send for big **free** book of expert authority, "The Truth About Mushrooms." Write to

Bureau of Mushroom Industry, Dept. 308 1342 N. Clark St., Chicago

D. BERMAN, 605 MAIN STREET WINNIPEG
Issuer of
Marriage Licenses and Wedding Rings

About the Farm

Bees, and their Value to the Farm

By Allan Campbell

The busy bee that figured in the nursery rhymes of our childhood as an example of honest industry, is beginning to arouse a genuine interest among the farmers of the West. The little profit-gathering bees, once they become established on the farm, possess a strong fascination, and the novice in bee-keeping soon sees the fallacy of most of the popular prejudices levelled at the heads of these well-intentioned little toilers. Of course, like all other undertakings, it is the breaking of the ice as it were, in taking the initial steps, that must be overcome. After the first expense there will be only an occasional small outlay required now and then, and of course, as one has to buy more equipment through increases in the apiary, the stock on hand will be far greater in value to compensate.

In addition to the marketable products of the apiary, viz., honey, extra swarms and wax, the bees render valuable service in pollenizing various plants on the farm, and such service is essential for the best success in raising garden products. The hives are not unsightly objects, and the little golden-colored occupants of the hives are far from being so; in fact, an apiary gives to the farm an air of thrift and up-to-date progressiveness.

It is not necessary for the beginner to start on a large scale. One or two colonies will be enough at the beginning, and these will soon increase to five or six in the one season.

The following is a list of articles that the beginner should have, and their approximate cost:

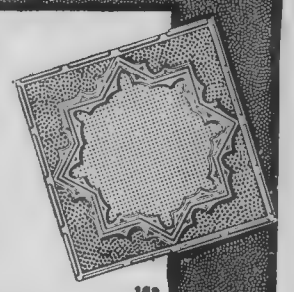
2 Hives of Bees (each)	$10.00
1 Smoker	1.50
2 Extracting Supers	1.25
1 Bee Veil	.40
1 Honey Extractor	9.00
1 Pound Brood Foundation	.60
1 Excluder in each hive to prevent the Queen from raising brood in the Honey Super (each)	.30

In regard to location, a northerly slope is desirable, with enough trees to shade the hives from the more intense rays of the sun. The hives should also be protected on the most windy side, though this is not absolutely imperative. The bees will travel a mile or two if necessary for the gathering of stores.

When the beginner has obtained his colonies he should set them out on the location which has been chosen. Of course, the spring is the best time to start in bee-keeping, but there is no great objection to making a start later in the season, for in the latter case the beginner will have a good chance to become acquainted with the work, and then make a start in the spring on more expert lines.

Italian bees are recommended as one of the most docile to handle, and will prove satisfactory all round. They are distinguished by golden bands on their bodies. The hives should be inspected every week, and the method of doing this is to approach from behind so as not to interfere with the bees coming to and going from the entrances, then, having put on veil and gloves, gently raise the back of the lid and give two or three puffs of smoke from the smoker so that the bees will leave the tops of the frames and go down between them. This treatment will have a quietening effect on the bees. After this the lid should be lifted off and gently leaned against the side of the hive. It is important to avoid all rough jars and jolts when working around a hive, and then the bees will take but little notice of the fact that they are being temporarily disturbed. A tin box should be kept close and handy to put the combs full of honey in as they are found. On finding a full comb of honey, the bees should be gently brushed off it with a small wisp and allowed to fall back into the hive, the comb put into the honey box and a new foundation frame put into the hive in place of the comb of honey. In removing the frames from the hives, it is necessary to employ the use of a screw driver or a similar tool to loosen each end of the frames before lifting them out. The hive being examined, the lid may then be replaced and the honey taken away to be extracted. Up to the first part of August the bees are likely to swarm, or later. Swarming is caused by the

For fire-safety, inside the home use 'Metallic' Ceiling Plates



YOU can make your home fireproof and more attractive at small cost by using Metallic Ceiling and Wall Plates. Many beautiful designs with cornices and mouldings for any style of room. You can put them on old walls as easily as new. Wash them or brighten up with paint whenever desired.

"Metallic" Ceiling Plates are sanitary, fireproof, inexpensive and good for a life time.

Write for booklet and prices. We manufacture all kinds of "Metallic" building materials and sell direct at lowest prices.

METALLIC ROOFING CO., Limited
797 Notre Dame Ave., • • WINNIPEG, MAN.

Instant Relief for

Biliousness

and other Liver Troubles

The astonishing efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is due to its toning effect upon the liver and bowels. It gives strength to the organs and helps them back to health and natural action. In other words it enables the system to cure itself. Don't weaken your liver with purgative pills or morning salts, don't get the salts-taking habit; let Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief bring you natural and therefore lasting cure.

Dr. CHAS. F. FORSHAW, D.Sc., F.R.M.S., a well-known British Scientist, writes:—"Never take Salines or Purgatives for Constipation—to force Bowel action is to aggravate the trouble and create the Constipation habit. I recommend as a superior and convenient treatment Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief."

Price 50 cents. from all Druggists and Storekeepers,

or direct from the Sole Agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, M'Caul-street, Toronto. War tax 2 cents extra.

Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is the companion preparation to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Dr. Cassell's
Instant Relief
Prepared from LIVER TONICS, ANTACIDS, CARMINATIVES, LAXATIVES

Special Winter Offer

Western Home Monthly
AND
Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer
BOTH FOR ONE YEAR FOR— **$1.25**

Here is an opportunity to obtain the best monthly magazine and the foremost weekly newspaper for considerably less than the usual price. Do not delay but take advantage of this offer TO-DAY.

COUPON

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG:

Enclosed find $1.25. Send me The Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer for one year.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

5% Absolute Security

The Empire Loan Company solicits investments of amounts from $100 up for terms of one year to five for which it will issue debentures fully secured by deposit of first mortgages with a trustee. Interest half yearly. Write Head Office, Winnipeg for particulars.

ASSETS ONE MILLION

FARMERS!

You will get good satisfaction and the best possible cash results by employing our services to look after and dispose of your carlot shipments of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Liberal advances against shipping bills at 7 per cent interest.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

700 W GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

PHONE MAIN 3790

ACME GRAIN CO. LIMITED

804 Union Trust Bldg., WINNIPEG

GRAIN DEALERS
TRACK BUYERS
COMMISSION DEALERS

CAR LOTS

GET OUR PRICES BEFORE SELLING

AGENTS WANTED where not already represented

ESTABLISHED 1904

DONALD MORRISON & CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION

GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

We handle Wheat, Oats, Flax and Barley on commission, obtaining best possible grades and prices. Our work is prompt, accurate and reliable. Let us handle YOUR shipments this season. Daily or weekly market letter on application.

References: Bank of Toronto, Northern Crown Bank and Commercial Agencies

20 cents—

—that is all it will cost you to have the **Free Press Prairie Farmer** delivered to your post-office address until December 31, 1916. If you are already a subscriber you would be making a good fellow of yourself in showing this "ad" to your neighbor.

The Manitoba Free Press Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg.

bees being too numerous for the hive, and, getting an extra queen, they form a new colony and leave the hive in possession of the old colony. When swarming occurs one will hear an extra lot of buzzing and there will be thousands of bees in the air, and, after a while these will gradually form into a round mass on a limb of a tree. A spare hive should be on hand for this eventuality, and this should now be placed as close as possible under the new swarm. By a vigorous shake of the limb the swarm is dropped onto the top of the hive which, of course, must be without a lid, and when the bees have settled down between the frames the lid may be replaced. If the queen should happen to miss the hive the other bees will not stay and they will probably form up on a tree again.

It is important to see that the bees have a good supply of honey before being put into winter quarters. About twenty pounds of honey should be left in each hive for winter supplies. The bee cellar should be kept at as even a temperature as possible. From 40 degrees to 45 degrees Fahrenheit is about right.

The prospective bee keeper will know that there is a source of honey in his district if he sees the following plants in abundance: Alsike clover, white clover, alfalfa, sweet clover, caragana (or Siberian pea tree), golden rod, etc.

In conclusion, the best teacher is experience, and it will be a steady source of education to observe the habits of the bees. This article, though giving some important points, is but an outline of the subject, and just intended to give a plan for starting, but there are many good books on bees, and also Government bulletins, which serve as useful guides. Apiculture is one of the strong links of the family to the farm, which is indeed important in these times of urgent need of more production from the land.

Manitoba Plowing Match Rules

The following rules and regulations, which have just been drafted by the Agricultural College Extension Service for use in connection with plowing matches in Manitoba, are of interest to all plowmen at this time of year:

1. No person will be allowed to interfere with the plowman except in the setting and removal of stakes, and no person will be allowed to accompany the plowman.
2. Land to be plowed will approximate three-quarters of an acre for single furrowed plows and one and one-half acres for gangs.
3. Lands must be measured out and numbered consecutively before the time set for the match to commence.
4. Plowmen must be on the grounds before 10 a.m., at which hour lots will be drawn and stakes set. Plowmen must finish by 4 p.m.
5. Each plowman will have one strike-out and one finish.
6. In the strike-out all lands must be opened and all weeds cut.
7. Stakes must be set only once for the strike-out.
8. Five rounds complete the crown. The stake bearing the land number must be replaced as soon as the crown is finished.
9. The first two rounds thrown to the adjoining land are not judged. In case the neighbor's crown is crooked or otherwise defective, it is not necessary to conform to it.
10. Depth of furrows, 5 inches; width according to the plow used.
11. A sole furrow must not be turned in finishing the land.
12. The use of gauge wheels and skimmers is permitted.
13. No pulling or covering of weeds with either hand or foot or tramping the land with the feet will be allowed. A man in each class will see that each plowman conforms with the above rule. Every one not conforming thereto will be reduced one point for each offence.
14. Judges have the right to withhold a prize if they consider the work deficient in merit.
15. All protests must be in writing, accompanied by a fee of $2.00, and lodged with the secretary before 6 p.m. on the day of the match.
16. Plowmen who do not conform with the above rules will be disqualified.

A corner of a splendid Manitoba farm, where mixed farming has proved a great success

Autumn Care of Rhubarb

How did your rhubarb bed do this season? Were the staiks short or slim? Were the leaves small and ragged looking? Did it turn a sickly color and the plants wither or dwindle away in the middle of the summer? If you did not have a satisfactory crop of this widely admired pie plant, something was wrong. A remedy is needed, and since it is not expensive or difficult to procure, suppose we apply it now and prevent a repetition of the same trouble next year.

It requires no particular kind of magic to induce this plant to grow, and the earlier it produces the more valuable it is for either market or household use. I find the greatest thing for rhubarb is plenty of good stable manure put on at this season of the year. It is an excellent idea to cover the earth surrounding the roots to a depth of three or four inches. This not only enriches the soil, but protects the roots and assists in producing an early spring growth.

I never pack the manure down close to the earth, for I think this helps to make the soil sour, and also makes it more wet, which, of course, will cause heavier freezing in severe weather. A little straw with the manure will act as a mulch and produce better results. A very slight sprinkle of salt will do the beds good, but be careful not to overdo this.

If the bed is of long standing, dig up the roots, or at least a portion of them, and reset them in new earth in a new location, say, about three or four feet apart each way. Set in good, strong roots, and be careful to have the root crown well covered with soil.

Manure this new bed liberally, and it will pay you even next season for your trouble, but from then on, for at least five years, with liberal manuring, it will yield excellently and the quality will be fine.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

THE BEST LINIMENT
OR PAIN KILLER FOR THE HUMAN BODY
Gombault's
Caustic Balsam
IT HAS NO EQUAL

For the Human Body —It is penetrating, soothing and healing, and for all Old Sores, Bruises, or Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Boils Corns and Bunions, CAUSTIC BALSAM has no equal as a Liniment.

We would say to all who buy it that it does not contain a particle of poisonous substance and therefore no harm can result from its external use. Persistent, thorough use will cure many old or chronic ailments and it can be used on any case that requires an outward application with perfect safety.

A Perfectly Safe and Reliable Remedy for
Sore Throat
Chest Cold
Backache
Neuralgia
Sprains
Strains
Lumbago
Diphtheria
Sore Lungs
Rheumatism and
all Stiff Joints

REMOVES THE SORENESS--STRENGTHENS MUSCLES

Tornhill, Tex.—"One bottle Caustic Balsam did my rheumatism more good than $120.00 paid in doctor's bills." OTTO A. BEYER.

Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by us express prepaid. Write for Booklet B.
The LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Toronto, Ont.

RICH MONUMENTS

sold on a money-back basis direct to you. It is now possible to erect wonderfully attractive and enduring stones at prices within the means of the average family. Illustrated booklet tells how we do it—contains many epitaph designs—gives you the net costs on handsome monuments. This booklet will be mailed free if you write

STANDARD CEMENT STONE WORKS
P. O. Box. 104 GIROUX, MAN.

Photoplays, Plots, Original Stories
WANTED by a new company. Submit in any form. Protection guaranteed. No school agency. Enclose return postage. Address Scenario Editor
California Scenario Company, Inc.
616 Wesley Roberts Bldg., LOS ANGELES, Cal.

14k. Solid Gold Cuff Links
Engraved with Monogram
$4.00

The above illustration is an indication of the splendid values we are offering in our New Catalogue, which is now being prepared.

We are adding to our Mailing List, and will be glad to have your name and address.

SEND A POST CARD TO-DAY

D. E. Black & Co., Ltd.
Jewelers
HERALD BUILDING
Calgary Alberta

Mailed Free to any address by the author.

BOOK ON
Dog Diseases
and
How to Feed
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.
118 West 31st St., N.Y.

Sweet Clover

"Sweet clover, once regarded as a weed, is worth a billion dollars to South Dakota, because it is one of the greatest soil improvers and stock feeders," asserts J. G. Hutton, associate agronomist, at the South Dakota State College. He says:

"Sweet clover helps to maintain the nitrogen supply in the soil, it makes good hay and it produces a large amount of valuable seed for which there is a ready market. There is no danger whatever of its becoming a field weed, which has been demonstrated by experiments where sweet clover is followed by a cultivated crop, such as corn or potatoes.

"When the agronomy department advocated the utilization of sweet clover as a forage crop a few years ago, there were many who doubted the advisability of using it, and a few who were openly opposed to it. The experience of the last few years has shown that it is one of the most valuable of the legume crops in South Dakota. Cattle have been learning to eat it in the pastures and feeding tests have placed it next to alfalfa as hay.

"The more valuable food substances are those containing large quantities of the element nitrogen. Grain crops and all others, except legumes, take this element from the soil, but are unable to draw upon the large supplies in the air. Sweet clover draws most of the nitrogen it requires from the air and furnishes it to stock in a usable form. If the manure from sweet clover is returned to the soil, the nitrogen supply is increased. If the sweet clover is plowed directly under, the nitrogen supply is increased still more.

"If the supply of nitrogen in South Dakota soils is to be maintained—and it must be—legume crops must be grown on every farm. At least one-fourth of every farm should be in legumes every year. This is not theory, but fact. Sweet clover is well adapted to this purpose.

"Sweet clover is worth a billion dollars to South Dakota. Let us hope that every farmer will try to get his share of the billion."—Geo. A. Starring.

A Concrete Ice House

I think I have the best ice house around here. It is ten feet square, five feet above ground and five feet below ground, with three strings of drain tile laid just flush with the top of the earth in the bottom, then eight inches of broken tile and brick, then coarse gravel filled in. Then I put about eight inches of sawdust on the bottom.

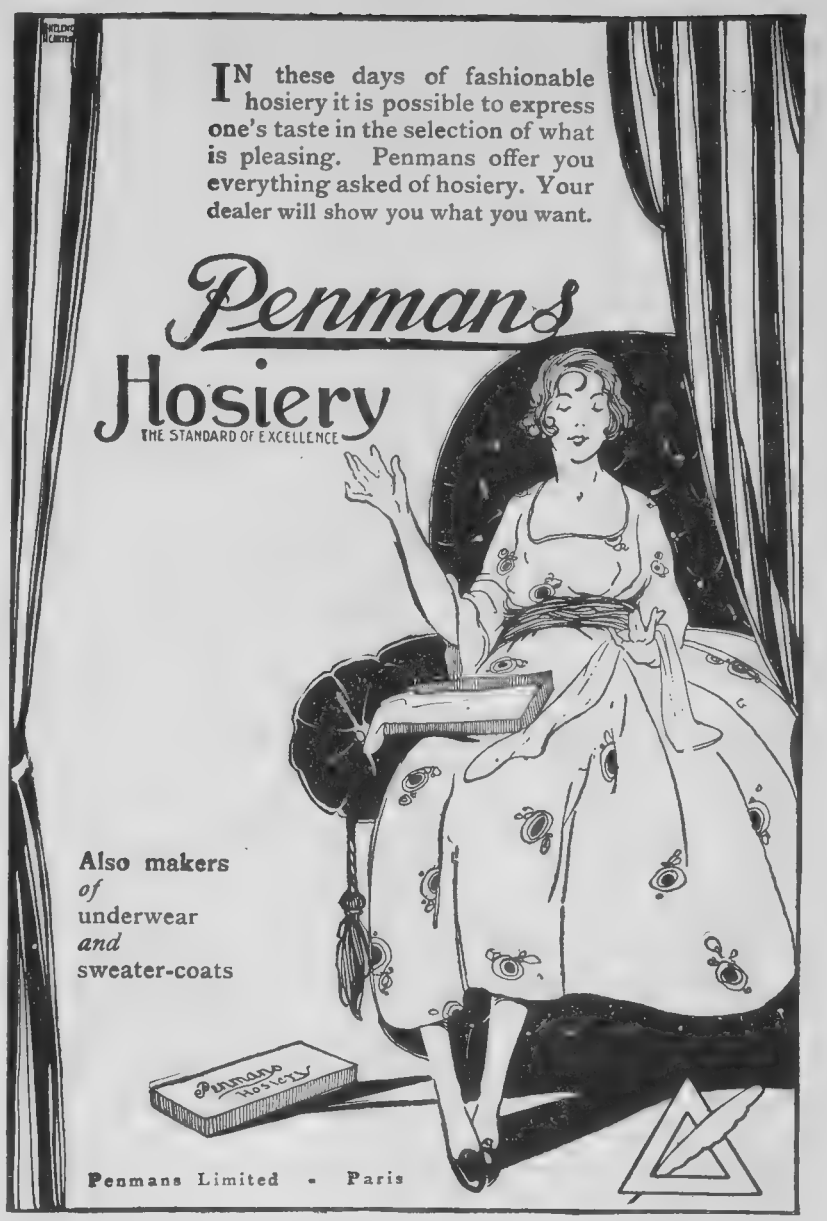
The house is made of concrete, a twelve-inch solid wall four feet in the bottom; then from there up it is a hollow wall four inches of concrete, air space, and four inches more of concrete. At the corners it is solid, and at the centre on each side it is solid, to tie the walls together—not much reinforcing in it. It is 14x16 outside, leaving a 12x14-foot space for ice. I usually leave about eight or ten inches around the sides for sawdust.

This year we cut our ice 18x24 inches, set it on end, and the house holds 480 cakes of 12-inch ice. A door in the centre at each end is provided. I made a form out of 3x12 planks, and put barn battening strips on, to make it look like blocks 12x24 inches. We put it up two feet at a time, then raised the form, first allowing it to set one way. In other words, we put up two feet each day. We used a five-to-two mixture of coarse sand and cement. As it is in the shade we put a burlap gravel roof on, in place of shingles, as shingles do not last long when in the shade of trees.

We have filled this now the third time, and have had ice to take out each year. One year we packed against the wall; but when warm weather came, it melted next to the wall, so we pushed the sawdust over. This is a handy way to pack, but takes quite a lot more ice, as the outside is sure to melt.

F. E. Palmer.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives. — Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.



Before Buying a Farm

or any piece of property, the cautious man makes most careful investigation.

A buyer of Life Insurance should be equally careful — more so, indeed, for his purchase affects others as well as himself.

Make leisurely and careful examination of the various forms of Life Insurance by requesting pamphlets from the Great-West Life Assurance Company. A description of the principal Policies issued will be mailed—rates at all ages — and everything necessary for a man to choose the best Plan for his own individual needs. And there will be no undue solicitation to insure.

The Great-West Life Policies are considered **the best** by a sufficient number of persons to give the Company — for nine successive years—the greatest paid-for Canadian business of all the Companies. That, surely is one good reason for looking into these Policies.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG
OVER $125,000,000 NOW IN FORCE

La Diva
NON RUSTABLE
CORSETS
SPIRAL
SUPER-BONE

LA DIVA
SUPER-BONE
CORSETS

¶ This new fashionable and daintily finished corset needs no introduction.

¶ The illustration gives some idea of its singular beauty; entirely different to any other corset made.

¶ SUPER-BONE boning is the best boning ever invented.

Flexible as the body itself.
Unbreakable and Non-Rustable.

Perfect-fitting models for every type of figure

Just try a pair and be convinced

DOMINION
CORSET COMPANY
QUEBEC
MONTREAL, TORONTO
CANADA

CHALLENGE
WATERPROOF
COLLARS

SAVE YOUR MONEY

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money—25c for collars, 50c per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book. Made in Canada.

The Arlington Co. of Canada Ltd.
54-64 Fraser Avenue, TORONTO, Can.

You'll Like It

BLACKWOODS TEA

Choicest of Choice Brands to be obtained of Your Grocer

BLACKWOODS LIMITED

Tea Importers and Packers

WINNIPEG

PEERLESS PERFECTION

Horse High — Bull Strong — Pig Tight

It's made right—from high grade material. In the construction of our PEERLESS FENCING we use Open Hearth steel wire. By this process impurities are removed from the metal, thus eliminating one of the chief causes for the rapid rusting of fence wire. PEERLESS is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Send for catalog. Gives details about our poultry and ornamental fencing.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

Woman and the Home

Making the Most of a Ham

By Elspeth MacDonald

"Once," says the chef at a great hotel, "a lady was brought to me by the proprietor. She wanted to know where we bought our hams. I told her. 'Dear me!' she exclaimed, 'I use the same brand but they do not taste as yours do.' She bridled when I asked her how they were cooked. 'They are boiled or baked,' she said, 'and always most carefully. I have an excellent cook. They are tender enough but they do not have the flavor yours do.'

"When I initiated her into the secret of how a ham was flavored as well as made tender in cooking, this housekeeper was perfectly astonished. 'We simply cook it in boiling water,' she explained. 'I thought the flavoring went into a ham in the curing process.' "

In case there are other cooks—and I fear there are many—who believe hams come already flavored, I will give her the benefit of the chef's advice on the subject of hams. In the first place never buy a cheap ham, it cannot be a choice one. You would not select a lean piece of beef for roasting, since a wrapping of fat about the outside makes the beef tender, juicy and fine flavored, so that weight in fat which is not eaten is not wasted. It is exactly the same with ham, only more so. The lean ought to be encased in a liberal layer of fat. If the ham be well-rounded, plump, with thin, unwrinkled, pliable skin, a short tapering shank, small bones and white fat, you may be sure the animal from which it was cut was well fed, quickly fatted and cleanly kept. Ham will be perfectly good for two weeks if kept as it should be in a cool, dry place. Therefore, choose a ham which is not smaller than fourteen pounds, if it weighs sixteen pounds it will be all the better. Set it away covered in the refrigerator or in a chilled storeroom after each carving, brushing the cut end with melted butter, which will keep the meat from drying. The meat on the shank is best chopped and utilized for many savory dishes.

Twenty-four hours before a ham is to be used scrub it thoroughly with a vegetable brush and cold, weak borax water. Then put into cold water and soak for twenty-four hours. If it is to be baked, it requires first about four hours' boiling. Use a big kettle, as the ham must be covered all over with water. Let it come to the boil very slowly. Remove the scum which rises. When it begins to boil add one bay leaf, twelve peppercorns, the outside stalks of one bunch of celery, two chopped onions, two cloves or garlic, one chopped carrot, two blades of mace, twelve allspice berries, and one quart of cider or a cup of vinegar. Never allow the ham to boil, merely to simmer slowly, that is one secret of making it perfectly tender. Allow about twenty-five minutes or half an hour to the pound. If the ham is to be used cold you can add to its tender juiciness by allowing it to stand in the pot liquor till nearly cold. Then lift it out, peel off the skin and roll it in dry bread crumbs with which three tablespoons of brown sugar have been sifted. Set it in the oven till the crumbs form a crisp brown crust. If the ham is to be baked, take it from the water, drain thoroughly, then take off the skin except around the shank, where it may be cut in vandykes with a sharp pointed knife. Cover with crumbs and stick it full of cloves, then set in a moderate oven to bake for two hours. If you prefer the ham glazed, allow it to cool as for boiled ham, then skin, wipe dry, and brush all over with beaten egg. Mix one cup of sifted cracker crumbs, a dash of salt and pepper, two tablespoons of melted butter and cream enough to make the crumbs into a paste. Spread it evenly over the ham, set in a moderate oven and bake till brown, then serve hot with a brown sauce flavored with half a glass of sherry or champagne. When a baked or boiled ham goes to the table wrap about the unsightly bone a ruffle of white tissue paper garnish with hard boiled eggs cut in quarters.

Ham and Eggs—Cut a slice of ham one inch thick, pare off the outer rind, gash it and divide into individual portions. Fry in a spider till the fat is crisped and brown. Lift out the ham and drop eggs in the hot fat, basting them occasionally with the drippings. Trim ragged edges of each egg with a cooky cutter, then take them up, set one on each portion of ham, garnishing the platter with parsley or watercress.

Broiled Ham—It should be cut in thin slices; put between the wires of a broiler and cook for five minutes, turning frequently, over a clear, hot fire. Serve on a hot platter with poached eggs.

When one turns to what may be done with scraps of ham baked, boiled or fried and the trimmings off the shank bone, there is no end to the savory dishes which may be made from them. Put the scraps with a few trimmings of the fat through the middle sized knife of a meat chopper, pack into a bowl and set away in a cool place to be used as needed. A few tablespoons of the ham seasoned with a dash of pepper and a teaspoon of chopped chives or parsley may be sprinkled between the folds of an omelet just before it is turned out on the platter and thus transform it into a most delicious dish.

Ham balls are tasty croquettes with chopped ham as a base. Put into a double boiler half a cup of milk and two tablespoons of stale bread crumbs. Cook to a smooth paste. Add half a cup of chopped ham, a scraping of onion juice, one tablespoon of minced parsley and the beaten yolk of an egg. Stir till thick, then turn the mixture out on a plate to cool. Roll into small balls, dip each one in the white of egg slightly beaten and diluted with a teaspoon of water, then roll in finely sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Send to the table piled cannon ball fashion on a napkin and garnished with parsley.

Ham Canapes—These make a tasty beginning for a course dinner. Take one cup of chopped ham, two tablespoons of cream, a dash of cayenne and two tablespoons of grated cheese and mix thoroughly. Shape rounds of white bread with a cooky cutter, fry them lightly in butter, spread with the ham mixture, sift grated cheese over the top, brown lightly in a hot oven and garnish each one with a stuffed olive.

Fried Sandwiches with Ham—Butter slices of stale crustless bread and spread between them, sandwich fashion, chopped ham, which has been moistened with a little cream. Press two slices together firmly and soak for a minute in half a cup of milk to which a beaten egg has been added. Dip on each side, then fry in butter in a hot spider, turning the sandwiches to brown them well.

Potted Ham—It pays to keep a sandwich filling constantly on hand, and nothing is so good for this purpose as potted ham. To four cups of finely minced ham add a seasoning of papirka and allspice, with just enough clarified butter to make it into a paste, then press into small jars and pour over it melted butter, which will harden and preserve it as paraffin does jelly.

For a Clean Life in the Young

We are pained to learn that in some sections there is a painful lowering of the high moral standards that once prevailed, and that still prevail in many, and, we hope, most rural sections. We have vigorously resented this charge of rural degeneracy when made by men who live in the city; but testimony of a confidential nature has come to us from time to time from the farmers themselves, and from others who are in close touch with farmers, through the extension departments of various colleges. This is testimony we can not discredit; but of course we can not publish these confidential communications.

The evils complained of come in from two or three sources. One source is that of hired hands coming, as most of them do, from outside counties and outside states, with character and antecedents unknown. The greatest danger is not from the vulgar and profane. The high-minded, normal country boy or girl is repelled by a young man whose mouth is an open sepulcher. The danger to girls is more apt to come from the spruce, well-set-up young man who

Every careful and observant mother knows when her child suffers from worms. She also knows that if some remedy be not speedily applied much harm will result to the infant. The best application that can be got is Miller's Worm Powders. They drive worms from the system and set up stimulating and soothing effects, so that the child's progress thereafter is painless and satisfying.

has learned to imitate good manners, who has seen something of life, though the seamy side of it, who has come to regard country girls, and in fact all girls, as the hunter regards game, and boasts of his success and of the liberties which he is allowed to take with innocent and well-meaning country girls, generally under the guise of love. And the country boys, because they have all their lives been encouraged, directly or indirectly, to regard the city as the source of the good and desirable things of life, fall under the influence of such young men and themselves become unclean.

Another source of danger to the boys is dissolute farmers, who, when they go to market with stock, delight in showing the young boys the "sights of the city," as they say. Knowing themselves to be defiled, they delight in defiling others. The goat will gratify his passions. We expect that of the goat. The dissolute farm goat will do worse. He will persuade others to follow his example.

Some will say: This has long been the case, and still the country survives. True, in one sense. But with the increase in the demand for outside labor, the danger increases; and, unfortunately, the evil seed sown now falls on soil prepared for it, prepared in two or three ways, by the letting down of religious standards in the family, by the decay of the rural church, by the small attendance at the rural school, prohibiting wholesome play, and by the growing lack of enforced obedience in the family while the children are yet young. The result has been a loss of respect on the part of the child for his parents, and an unwillingness when grown up to submit to restraint or even listen to parental advice.

Mushy preaching, with its too exclusive appeal to the emotions, and lack of appeal to the intellect and reason, has taken its part in preparing the soil for the sowing of evil suggestions, such as are found in our cheaper magazines and sometimes in the so-called better ones, forced upon the family in order that the circulation may be increased and advertising rates advanced accordingly. In many of these stories situations are developed which awaken dormant passions in both girls and boys; and they naturally are deeply interested in seeing how far they can go without actually falling or suffering disgrace.

The only safe thing to do in this is to refuse to buy cheap publications, and take time to select, by examination of current issues, so as to see that their children and friends who come into the home, find there only carefully edited reading, which shows for itself that it will not lower the moral standards. You need not take any publisher's word for that. An examination will show you the spirit that runs through the publication.

As character is built up from the bottom, it is absolutely necessary that parents insist on obedience from their children. As boys grow up, they should be able to feel that their father is their chum, and thus give a chance for him to warn them of the perils of adolescence or the growing-up stage. The same is true of mothers and daughters. It is possible to exclude harmful literature from the home.

Only by these means can the next generation be kept from the follies of this in some localities. If the child does not learn to obey from childhood, he will lose respect for his parents. If the child is accustomed to hear coarse language, he will use coarse language. Poor, innocent thing, he does not know any better. If the young mind is fed on trash, however cheaply it may be secured, it is liable to think trash all the rest of its life. Most parents are careful as to the food they give their children to nourish the body. It is far more necessary to be careful as to what their children feed on mentally and morally.

Drives Asthma Before It. The smoke or vapor from Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy gives asthma no chance to linger. It eradicates the cause. Our experience with the relief-giving remedy shows how actual and positive is the succor it gives. It is the result of long study and experiment and was not submitted to the public until its makers knew it would do its work well.

Childhood and Toys

Pedagogical authorities generally agree that a child should not have too many toys, for multiplying playthings means that one, scarcely used, will be quickly discarded for a newer attraction, and that the possibilities of any single toy will never be developed.

The toy and the child, however, bear another relation to each other usually not comprehended, and it is the failure to understand this fact that frequently accounts for the boredom of many children with their playthings. Just as the generation that has been spanked never spanks the one which follows, so it is as impossible for parents to realize that the toys they longed for as children and never got are not the things their offspring most desire.

Mrs. A., denied in early youth a doll's house, gives Ada an elaborate one, despite the fact that what the child really craves is a paintbox and a tricycle. Z., who had vainly wished for a loud, resounding drum and other martial equipments, carefully chooses them for his boy, when a complete tool-chest was the goal of Tom's ambitions. And so it goes. Undoubtedly Ada and Tom will, in their turn, bestow the tricycle and tool-chest upon their little sons and daughters, who want, quite as their grandparents did, the unattainable doll's house and drum.

Again, parents, eager for the child's development, are apt to force toys and games quite beyond his comprehension upon him, thus robbing some plaything that later would be a joy of all possible charm. This is only one degree worse than the feeling some mothers have for the picturesqueness of certain playthings. Freddy may want to walk down town his arms clasping either an enormous red ball or a Teddy-bear, and even if maternal judgment yields, and allows the boy to drag after him a battered, disreputable cart, the injured decorative instinct is still there, often to return stronger than ever.

The relation between childhood and toys is sacred, and although older people are frequently urged to remember when they were little and to put themselves in the child's place, the child's own individuality should, nevertheless, be consulted.

"Is that clock right?" asked the visitor, who had already outstayed his welcome. His hostess yawned.

"Oh, no," she said. "That's the clock we always call 'The visitor.'"

The obdurate one sat down again.

"The visitor!" he remarked. "What a curious name to give a clock!"

His hostess ventured to explain.

"You see," she cooed sweetly, "we call it that because we can never make it go!"

May we send you a copy of our new book, "Desserts and Candies"? —practical—helpful—and free. Write for it to our Montreal Office.

221W

"Mother Says We Couldn't Run The Farm Without

CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP

IT'S downright scandalous, the number of 20 pound tins I buy. But, as Mother says, we use it for 'most everything.

"Nothing else tastes quite so good on all kinds of Hot Bread, Johnny Cake and Griddle Cakes.

"Mother uses it for all her cooking—for Cookies, Cakes, Gingerbread and Pies.

"And I am almost ashamed to mention the quantity of 'Crown Brand' and bread that my youngsters consume. This syrup certainly is a favorite in my home".

The 20 pound tin is convenient and economical for home use, although you can get "Crown Brand" in 2, 5 and 10 pound tins. Ask your dealer.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—"Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

"I have a Neuralgic Headache."

Don't drug yourself, it is just nourishment your nerves need.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets Nourish your Nerves.

Neuralgia and Neuralgic Headache simply indicate that your nerves are weak and underfed. Why drug them into insensibility when it is nourishment they need? Drugs cannot supply that nourishment, they can only deaden the pain for a time at the cost of bad after-effects—heart-depression, faintness; and if persisted in a drug habit may be set up.

In Dr. Cassell's Tablets you have true nerve nutrients. The active principles in them are precisely what a specialist would prescribe in cases of Neuralgia Neuritis, Neurasthenia, and other forms of nerve weakness. They nourish every nerve-centre in the body and give to the entire system, that strength and vitality which make nerve troubles impossible. Read what a Scientist says about Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Chas. W. Botwood, D.Sc., Ph.D., etc., of York, England, says:—"As a safe and reliable remedy for loss of flesh and vigour, nerve affections and bodily weakness, Dr. Cassell's Tablets appear to be unique. I have no hesitation in recommending them."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-spasmodic, of proved therapeutic value in all run-down conditions, and the recognised remedy for

NERVOUSNESS, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, NEURASTHENIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, ANÆMIA, MALNUTRITION, DYSPEPSIA, PALPITATION, KIDNEY WEAKNESS

Specially valuable to Nursing Mothers and Women of Middle Life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube 50 cents. Six tubes for the price of five. War tax 2 cents per tube extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., Manchester, England.

FREE SAMPLE.
On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., 10, McCaul Street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Young People

A Wise Conclusion

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Home's the nicest, after all!
  Once I went a long, long way;
Took a car and travelled far,
  On the train a night and day;
Many funny things I saw—
  Rivers, cities, mountains tall,
But I begged for leaving-time:
  Home's the nicest, after all!

Once the shepherd dog and I
  Thought we'd journey through the wood;
Took enough of bread and stuff,
  Played that I was Robin Hood.
Oh, how very lost we got!
  How I had to cry and call!
Tell you home looked mighty good;
  It's the safest, after all.

Sometimes, when I read the tale
  Of a great man's wanderings,
When I see swift bird or bee,
  And begin to wish for wings,
Long to have a big balloon,
  Fret because I stay so small,
I remember certain things:
  Home's the best place, after all!

How Cornilla Ran Away

Cornilla sat on the step just outside the iron gate that led to the garden of her home. Her nurse was ill, and Jane, her mother's maid, was to have the care of Cornilla that day, but Jane was called into the house and told Cornilla that she might stand by the gate and look out, for Jane did not know it was unlocked.

Cornilla tried the latch; it lifted, and then she pulled the gate open and slipped out, closing it after her. "I'll just sit here," she said, "and watch the people go past."

Cornilla had large blue eyes and long, dark curls, and she wore a big gray bonnet, trimmed with ribbon, which matched her eyes. Her coat was black velvet, with a wide lace collar, and she wore black shoes and white stockings. She made a very pretty picture as she sat there watching with eager eyes the passing crowd.

By and by, a hurdy-gurdy came along. The man stopped in front of Cornilla and played, but as there were no pennies to be had he rolled his cart along to the end of the street.

"I'll just go to the end of the street," said Cornilla, "and hear the music," but when the hurdy-gurdy man left the corner Cornilla followed, and before she realized how far away from home she was, found herself in a strange part of the city.

There were many other children following the music, and Cornilla went along. She was watching the children dance when a woman asked if she liked the music. Cornilla told her she did, and then the woman said: "You better let me take you home. Come with me."

Cornilla did not like her face or the way she was dressed, but as she did not know the way she went along. The woman led her through an alley into a dark hallway. "Come upstairs," she told Cornilla. Poor little Cornilla was frightened by this time, and when the woman took off her pretty coat and collar she began to cry.

The woman shook her and told her to stop crying. "But I want to go home," said Cornilla. "You shall in a little while," said the woman, and then she took off Cornilla's bonnet, "you can go home now."

"But I want my coat," said Cornilla, beginning to cry again.

"This one is better for you," said the wicked woman, putting a shabby coat on her. Then she told her to stop crying or she would not take her home, so poor Cornilla held back the sobs that were in her throat, and the woman took her into the street again.

They walked a long distance, and then the woman told Cornilla to look at the top of a high building and see the man on the roof, and when Cornilla looked at the street again the woman had disappeared.

Cornilla began to cry. A big policeman came along and asked her where she lived, but when she told him the name of the street he looked at her coat and laughed.

"I guess you are mistaken," he said; "but I will take you up to the station, and we will see if we can find your home." He picked her up in his arms, for she was too tired to walk, and when they reached the station she was fast asleep.

When the matron took her and untied her bonnet Cornilla opened her eyes and began to cry. "I do not want my hair cut," she said, "and I want to go home."

"No one shall cut your hair," the matron said, and then she saw the pretty dress under the shabby coat.

"Is this your coat?" she asked.

"No," answered Cornilla, "she took my coat and gave me this one." And then she told her how she had followed the music, and the woman said she would take her home, "and she cut off my curls and left me in the street, and I do want my mother," sobbed Cornilla.

Just then the door opened and a policeman came in. "Here is a child that has just been brought in," he said to a gentleman who was with him. Cornilla jumped out of the matron's lap and ran toward them.

"O father!" she cried, "I want to go home. I went out of the gate and Jane told me not to move till she came back."

Her father took her in his arms and held her very close, and Cornilla felt something wet and warm fall on her face. Then her father gave something to the policeman and the matron, but Cornilla could not see what it was. She only knew she was safe in her father's arms and was going home.

Little Woolly Dog

A little woolly dog sat in a shop window and waited a long time for a little girl or boy to carry him away. He saw many things from this window. A blind man stood there and sold pencils, and one day he looked at woolly dog and the dog was sure he winked at him. And if he were blind woolly dog wondered why he looked at the pennies that were given him.

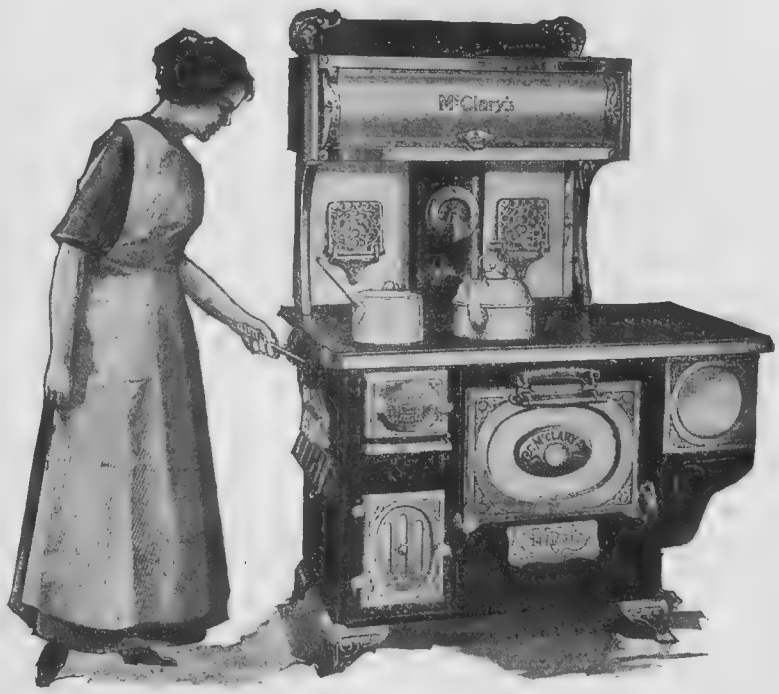
One day a little boy bought woolly dog and carried him away. He was on little wheels and every day the boy took him for a run on the sidewalk. Woolly dog was very happy for a while, but one day a wheel was broken and then a puppy shook him and pulled out some of his white wool and then he was thrown into a drawer with other broken toys to be mended, some day.

Woolly dog lay in the corner of the drawer. There were a broken whip and a top with the point gone, a rubber ball with a hole in it and a torn picture book, but none of these were company for woolly dog. One day the drawer was opened and he was sure that he would be taken out and mended, but no, a little wooden hen was thrown in. She was close to woolly dog.

"What has happened to you?" he asked the hen.

"Oh, a piece of my comb is broken off," she said, "and the little boy picked

A range you can easily control



IT is wonderfully simple and easy to regulate both your cooking and the expenditure of fuel,—money. And easy to manage, means easy to economize, you know.

All the Kootenay controls are on the outside. For instance, how infinitely easier to control the damper from the front of the stove—the Kootenay way—than to bend over the hot top to reach it! Surprising how quickly one gets almost complete control of every bit of heat, making it do your bidding. You keep an eye on the thermometer, and the smokepipe fuel saver, handy dampers, and on the oven that loses no heat; all work together for splendid cooking at least expense.

You want to know about the sensible ideas for saving time, the fine bakings you can do with a small amount of fuel, and the way the range withstands the wear and tear that wrecks ordinary ranges; its aluminized flues mean long life to the range because the coated steel linings are rust-proof; asbestos joints prevent leakage of air at joints.

McClary's Kootenay Range

The new booklet, just off the press, tells everything in an interesting way. Tear out the coupon and send it to the factory. Before you forget, and certainly before you buy a range, get your copy.

McClary's

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John Hamilton Calgary
Saskatoon Edmonton

Tear off this Coupon

Kindly send me a copy of your booklet about the Kootenay Range.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

871

out one of my eyes, but I am to be mended, some day."

"Do not count on that," said the dog. "I have been here a long time, and they were going to mend me. You better come into my corner and live with me. We can be married and live happily here."

And so they were married. Woolly dog told her the things he had seen from the shop window and the little hen thought him the most wonderful creature she had ever seen, and they were very happy.

One day the drawer was opened again and a cloth cat was thrown in. "What happened to you?" asked the dog and hen.

"Oh, I am soiled and my coat is torn; I am to have a new covering, some day," replied the cat. But the dog and hen told her they had been there a long, long time, and not to count upon being taken out. "You better live with us," said the hen; "there are no other animals here." So the cat lived with the dog and hen.

One day the cat said to them: "You two are not properly mated. You should not have married a two-legged animal," she said to the dog, and to the hen she said: "You should have married a feathered animal, not one with hair."

"I never thought of that," said the little hen. And then the dog began thinking that he had four legs and the hen only two. He had not noticed that before, he had been so happy.

Another day the cat said: "It is very plain that you two are not suited to each other; one scratched for food and the other has teeth and chews it. I cannot understand why you have not thought of this. When you go out of this drawer you will find it is quite an impossible

Now, you *must* say "please."

match." So the little hen began to think it over and it made her very sad. And the dog would look at the hen and feel very unhappy.

And one day after the cat had talked to them the dog moved to the other side of the drawer and left the little hen alone, and both were very sad. The cat lived in the center of the drawer, and she was discontented, and so none of them were happy. The cat did not care for the dog nor the hen, but because of her discontent she made the dog and the little hen believe they were not happy together, and so they all lived apart. If the cat had not come into the drawer to live, the woolly dog never would have noticed that the hen had only two legs, and the little hen would not have thought about her feathers and the dog's hairy coat.

It is not pleasant to have a discontented person around us.

The Patient Darky

John Sharp Williams, says that one day while leisurely driving down a road near his home town in Mississippi, he observed a darky reclining under a tree near the roadside. The negro was gazing lazily up through the branches of the tree, and a hoe lay beside him. In the cornfield adjoining the road there could be seen, Mr. Williams states, many weeds impeding the growth of the grain.

"What are you doing there, Sam?" asked Mr. Williams.

"I'se heah to hoe dat corn, sah," was the answer.

"Then what are you doing under the tree—resting?"

"Not exactly, sah. I ain't hardly restin', 'cause I ain't tired. I'm waitin' fo' de sun to go down, so I kin quit work.'"

When Father Takes Me for a Walk

Louise A. Garnett

When Father takes me for a walk
It makes me glad all day.
He puts his hand in mine and says,
"Now, Captain, lead the way."

I take him to the chipmunk's hole,
To ponds where fish are thick;
And where the big boys dig for bait,
He whittles me a stick,

And makes a willow whistle, too,
That we take turns to blow.
We scatter petals in the brook
And wonder where they go.

Then, when we're tired, we start for home
And talk of lots of things,
Why Mother has such cuddly ways,
Why birds and bees have wings.

And Father talks of business, too,
And asks me my advice.
Now, wouldn't you, if you were there,
Think walks like that are nice?

Wait and See

When my boy with eager questions,
Asking how, and where, and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
Asking o'er and o'er again
Questions oft to which the answers
Give to others still the key,
I said, to teach him patience,
"Wait, my little boy, and see."

An the words I taught my darling
Taught to me a lesson sweet;
Once when all the world seemed darkened,
And the storm about me beat,
In the "children's room" I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby-brother's questions,
Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

Like and angel's tender chiding
Came the darling's words to me,
Though my Father's ways were hidden,
Bidding me still wait and see.
What are we but restless children,
Ever asking what shall be?
And the Father, in His wisdom,
Gently bids us "Wait and see."—*Anon.*

Impressive Stationery

We would like to quote you prices on Stationery which is at once both impressive and dainty. We make a specialty of Wedding Invitations and Society Stationery, and our plant enjoys every facility for turning out work of unexcelled quality.

Stovel Company, Ltd.

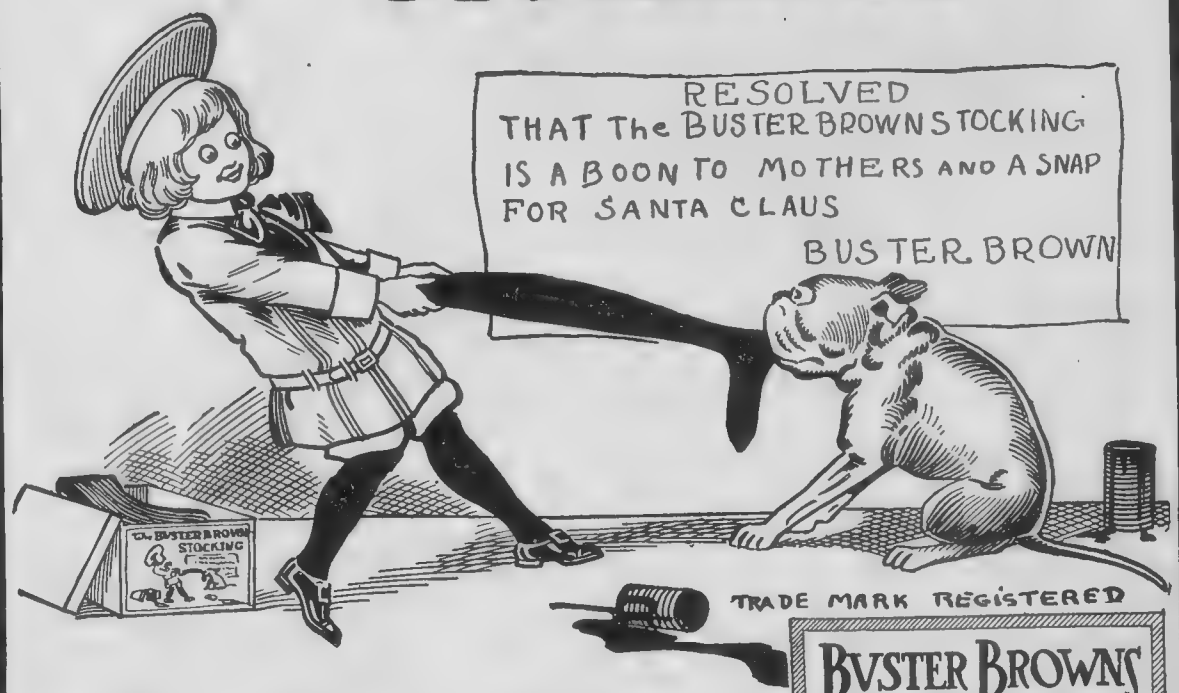
Printers and Lithographers

WINNIPEG - - MAN.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

SUNSHINE HOSIERY REGISTERED



For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.

Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

Hamilton :: :: Ontario

MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONTARIO A

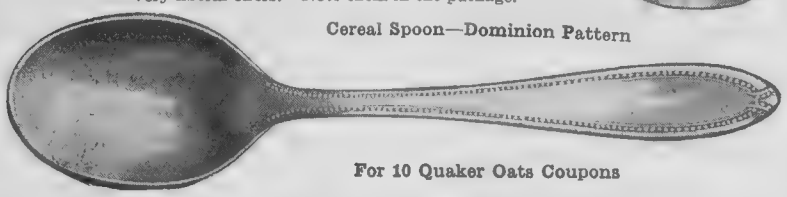
Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

Quaker Oats Premiums

SILVER PLATE—JEWELRY—ALUMINUM

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them. This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.

Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern



For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons

The Start of a Perfect Day

This scene in the kitchen means that breakfast brings a luxury dish.

And it means for the day — for its work or its study — a wealth of energy.

Nature gives to queen oats her most inviting flavor. She has made them her premier vim-food. She has lavishly endowed them with rare elements we need.

So the oat dish to-day, as for ages, holds unique place among grain foods.

You know this. All folks know it.

And all folks value the effects.

But how often do housewives, to save a little time, start the day on a lesser food.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Grade Vim-Food

Quaker Oats is oat-food of an extra grade. It is flaked from queen oats only — just the big, plump, luscious grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a matchless flavor. There are no insipid grains to affect it.

That flavor has won the world. Oat lovers of every nation send to get it.

Every package which bears this brand contains these extra oat flakes. Yet it costs no extra price. That is why it is worth your while to ask for Quaker Oats.

Large Round Package, 25c. Regular Package, 10c.
Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont. (1406) **Saskatoon, Sask.**

Fashions and Patterns

A Smart Frock for Mother's Girl — 1829—Blue gingham, with trimming of white braid, is here shown. The design is good for all wash fabrics, for serge, flannel, suiting, gabardine, repp and poplin. It is also nice for corduroy and velvet. The closing is at the left side under the tuck. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl — 1823—Girls' Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with round or square neck outline. Batiste, lawn, pique, linene, gingham, percale, cashmere, crepe and nun's veiling are nice for this model. The dress is gathered over the sides in Empire effect. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 4 and 5 years. It requires 2⅜ yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style for Misses and Small Women—1836—This comprises a blouse in middy style, finished with a sleeve in wrist or elbow length, and with comfortable pockets. The skirt has plaited sections over the hips, below pointed tabs. Gabardine, serge, cheviot, broadcloth, velvet and taffeta are nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 6½ yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 3½ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Dress for Party or Best Wear—1846—Girls' Dress, with or without Bolero, and with sleeve in either of two styles. Nainsook, batiste, voile, crepe, lawn, tub silk, messaline and taffeta are nice for this model. The waist may be finished with or without the bolero. The back extends over the fronts in yoke effect. The skirt is full and gathered to the waist. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch or wider material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple but Practical Combination—Waist 1817. Skirt 1818—Comprising ladies' shirtwaist pattern 1817, and ladies' three-piece skirt pattern 1818. In cheviot, voile, gabardine, broadcloth, velvet and taffeta, this will make a lovely business suit, and be just as available for home or calling. The waist pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The skirt measures 3 1-3 yards at the foot, and requires 3⅜ yards of 44-inch material for its development. The waist requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. To make and combine skirt and waist of one material will require 5⅜ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Smart Combination — Waist 1807. Apron and Bag 1844—This portrays ladies' shirtwaist pattern 1807, together with a pretty apron and workbag illustrated under 1844. The bag is ideal for darning or embroidery, and may be finished with various pockets for practical and convenient purposes. The apron is attractive. It is cut in 3 petal shaped sections, and has a smart pocket over the centre section. The pattern for this model is cut in one size: medium. It requires 2⅝ yards of 27-inch material for the apron, with ⅞ yard for the bag. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material for a medium size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern.

A Little Care and A Little Cuticura

Do Wonders for Hair and Skin

The Soap for all toilet purposes, the Ointment to soothe and soften.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 22B Boston." Sold everywhere.

Our Catalogue Will Interest You

It contains full particulars and prices of different kinds of hair goods, including **Switches, Pompadours, Curls, Bangs, Transformations, etc.**

Our hair goods are guaranteed to be composed exclusively of best quality hair, and accordingly we do the largest business in hair goods in Western Canada.

Switches, any length or color, from.....$1.50
Combings made up.....1.00

Seaman & Petersen
NEW YORK HAIR STORE
Kensington Block Winnipeg

Ladies! Save Your Combings!

We can make your combings up into a switch and it will only cost you 50 cents an ounce.

Send us your combings—it will surprise you to see the fine switch that can be made out of even a small quantity of hair.

Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

Dr. J. Klein, Prop.
Elite Hairdressing Parlors
207 New Enderton Bldg.
WINNIPEG

Learn Music At Home!

Lessons Free

New Method—Learn to Play by Note—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Harp, 'Cello, Guitar, Trombone, Flute, Piccolo, Clarinet, or to sing. Special Limited Offer of free weekly lessons. You pay only for music and postage, which is small. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Everything illustrated, plain, simple, systematic. Free lectures each course. 16 years' success. Start at once. Write for Free Booklet Today—Now.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63
225 Fifth Ave. New York City

A Most Attractive House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in either of two Lengths—1820—This style is finished with a smart vest and yoke portions that are joined to the side fronts. The sleeve may be in waist or elbow length. The skirt is finished with pockets, and is a three-piece model. Striped seersucker, checked gingham, or a neat pattern of percale would make this up nicely for a morning dress. It could also be developed for business or street wear in taffeta, gabardine, poplin, voile or serge. The waist, collar and facings to be of matched satin. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1-3 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for Mother's Girl—1830—This model in striped gingham or chambrey, linene, corduroy or pique would be very attractive, especially if vest, collar and cuffs were of contrasting material. The waist fronts are trimmed with revers that form a broad collar over the back, and outline the vest portions which complete the fronts. The skirt is plaited under the belt. The sleeve may be finished with a deep cuff, or in short length, with a turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Undergarment — 1838 — Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Underskirt. This style is good for batiste, nainsook, lawn, crepe and silk. The cover is cut in round neck outline. The skirt has three gores, lengthened by a gathered flounce. Lace or embroidery form a suitable trimming. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps,

A Popular "Twenty Minute" Apron—1629—Just the thing to make "in a hurry" and to find convenient and comfortable ever after. The style is nice for ginghams, seersucker, alpaca, sateen, lawn, linen, drill and percale. The body portion has ample fulness, and the strap extensions secure the back over the fronts. In warm weather, this style will be much appreciated, for it does away with any superfluity of material, and at the same time secures ample protection for the dress beneath and is comfortable. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5½ yards of 27-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model — 1831 — Middy Suit for Juniors. Linen, galatea, voile, khaki cloth, gingham, chambrey, percale, mixed suiting and flannel are good for this style. The blouse is made to slip over the head. The skirt has shaped yoke sections which may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Popular Style—1822—Ladies' House or Porch Dress. Checked gingham in blue and white is here shown. Linen, drill, linene, corduroy, gabardine, serge, taffeta, percale, seersucker and brilliantine are also nice for this model. The closing is at the centre front. The skirt is a three-piece model. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a band cuff, or in elbow length, with a turn-back cuff. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3¼ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Jacket Suit for Mother's Boy—1840—Checked suiting is here shown with belt and collar of white corduroy. The pocket sections may be omitted, and the belt stayed by straps at the underarm seams. The trousers are cut with straight lower edge, and have a good,

NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advises The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.

MR. ROSENBURG
589 Casgrain St., Montreal.
April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for *Constipation and Indigestion* as "Fruit-a-tives". I was a sufferer from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, Music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with *nasty Headaches*, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try "Fruit-a-tives", and now for six months I have been entirely well.

I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, *to try "Fruit-a-tives"*, and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBURG.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Rheumatism

A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered, as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day

Mark H. Jackson, No. 320C Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.—Pub.

Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date 1916-1917 FALL AND WINTER Catalogue, containing over 400 Designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest Embroidery Designs, also a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

D&A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES

D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES

The *D & A Good Shape Brassieres* are scientifically designed from perfect standard to fit the figure faultlessly, and they are made in such a wide variety of styles that there is a model perfectly suited to every figure.

Ask Your Corsetiere

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY

Montreal QUEBEC Toronto

Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

For the Cream of the Day

TWO A. M.—inky dark—that's when Big Ben starts the milkman's day.

Out of bed like a boy going fishing — nudges Big Ben to a hush—takes up the tune as he whistles to work.

You've heard that patter of nimble feet—the clink of bottles in the wire tray—the rattle of boxes, of cans and ice—the giddap—the wheels—the merry tune—all unmindful of the world at sleep. You've wondered.

Try Big Ben *yourself* a little earlier. See how he'll bring *you* the cream of the day—rich morning hours that start you right and stretch out till night with minutes aplenty for every task. And *you'll* take up his tune and smile through the day.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, $2.50 in the States, $3.00 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A. Western Clock Co. Makers of *Westclox*

Other Westclox: Pocket Ben, Baby Ben, America, Bingo, Sleep-Meter, Lookout, Ironclad.

comfortable pocket at the side. The pattern is good for linen, galatea, gingham, serge, cheviot, corduroy and velvet. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 5, 6 and 8 years, and requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 5-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Ladies' Costume with Sleeve in Wrist Length, with or without Deep Cuff or in Short Length with or without Flare Cuff —1590—This portrays a very smart style, suitable for any of the combinations now in vogue. In blue poplin or moire, with satin to match or green serge and matched satin it will make a very handsome gown for afternoon or calling. The waist has surplice fronts which form a yoke over the upper part. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a simulated or added deep cuff or in short length with a new flare cuff. The skirt is cut with ample fulness and has plaited extensions at the sides of the front panel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The skirt measures 3¼ yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Being Neighborly

Young Mrs. Barclay stopped to catch her breath and tuck the fresh white napkin more neatly round a plate of steaming hot rolls. "It's so nice," she said to herself, "to have a neighbor. It takes some of the loneliness out of camp life to run over with a plate of something hot. And men are so helpless about baking. Mr. Greenhut's biscuits are pitiful."

She hurried up the trail. As she neared Mr. Greenhut's cabin voices came to her through the trees. "Oh, he has company," she said. "I'm just in time with the rolls." She was about to rap when Mr. Greenhut's voice came distinctly through the open window.

"Yes," he said, "it is more like civilization with a woman in camp, and Mrs. Barclay is a sweet, sunny little thing, too. But she's selfish with her neighborliness—"

Mrs. Barclay tiptoed noiselessly away from the cabin and fled away through the trees. Back in her own cabin she pushed the plate of rolls out of sight under the table cover.

"There," she said, with the tears in her pretty gray eyes. "I'll never be neighborly with him again! Selfish indeed! I left my own work unfinished to take those rolls over for his dinner."

When Tom Barclay came in a few minutes later a wet little dab of a kiss instead of the enthusiastic one that usually greeted him told him that something had gone wrong.

"What! Lonesome again?" he asked, slipping an arm round the tearful little figure. "Never mind honey. When we get a little further under way and start shipping ore we'll go back to civilization, and parties, and clothes and neighbors."

"It's not that," she said, with her face buried in his blue jumper. And between sobs she told him the incident of the morning. Tom Barclay patted his wife's hand.

"Do you know, dear," he said, slowly, "your neighborliness is a little selfish. You keep all the joy of the giving, and let Mr. Greenhut have only the taking. Do you remember when he offered to bring your water? Another time it was wood. Things like that would be a real help to you when I'm away. And when you refused the watermelon I think it really hurt him. When a man carries a watermelon over seven miles of mountain trail, it means he thinks it's going to give some one its weight in happiness. I imagine all the joy of anticipation he had in lugging that melon over the range vanished when you sent him back to his own cabin with it."

Mrs. Barclay looked up comprehendingly. "How stupid I've been," she said. "I wanted that melon, too; but I was afraid he meant it to 'pay back' for the rolls and things. That was only two days ago. Do you think maybe—"

"I saw it," said her husband, laughing, "this morning in the spring hole. It must be deliciously cold by now. Shall you ask for it?"

"Just wait and see," was all she said.

Tom Barclay came home that night to a gay little supper scene. His wife, in her fluffiest dress, was spreading a tablecloth on the rough pine table, while savory odors floated from the oven.

"Chicken!" he cried. "Where did you get it?"

"It's from Mr. Greenhut," explained his wife, "and it's grouse. He says it's exactly the right size for two people to make a dinner of."

"Hello!" called her husband, exploring further. "So you did ask for it!"

"Indeed I did not!" said Mrs. Barclay. "Nothing could have looked more accidental than the way I came across Mr. Greenhut getting his water from the spring hole this afternoon. There are some beautiful flowers up the hill, and I had my apron full of them. So I said, 'You haven't eaten your melon yet, Mr. Greenhut?' "

" 'No,' he said, 'I—I don't care very much for melons.' I knew he wanted to offer it again, but didn't quite dare to, so I said:

" 'I wish I'd known that when you offered it to me. Melons are the only thing I dream of up here—except chicken.'

"Well, before I knew it he had brought out this beautiful grouse, all picked and cleaned, and loaded it into a pan with the melon, and brought them right down to the cabin. And the way he beamed! He's the dearest old man!"

"Didn't you ask him to stay and help us eat all the grand things?"

"O Tom, you'd have bungled the whole thing. Do you think I was going to spoil it all by offering him a 'pay-back' supper? Of course I wanted to. I went to the door five times to call him back; and the last time I just took myself in hand.

" 'Lillian Barclay,' I said, 'you leave things just as they are for a whole week—and then you can be sure your rolls have the neighborly flavor.' "

A Little Sunshine

Farm life, even where neighbors are far apart, may be full of sunshine, but it needs brave hearts, keen eyes, cheerful spirits, plenty of grit and determination and go sometimes to see and enjoy it. And then, too, it will not last unless you share it. I have a friend who has always lived in what seemed to me lonely places, miles away from town, and yet she is happy beyond what most of us expect in this world. True, she has an exceptionally good and devoted husband and a fine son, but she has made and kept them what they are.

Strength of body has never been hers, but she has a sunny and contented disposition and the bravest spirit I ever met and she accomplishes a great deal in the course of a year. Her home is now a good one, but in the days when all about her rose the giants of the forest, it was the same source of inspiration and love. Always she has done for others, and gladly have they done for her. Acting under her guidance, people come for miles to social gatherings and the Ladies' Aid, and even at times when this has been impossible, she has never lost courage. Always there is something to do, some one to love, and something to think about. Death stole away her mother and her baby girls, the savings of years went to pay doctor's bills, but she was sure God would make it right, and He has.

Sunshine on the farm means making the most of what you have. Books and music, birds and flowers, rest and recreation, have their places in life just as much as energy and labor, and everybody can have more or less of them, at little cost. Cut out the cheap story papers which create discontent and false ideas of life; there are others that cost scarcely more, and every one can either borrow or buy at least one interesting magazine or paper.

Grow in spiritual grace. It helps wonderfully to go to the House of God at least once a week. If there be none, call together your family and as many more as you can on Sunday afternoon and have a service of your own. Read the Scriptures, pray and sing. Neighborhood Sunday schools are good for the children, and may well be "sunny" schools. After the service, have a social time, pass the apples or nuts and cider, or just a cup of tea, bread and butter, anything that will not take much time or be much expense. Nuts may be cracked the day before, or there may be plain, home-made candy. If possible, meet at different neighbors' houses, and let each in turn furnish the refreshments. If "refreshments" sounds like too much work, just have a little social time, then go home and do the chores.

Magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set Free to Our Readers

LIMITED NUMBER OF DINNER SETS TO BE GIVEN AWAY NOW
LATER MAY BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET MORE

Easy For Others. Very Easy For You

Because of the shortage of the imported material used in the making of the 47-piece Dinner Set we offer, the cost of these China Sets has raised considerably during the past few months. However, we still have on hand part of a carload of nice Dinner Sets, all carefully packed, ready for shipment, and we are going to supply a set to each one who answers this advertisement and performs the small service requested, until the present supply is exhausted. After that, we will make no promises. The cost to us by that time may be doubled, which, of course, would mean that the amount of service necessary to get a set would be doubled. It will pay you to investigate now. Act quickly before the Dinner Sets are all spoken for at the old rate.

Description of Dinner Sets

This actual reproduction from a photo does not begin to do justice to the splendid new pattern English China Dinner Set we offer you. This set is of the famous Ruskin design, and tastefully decorated. The color scheme is artistic, and there is just enough color work to give the set a neat, dignified appearance. This is a first-class, useful and practical Dinner Set, and is rapidly being placed in many of the best homes in our territory. Already we have given away several car loads, and the demand is increasing.

The Dinner Set Contains

6 Soup Plates, 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Fruit or Cereal Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cups, 1 Meat Platter, 1 Covered Dish, 1 Gravy Bowl, 1 Jug.

You are sure to be Greatly Pleased

This is absolutely the most liberal Dinner Set offer ever made, and we hope you will be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of it. We never knew a woman who had too many dishes. Our splendid plan certainly should appeal to you. You'll be surprised to know how easy it is for you to get a Dinner Set. Please remember these dishes are not for sale at any price.

THERE WILL BE A BIG DEMAND. GET YOURS NOW. HERE IS OUR OFFER:

You can obtain this magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set by sending us in eight new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 apiece.

If you care to make enquiry at your store, you will find that the very lowest price you can buy a combination dinner and tea set is about $11.00, and the quality would not be nearly as good as what we are offering.

You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

REMEMBER—The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English semi-porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft and velvety in tone. For further particulars address

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

When You Use

O-Cedar Polish

(MADE IN CANADA)

You use the best polish there is for hardwood floors, furniture, woodwork of every kind, automobiles, pianos, etc. It is best because—

IT DUSTS, CLEANS AND POLISHES AT ONE OPERATION.
IT GIVES BEST RESULTS WITH THE LEAST EFFORT.
THE RESULTS OBTAINED ARE LASTING.
IT IS ECONOMICAL, BEING USED WITH WATER—HALF AND HALF
IT REMOVES ALL DIRT AND SCUM, LEAVING THE SURFACE LIKE NEW.
IT IS NOT GUMMY OR STICKY OR DUST COLLECTING
IT IS NOT A VENEER—IT IS A POLISH

So sure are we that O-Cedar will give you absolute satisfaction that we guarantee it. If not delighted your dealer will refund your money.

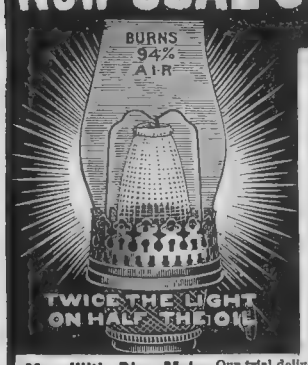
Try It at Our Risk

FROM YOUR DEALER, **25c** to **$3.00**

Channell Chemical Company, Limited Toronto, Canada

New COAL OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE

10 Days FREE—Send No Money



We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern white light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests by Government and 34 leading Universities show that it

Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon

common coal oil (kerosene), no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. **Won Gold Medal** at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new **Aladdin** in every way (details of offer given in our circular). We want **one user in each locality** to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is **given free.** Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get **one free.** **Yours FREE**

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 519 Aladdin Building, WINNIPEG
Largest Coal Oil (Kerosene) Mantle Lamp House in the World

Men With Rigs Make $100 to $300 Per Mo. Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: *"I sold 51 the first seven days."* Christensen says: *"Have never seen an article that sells so easily."* Norring says: *"92 per cent of homes visited bought."* Phillips says: *"Every customer becomes a friend and booster."* Kemerline says: *"No flowery talk necessary. Sells itself."* Thousands who are coining money endorse the **Aladdin** just as strongly. **NO MONEY REQUIRED.** We furnish stock to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to secure an appointment and make big money in unoccupied territory. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work.

Keep Your Skin Clean!

by the use of a good reliable cream and this you will find in my "IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents blackheads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other. Price **50c** per jar. Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

Mrs. E. Coates Coleman

Phone M. 996. 224 Smith Street, Winnipeg

Correspondence

Interested Reader

Mankota, Sask.

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of your paper for the past few months. It is impossible to say how much I have enjoyed its columns. Especially the correspondence page. I quite agree with Sweet Marie that a little nonsense sometimes is quite necessary for one's health. I am a homesteader and bachelor but cannot say I am lonesome as there are plenty of good neighbors here. It makes me tired when I read the poor lonesome bachelor's letters. I would like to hear from Dolly Dimples or Sweet Marie.—Riley.

Would Like Someone to Correspond in French

Opal, Alta.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your paper. I think the letters are very interesting, I like the stories very much. I live on the farm and I like it. I like working outdoors best, being fond of horses and riding. I agree with "A Soldier's admirer"—if I were a man I would go and fight, I think I would join the cavalry. We have a fine garden this year, the flowers are lovely. I would like to correspond with a girl who is just learning French, I am learning it. I have nobody to teach me, am only trying to learn from books. I do not know very many words, but I would be glad if any girl would correspond. If she will write first, my address is with the Editor. Well, my letter is long enough now, so I will close.—Opal Light.

From A Soldier Boy

Camp Hughes

Dear Editor and Readers:—As I have been in camp to-day sick, I thought I would write to your valuable paper. I am not a steady reader of it but get one as often as I can. It is O.K. I only wish that it was possible to get it all the time. When we leave Canada I expect to get a friend to send it to me. I have had a homestead for about a year and have a shack on it. So when we get back I will be able to go straight to the farm. I expect we will soon be moving now, and we will all be very glad to get away. I notice a great deal said about the bachelors. Well, I am one but I try to keep my shack tidy. It gets a little untidy at times, but if one has a place for everything and keeps it there, there is no trouble. I hope some of the fair sex will drop me a line once in a while, as it is pretty lonely when one only gets mail about once a month, so if some of the young ladies would not mind writing to a soldier boy, I would be sure to write back. I am not very good at writing, not having had much schooling, but think I will make out alright when we get to Berlin. So if any young lady wants me to bring a German helmet, why, send me your name. I guess this is about all I have to say in this letter. I hope the Editor will put it in the paper. Also hope some little girl will think of me. I am not an old bachelor. I am not 27. Will leave you to guess my age. Have been in the army since last December. So trusting to get a few letters will sign myself.—Far Overseas.

Likes to Correspond

St. Alphonse

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of your splendid page since last year, and I enjoy it very much. I always turn to the correspondence page before I look at any other.

I think girls should not be so very hard on the bachelors as I think they are very unlucky, having to work from morn till night. There are one or two bachelors around here and I know how it is with them.

I don't agree with "Friday" very much for calling girls dressed in overalls "Broncho Busters," as I am dressed in overalls when I go berry picking. I am a Belgian girl and have been in this country four years last spring. I hope to see this letter in print as it is my first one. If I do I'll try again. If any of the members would like to write I will be pleased to answer them. My address is with the Editor.—Rose Red.

MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS

CURED

Salvation Army Captain.

Capt. Wm. E. Sanford (Salvation Army), 38 Earlscourt Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "A short time ago I suffered from heart trouble, which seemed to come on me very suddenly. I was so bad, that at times it seemed as if it was all I could do to breathe. I noticed an announcement of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and decided to give them a trial. After taking two or three days' treatment I felt fine, and my heart has not bothered me since. If this testimony would be of any service to others you are at liberty to use it."

To all who suffer from any form of heart trouble Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief. They strengthen and invigorate the action of the heart, and tone up the whole system.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25. For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Success Business College Winnipeg, Man.

There is a marked scarcity of competent office help in Winnipeg, due to the heavy enlistment of office men. **The Success Business College** graduates are given preference. The **Success** is the largest, strongest, most reliable. It trains more students than all competitors combined—has ten branch schools—enrolls more than 3000 students annually—employs competent, courteous, skilled teachers. Enroll any time. Write for information.

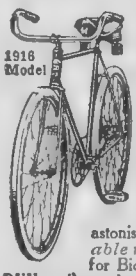
Success Business College, Ltd.
Winnipeg Manitoba

Business College Notice

If you desire to save at least two month's time and college expenses in taking your proposed college course, write to-day to the **WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE,** The Eaton-Houston School, or the **FEDERAL COLLEGE,** Regina. These old and reliable business schools control the wonderful Paragon System of Shorthand for Canada. All business subjects. All qualified students placed in good positions.

GEORGE LOOS, Chartered Accountant
Director of Commercial Studies
GEORGE S. HOUSTON
General Manager

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



In every community to ride and exhibit a sample 1916 Hyslop Bicycle.

10 DAY'S TRIAL. If owner is not entirely satisfied after riding any Hyslop Bicycle 10 days it can be returned and money will be promptly refunded.

TWO CENTS is all it will cost to write us a postal and we will mail free, postpaid, catalogue and colored art folder showing *complete line* of bicycles, tires and supplies and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and *remarkable terms.* MAKE MONEY taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries. DO NOT BUY until you know what we can do for you. Write to-day. **HYSLOP BROTHERS, LIMITED** DEPT. 75 TORONTO, ONT.

PATENTS Trade Marks and Designs

Write for booklet and circular, terms, etc.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

Fred. B. Featherstonhaugh, K.C., M.G.
Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A. Sc.

209-10 Bank of Nova Scotia, Portage Avenue
(Corner of Garry) **WINNIPEG**

"Somewhere in France"

August 22nd, 1916.

My Dear Editor: Being an old subscriber to your paper, I am enclosing a franc for you to send me a copy of August and September. Tell me if the enclosed is sufficient, as I can send more if it is not enough.

This letter is being written not far from the firing line, and though we are in comparative safety, we can hear the booming of guns, which at night is simply deafening, and a western thunderstorm is nothing to the flash of the guns.

It seems a far cry from here to Main street and Portage avenue, but I hope to be spared and once again be in Winnipeg. What a difference, too, between the English and French villages and the hustling and thriving towns of the West.

Dear Editor, I would like to correspond with someone who is a reader of your paper, preferably of the feminine persuasion. It would just cheer me up to write to someone in Canada. The past few years I spent in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and what recollections I have of good times spent out there, dancing, skating and fall suppers filled in many of the lonely evenings. You can quite understand how we feel out here. No girls, shows, or an evening at the Orpheum! No! Nothing but war, war, war!

If this letter should find its way into that letter column of yours, I should like someone to send me any back numbers of The Western Home Monthly, Saturday Evening Post, Weekly Free Press, or any of the books we always took such a delight to read on the farm.

I might say, too, that being with the Imperial Forces, I haven't the pleasure of meeting many Canadians, so I would doubly appreciate any Canadian publications sent.

Now, Mr. Editor, if anyone writes to me and tells me of their life out west, ranching, farming, city life, crops, etc., I should delight in telling about life in France, as it would be very interesting to someone, I know.

I haven't said either, what work I am doing; suffice to say that I am on a motor lorry which pulls the heavy guns into position, others take up the ammunition. Thousands here, too, are busily engaged in taking up the thousands of various things necessary for the troops. With all good wishes,

A Lonely Westerner.

N.B.—The Editor will have pleasure in forwarding to Lonely Westerner in France any stamped letters or parcels sent to this magazine.

Girls and Boys Scarce

Manitoba, Aug. 13, 1916.

Dear Editor: I have read with interest the letters and stories of The Western Home Monthly for some time. I think some of the letters are just fine, but it seems to me that there does arise before the poor patient Editor a lot of hot discussions, chiefly about bachelors, votes for women, and overalls. For my part I say don't worry about the bachelors, they are all right. As for votes for women, well, I never take any interest in that. Last of all, overalls. Why, I think they are just the proper thing, but of course I live in a little town and I couldn't think of putting them on and walking around the streets. We used to live on a farm and I wasn't afraid to wear them there. I certainly don't think that anyone with a pair of overalls on is anything to be ashamed of. My brothers all wear them and sometimes my father.

I often read over some of the old Western Home Monthly's and I see that poor Sunset Bill seems to be run on. Cheer up, Bill, you have my sympathy.

It is a shame that nearly all the beautiful crops this year have been ruined by hail and rust. I think it is just too bad, for it will certainly go hard with some people.

I see where a number of the girls like horse-back riding. I think it is just excellent sport myself. I have not done much of it lately.

I would like very much to get a few correspondents and hear a little more from the outside world. We live in a very small town and things are certainly very slow, they are just fierce; it is so quiet that you could hear a pin drop any time of the day. Girls and boys are very scarce around here. My sister and I always go together, one is never seen without the other. I think it is very hard to keep a girl or boy chum very long, but perhaps some of your readers will differ from me.

I notice that most readers give a description of themselves, but I refrain, although I can say that I am sixteen years old and have always passed without a kick, and so I guess I can for a while yet. What thinkest thou?

My address is with the Editor for anyone who wants to write to me. I will gladly answer any letters.

I guess I will close for this time, wishing your paper every success, I sign myself "Teddy."

Trials make us Appreciate our Blessings

Wiseton, Sask., Aug. 9, 1916.

Dear Editor; I have been a subscriber and reader of your Western Home Monthly magazine for these last two or three years and must say that I very much enjoy reading it, especially the correspondence page.

I am a farmer on a half section in Saskatchewan. I have been out in this country a little over ten years and came from England. We have some very nice looking crops out here this year and also had some very fair crops last year. We have had a considerable amount of rain, but we have had very warm weather along with it. The mosquitoes have been very troublesome, I suppose owing to there being so much rain, but this world would lose half of its sweetness if we had not some trials to bear, for we really appreciate our blessings more when we have trials along with them.

There is one thing that makes life better on these prairies, and that is being able to get magazines and papers so cheaply; a person need never be without lots of good reading as such magazines as The Western Home Monthly and the Family Herald and Weekly Star can be had so cheaply.

I would very much like to get some correspondents of the fair sex between the ages of twenty and thirty. Will some of the Old Country girl correspondents please write? This is my first letter to your department, but sincerely hope it will be good enough to find a place in your correspondence page. I will close for this time and will sign myself "Yorke."

Hailed Out

Nottingham, Sask., Aug. 15, 1916.

Dear Editor: I was proud to note that at least two correspondents noticed my first letter—it takes quite a bit of nerve to write a letter for the correspondence columns, as there are so many brilliant writers and so many critics—but as "Criss-Cross" asked a question, I feel that I am under an obligation to come again.

I have had no quarrel with the suffragettes, nor do I think that the women are treated right in this country, but as to agreeing with "Rebecca," there is a chance for an argument, but I do think that she is a broad-minded, sensible woman.

I think that if "Criss-Cross" had read "A City Girl's" letter, which appeared in the February number of The Western Home Monthly, that she would agree with me that it is a little too, too! If she would care to read it I will gladly send her the copy if she will send me her address.

I sure agree with some of the correspondents in regard to people advertising their looks—of course, if I had more good points I might not be so opposed to it—but the less people know about me, the more correspondents I am likely to have.

I had my 205 acres of crop almost completely hailed out on the 2nd inst., so now I have more time on my hands, especially while I am waiting for the "hail inspector," therefore, I would be glad to hear from any of the correspondents, especially "Lonesome Pine" and "Dolly Dimples."—"Chronic Kicker."

Would "Western Maiden" kindly send her address to the Editor.

The first draught a man drinks ought to be for thirst, the second for nourishment, the third for pleasure, the fourth for madness or gluttony.

Baby's Critical Six Months

If Baby must be bottle-fed, the first few months of his life are particularly anxious ones for the mother, for he cannot digest or thrive as he should on anything that is not pure, germ-free, and practically identical with mother's milk.

The 'Allenburys' Milk Foods Nos. 1 and 2, are prepared from fresh, clean cow's milk by a special process and supply in an easily digested form all the elements essential for healthy growth during the periods of life for which they are respectively recommended. The Foods are packed in hermetically sealed tins, and are ready for use with the simple addition of hot boiled water only.

As thousands of mothers have found to their joy and comfort, the 'Allenburys' Milk Foods effectually replace the maternal milk and provide exactly what Baby needs to bring him through this period safely, firm in flesh, vigorous, and happy.

Give Baby a good start with

The 'Allenburys' Foods

Milk Food No. 1
From birth to 3 months

Milk Food No. 2
From 3 to 6 months

Then, from 6 months onward, give him the 'Allenburys' Malted Food No. 3, a stronger farinaceous food. 4

"Infant Feeding and Management" is a Booklet that will help you. Write for it.

The Allen & Hanburys Co., Limited - Toronto

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE V

The City, At Your Door

The greatest manufacturing Silversmiths in the British Empire are brought to your door through the medium of the Mappin & Webb Catalogues.

When your name is on our mailing list, you will receive new Catalogues as they are issued. With these to guide you, it will be a very easy matter to select everything you could wish for the table, for the home, for gifts and for personal use, in Silverware, Jewellery and Precious Stones.

Should you desire to send anything of this nature to the Old Country, we will deliver the goods anywhere in England, Ireland or Scotland through our London Stores, carriage paid. Moreover, full allowance will be made in respect of Duty which will not be payable on English-made articles delivered in the British Isles.

May we have your name and address so that we may send you our new Fall Catalogue?

Mappin & Webb

CANADA LIMITED

353 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, - MONTREAL. 9

J. H. M. CARSON

Manufacturer of ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

338 Colony St., Winnipeg

Established 1900

The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed

IF IT LEAKS Get MENDETS A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks instantly in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Household necessity. Millions in use. Send for sample package, 10c.

Complete pkg, asst. sizes, 25c postpaid. Agts. wanted

COLLETE MFG. CO. Dept. B. COLLINGWOOD, Ont

What the World is Saying

If the War Lord Only Had More Sons

If the Kaiser had a few more sons in command of armies peace would be in sight.—New York Sun.

War Cookery

The Balkan cauldron is beginning to boil and Bulgaria and Turkey are in the soup.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

One of Germany's Knotty Problems

The Central Powers are short of wood. German statesmen ought to be careful not to lose their heads in this dilemma.—London Opinion.

Germany Will Harvest Only Loss

How to break the news to the German people that there won't be any booty to divide when peace comes is one of the main worries of the German authorities these days.—Kingston Whig.

Sore Financial Straits

It looks as if the German people were beginning to have doubts about the ability of their government to pay its debts. The new war loan is said to be a flat failure.—Boston Transcript.

Skirts No Longer Catch Up Germs

Years ago the women used to wear skirts that swished up all sorts of microbes and things. But nowadays said microbes would have to be pretty fair on the high jump to catch on.—Toronto Star.

The Naval Fiction Output

From the detonating reports of the German admiralty, we gather that the German navy never ventures a thousand yards outside the Kiel canal these days without destroying the British navy.—Montreal Herald.

The Hyphenates

The Germans who have gone to the United States have become Americans although they have not lost all the original sin of Germans. Hundreds of thousands of them would do anything for their fatherland—except live in it. They will sing about it; they will plot and scheme for it and betray the United States for it; but they will never be real out-and-out Germans again.—London Truth.

A Problem for Ontario

If Britain is going to give women the vote after the war, as Asquith suggests, would it be dreadful radicalism for Ontario to adopt woman suffrage at the next session of the Legislature?—Toronto Globe.

Ferdinand's Vanished Dream

The glittering Bulgarian dream of Balkan empire seems to be breaking, and already the approaching dawn of the "morning after" is beginning to cause a painful throbbing in the head of Czar Ferdinand.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Roumania's Banishing of Booze

Roumania, in forbidding the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages in all establishments throughout the kingdom, has gone farther than any of the other belligerent lands in the matter.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Two Enslaved Nations

If ever there were two enslaved nations driven blindly to do the will of their captor, those two nations to-day are Turkey and Bulgaria. Outside Belgium and Poland, they constitute the most pitiful sight in Europe.—New York Tribune.

"Naked Misery and Hard Need"

Max Harden, who exultantly declared early in the war that Germany "willed" it, now tells his fellow-countrymen that Britain is not even suffering yet, and that Germany during the third year of war will see naked misery and hard need.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Adaptability of Some Men

It's funny how a man whose health is so poor that his wife has to carry the baby when they go out anywhere can walk fifteen miles round a lodge-room with sixty pounds of robes and knickknacks on him.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Marwick Head Monument to Kitchener

The monument to Kitchener on Marwick Head, in the Orkneys, overlooking his last resting place under the sea, will be a fitting memorial to the famous soldier. In grandeur the location equals the tomb in which Cecil Rhodes sleeps, which was hewn out of the rocks in the Matoppo Hills in the place of his own choosing.—Hamilton Herald.

The German Price for Children

The German commandant at Libau has announced that the German government will give a bounty of nineteen marks for a boy and twelve marks for a girl born of a Lettish mother and a German soldier father. That means the boy is worth $4.56 and the girl $2.88.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Less than "A Scrap of Paper"

We are glad to have it explained, through a letter of the German Foreign Office, now published in Washington, that the German officers of interned steamships who broke parole, violated only an "assurance" (Versicherung) and not their "word of honor" (Ehrenwort). There is no doubt that something was violated.—New York World.

A Pledge that is Worth Nothing

Germany has assured Spain that no German submarine will anchor at any Spanish port or off the coast during the period of the present war. Judging by recent history the assurance will hold good just as long as "military necessity" does not bob up with a demand for a violation of the promise.—New York Times.

The Kaiser's Health

Observers allege that the Kaiser is in fine trim physically, being well-tanned and apparently in high good spirits. The fact should not bring joy to the hearts of those of his subjects who seriously contemplate the way events are shaping. The sovereign who is cheerful while his country is fighting for its existence, and while every day thousands of its men are being slain, is not one to inspire respect in a people, unless they are blinded by the fetish of majesty.—Montreal Mail.

President Wilson's Attire

President Wilson addressing Congress while clad in a blue coat without tails, and a pair of white flannel trousers, may be a fine figure of democracy, but he has a long way to go before he can hope to equal Andrew Jackson's record. Old Hickory rode to Washington in his shirt sleeves because he was comfortable that way. Furthermore, he wore boots instead of low shoes, and his socks were not silken. However, Mr. Wilson is doing pretty well, considering that this is an age of luxury.—Montreal Gazette.

THE HOLT, RENFREW
1916-1917
FUR CATALOGUE
is now ready for mailing

By Appointment Furriers
To H. M. King George V.

The New Fur Styles

shown in this Catalogue have been created exclusively for us by leading fashion experts. They present an authoritative showing of the best of the new style effects, treated in such a manner that they may be worn with pleasure by the woman of conservative taste. The Holt, Renfrew Catalogue will be found the best guide obtainable to "What's What" in fashionable furdom.

HOLT, RENFREW FURS set the standard in the Dominion of Canada for superior quality, distinctive style and moderate price. In the Catalogue just issued for the coming season, a most representative selection has been made from the products of our four manufactories. While it is impossible to show within its pages the full variety of styles and treatments, the Catalogue assortment embraces all prices and all kinds of Furs for practical and useful service. Every garment and fur piece illustrated is a faithful reproduction of the original.

THIS CATALOGUE WILL BE MAILED FREE upon request, to any address in Canada. As this advertisement will not appear again, FILL IN THE COUPON and MAIL TO-DAY.

Holt, Renfrew & Co.
Limited
Winnipeg Manitoba
EASTERN HOUSES AT
QUEBEC MONTREAL TORONTO

Mail Order Customers

have the satisfaction of knowing that all our furs are made in our own factories, under close supervision in the making, from the pelts to the finished piece. This guarantees the well-known Holt, Renfrew quality throughout. If by any chance, goods received from us do not meet with your approval, a full refund of the purchase price will be made, subject to their immediate return. Full instructions governing the ordering of Furs will be found in the Catalogue.

Write to Us Concerning Alterations and Repair Work

HOLT, RENFREW & CO. Limited
430 Main St. - Winnipeg, Man.
Please forward me copy of your Fur Catalogue for 1916-1917.
Name .....
Address .....

Never Before

The four has the motor — now at the height of its development — which drives more automobiles than any other motor of its power ever designed—

Such Big Cars for so Little

The six has the very latest most highly developed six cylinder en bloc motor of 35-40 horsepower with a lightning fact pick-up and truly remarkable flexibility

Order one to-day and enrich your life and the lives of every member of your family with the freedom and wider activity made possible by such a car.

Catalogue on request **Please address Dept. 770**

Willys-Overland, Limited, Head Office and Works **West Toronto, Ont.**

A
Thresherman's Appetite
Deserves The Best
You Can Give Him.
Use Prize Winning
PURITY FLOUR
Purity
"More Bread and Better Bread"
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.,
MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE